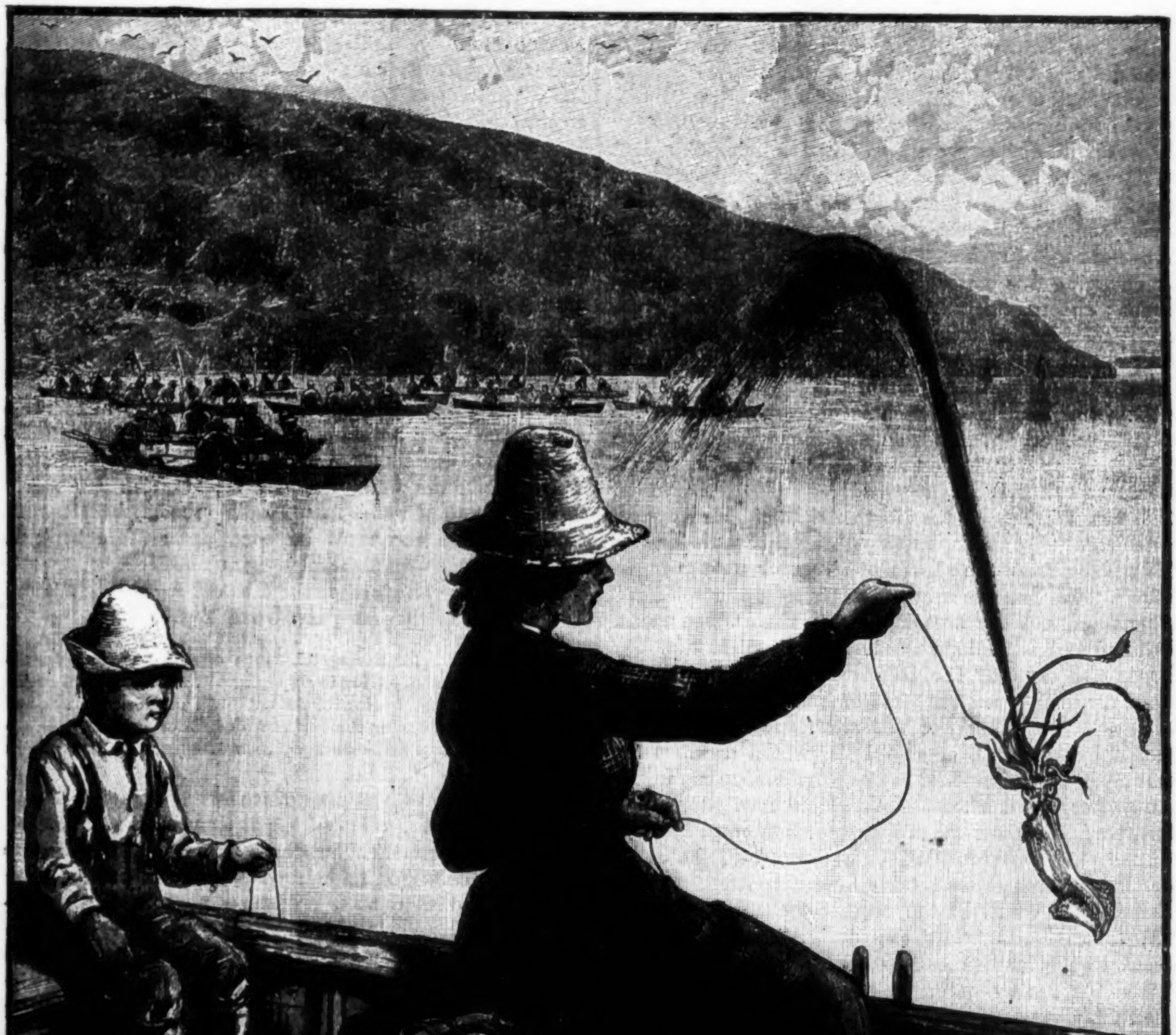
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1886. $3.00 PER ANNUM.



THE GREAT FISHING-GROUND, AND ITS INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.—CATCHING SQUID FOR BAIT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE GREAT FISHING-GROUND, AND ITS INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

As THE Fishing Question is attracting a great deal of attention just now, it is a good opportunity to give our people some idea of the position and nature of the great fishing-grounds, as well as some of the international questions that have led up to the present state of affairs.

A glance at the chart or map will at once give the position in the Atlantic of these grounds, and their relative position to the United States and the colonies of England and France.

The Canadian fishing-grounds in the North Atlantic comprise the coast and banks of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and its "Grand Bank"; the richest fishing-grounds in the world, in all about 3,500 miles of sea-coast, abounding in fish of great commercial value.

Whether, therefore, we regard them as being abundant and important for domestic use, or in their much larger import as a valuable resource, capable of ever-increasing development and limitless reproduction, employing an amount of capital reckoned by many millions of dollars, and engaging the labor of hundreds of thousands of persons; encouraging maritime pursuits, fostering commercial marine, promoting foreign trade, keeping always and productively in active training an independent-spirited class of seafaring men, the teeming waters of the British-American possessions present to our view a national property richer than any moneyed estimation could express; for the Canadian fisheries are the richest and most profitable in the world.

The sea fisheries of the North Atlantic Ocean extend over a succession of shoals stretching in a more or less broken chain from the shores of Labrador on the north to New England on the south; but those of the "Banks" of Newfoundland are best known and most important. Newfoundland is itself the oldest colony of England.

From the days of the Cabots its waters have been famous for their enormous yield of fish. There is said to be in the Public Library of Venice an ancient map, constructed by Andria Bianco, in 1436, which ascribes the discovery of Newfoundland to the Northmen, early in the tenth century; but when the sturdy old navigator, John Cabot, then in the service of England, first came in sight of its rugged shores, on the 24th of June, 1497, its existence, if ever known, had been long forgotten., Cabot christened the whole of the northeast coast of America "New-found Land," but the designation is now restricted to the large island which bears that name.

When the daring sailor, on his return to England, reported the marvelous quantities of fish which he had encountered off the coast of the recently discovered country, numerous private adventurers—English, French, Spanish and Portuguese—fitted out vessels and sailed for the new fishing-grounds. Within twenty years, upward of fifty ships were regularly employed in the fishing-trade between Europe and the New World. In 1577 the number of vessels had increased to 350; and England and France had established colonies of fishermen on the shores of Newfoundland and the neighboring islands. Spain and Portugal, surcharged with the gold that had been poured into their coffers by the conquests of Mexico and Peru, found the accumulation of wealth by such a means too slow and too laborious, and soon quietly withdrew from the fishing-grounds. England and France then laid exclusive claim to the industry. The French at first took the lead in the enterprise, and for more than a century following the flag of France was the banner most often seen on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Disputes and bloodshed often occurred between the fishermen of the two nations. About the middle of the seventeenth century the hardy inhabitants of New England began to realize the value of the great fisheries, and made their appearance upon the fishing-grounds. Then commenced a long triangular strife for the mastery of the Newfoundland Banks. France attempted to drive away both of her rivals, and French ships-of-war were instructed to seize all vessels not carrying the flag of France found in the fishing waters; while the Governor of Nova Scotia, then a French colony, officially informed the Executive of Massachusetts that he would capture any American vessel found fishing east of the Kennebec River, in Maine.

Encounters were frequent and bloody, but no one of the nations succeeded in driving its rivals from the field.

France, however, maintained the ascendency as regards numbers, and in 1744 employed 560 ships and 27,500 men in the Newfoundland fisheries, and caught annually 1,000,246 quintals (hundredweights) of fish. The Americans and English, combined, scarcely equaled one-third of those numbers in either ships or men. The British fishermen were fast decreasing in numbers, when Parliament came to their rescue. The former had found themselves unable to compete with their brothers of France, and special laws were passed by the British Parliament prohibiting the French from landing their fish in English markets, while the taxes imposed upon those brought home by their own fishermen were remitted.

To increase still further the demand for fish, a curious Act of Parliament was passed which provided:

> "That as well for the maintenance of shipping, and the increase of fishermen, as for the sparing of the fresh vitual of the realm, it shall not be lawful to eat flesh on Wednesdays and Saturdays, unless under the forfeiture of £3 for each offense, excepting in cases of sickness and those of special licenses to be obtained."

To obtain these licenses, princes were required to pay about ten dollars, peers of the realm about six dollars, knights and baronets about three dollars, and commoners about one dollar and a half. No one, not even royalty itself, was granted such a license on both of the prohibited days.

A license to eat meat on "fish days" is too great a curiosity in our time to be omitted. We copy, for the benefit of our readers, one granted in the reign of King James I. of England. It runs as follows:

> "Whereas, Mr. Richard Young, of Okebourne, St. George, in the Countye of Wiltes, Esquire, is a Gent. of good age, subject to many sicknesses, diverse infirmities, and in bodye of a very weak constitution and hath with him in his house his mother, Mris. Ann Young, widowe, a Gent. of great age (above four score) very sicklye, feeble, and subject to diuerse maladies, and having others in his house sick, and having long bine, by whom fish, by reason theire age, sicknesses, and diuerse infirmities, is judged by the skilful (as I am informed) to be very hurtfull to their bodies, and likelye to breede and bring diuerse diseases and sicknesses upon them: They therefore haue requeste me, theire minister, the promises considered, to give and grant them license, this time of Lent, to eate flesh, for the better avoidinge of sicknesses and diseases which, by their absteyning fro flesh, might growe uppon them: Know ye, therefore, that I, Adam Blythe, Mr. of Arts and of Okebourne aforesaid, Viccar, duelye considering this theire so

> lawfull request, and tendering the helth and wellfare of the said Mr. Richard Young and Mris. Ann Young, his naturall and aged mother, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant to the said Mr. Richard Young and Mris. Ann Young and to ffoure persons more, leave, power, and license (so far as in me lieth, and by lawe safely I may without danger, and no further) to dresse or cause to be dressed, for them to eate, flesh this time of Lent nowe following, prohibitinge nuer the lesse, and by this grant forbidding them, all manner of shamble meates whatsoever. In witness whereof, to this present license I have put to my hand and seale. Dated and given at my house in Okebourne aforesaid, ffebruary this xiiithe 1618.
>
> "By me, Adam Blythe, the Viccar ibid."

Later on, still more severe penalties were imposed upon persons convicted of breaking the "fish law." In addition to the fine of three pounds, imprisonment was inflicted for the first offense, and for each repetition both the fine and the term of imprisonment were doubled. Other "fish days" were also created, so that by the laws of England there were at one period 153 days in the year on which the British subjects were required to abstain from flesh and to eat fish.

The result of these laws was soon apparent. The number of French vessels began to diminish, while that of England rapidly increased. American vessels also became more numerous on the fishing-banks, and American fishermen joined cause with England against their common enemy. The French fishermen continued rapidly to decrease, and almost disappeared from the Newfoundland waters for a period; and a fleet was equipped at Boston for the destruction of French fishing-towns on the coast of Nova Scotia. The expedition was to have been composed of both English and American vessels, but the English ships failed to arrive and the plan was abandoned. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, England virtually obtained a monopoly of the great fishing-grounds of the North Atlantic, and since that time she has constantly maintained her supremacy.

Yet other nations — the United States, France and Canada—have by no means neglected the industry. We have not the figures at hand for more recent years; but, in 1882, Canada alone, in her sea and inland fisheries, employed 50,000 men, and the products of their labor amounted to $17,500,000, a sum equal to $350 for each fisherman. The statistics of the United States for the same year show the regular employment of 132,000 men, who took from the sea during that year $44,500,000 worth of fish. The majority of our countrymen, however, who go to make up this estimate, were employed on waters south of Nova Scotia, while the larger portion of the 113,000 Englishmen engaged in the fishing industry are to be found on the great Banks of Newfoundland and its adjacent coasts.

It must also be noted that on account of the severity of the climate the Canadian fisheries can be worked only about seven months in the year, from the beginning of April to the end of October, so that the Canadian fishermen earn in seven months thirteen dollars more than the fishermen of the United States, who work from January to December.

As to the question of the possible exhaustion of the fisheries by their greater development or by allowing the fishermen of the United States to fish in Canadian waters, it is simply impossible to exhaust them, or even appreciably to lessen their numbers, by the means of fishing now in use, and as long as the fishermen are content to fish them from their feeding-grounds. For 300 years fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has been going on without diminishing the supply of fish, and millions are every year added to the millions caught before.

The life of the sea-fisherman is, indeed, a perilous one. Every year the long list of fishing-vessels that have put to sea never to return is increased; and it is said that nearly every family in the little fishing-villages along the shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, and even in some of the towns on our own coast of New England, has lost one or more of its members on the fishing-grounds.

The phases of the weather constitute about the only change in life on the sea fisheries. The Great Bank of Newfoundland is itself nearly six hundred miles long by two hundred miles in width, and the depth of water varies from twenty-five to ninety-five fathoms.

Vessels often stay for months far out of sight of land without going into port, and during all this time they regard themselves as fortunate if the fog permits them to obtain a single glimpse of the sun. Naturally it makes little difference in such weather whether the work is done by day or night, so long as the fish bite, and no thought is given to the flight of time.

Sometimes vessels return to port, after a long stay on the fishing-banks, and find they have gained or lost a week or more during the fog and rush of the fishing season, when no account was kept of the days or nights.

Indeed, a fair day or "weather-breeder" on the Newfoundland Banks is more to be dreaded by the fishermen than the densest fog, for it is a sure precursor of the terrible "northeasters" which create a heavy sea on the shoals, and often cause the loss of vessels with all on board. When such gales occur the only safety of the fisherman lies in keeping his vessel away from the rocky shores, against which immense waves dash and break with terrific fury. Any defect of the compass, or mistake in the captain's "reckoning," may lead to the wrecking of the boat and the loss of the lives of all the crew.

Marvelous tales are told by the fishermen of miraculous escapes from sudden death, some of which, however, may well be taken "with a grain of salt." A story was told us by a fisherman of St. John's, of the wrecking of a vessel near the Magdalen Islands in one of the violent northeast storms. They were "running" before the wind in imagined security in a dense fog, when their vessel was suddenly dashed upon the rocks. Only one of the crew was saved from a watery grave. He managed to cling to a huge rock until the storm had abated, only to find himself far from land and destitute of every means of sustenance, save a hook and line. With these he caught what fish he could, and succeeded in sustaining life for three weeks, when he was fortunately rescued from his perilous position.

The changes in the migration of fish may be due to the temperature, to the currents, or to the disappearance of food to the cod and other fish. It must also be remembered that fish are erratic in their habits, and that they are plentiful to-day in localities where they had not been seen for many years. The law of nature by which climatic conditions render portions of the world fertile and beautiful, gives to the dwellers in our bleak northern climates, as compensation, immense fish preserves; the great fishing interests being dependent on the Arctic current as the farming interest is on the rain and sunshine which ripen the crops. The Arctic seas and the great rivers proceeding thence are swarming with minute forms of life, constituting in many places a living mass—a vast ocean of living slime; and the all-pervading life which exists there affords the true solution of the problem which has so often presented itself to those engaged in the sea

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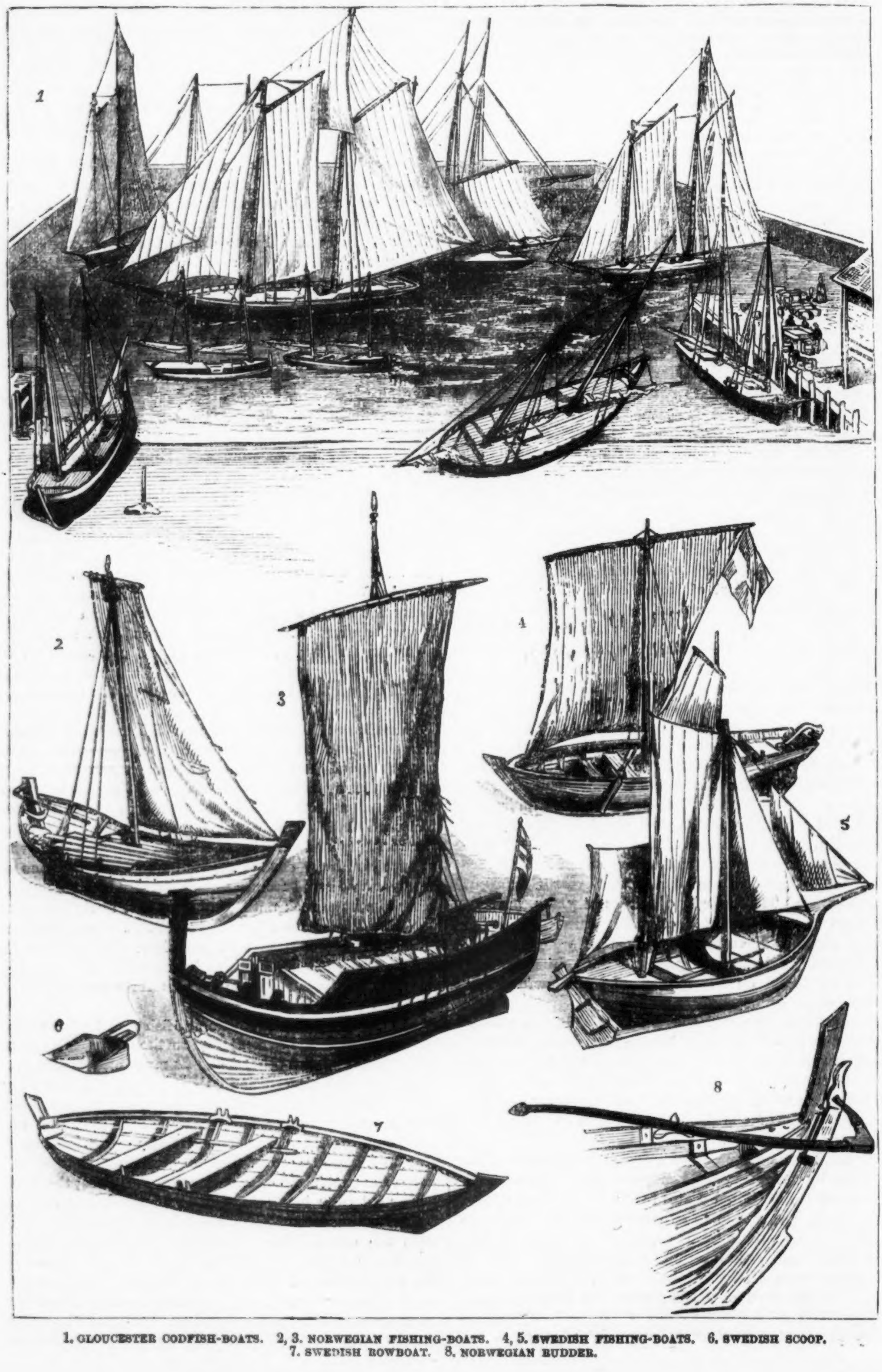
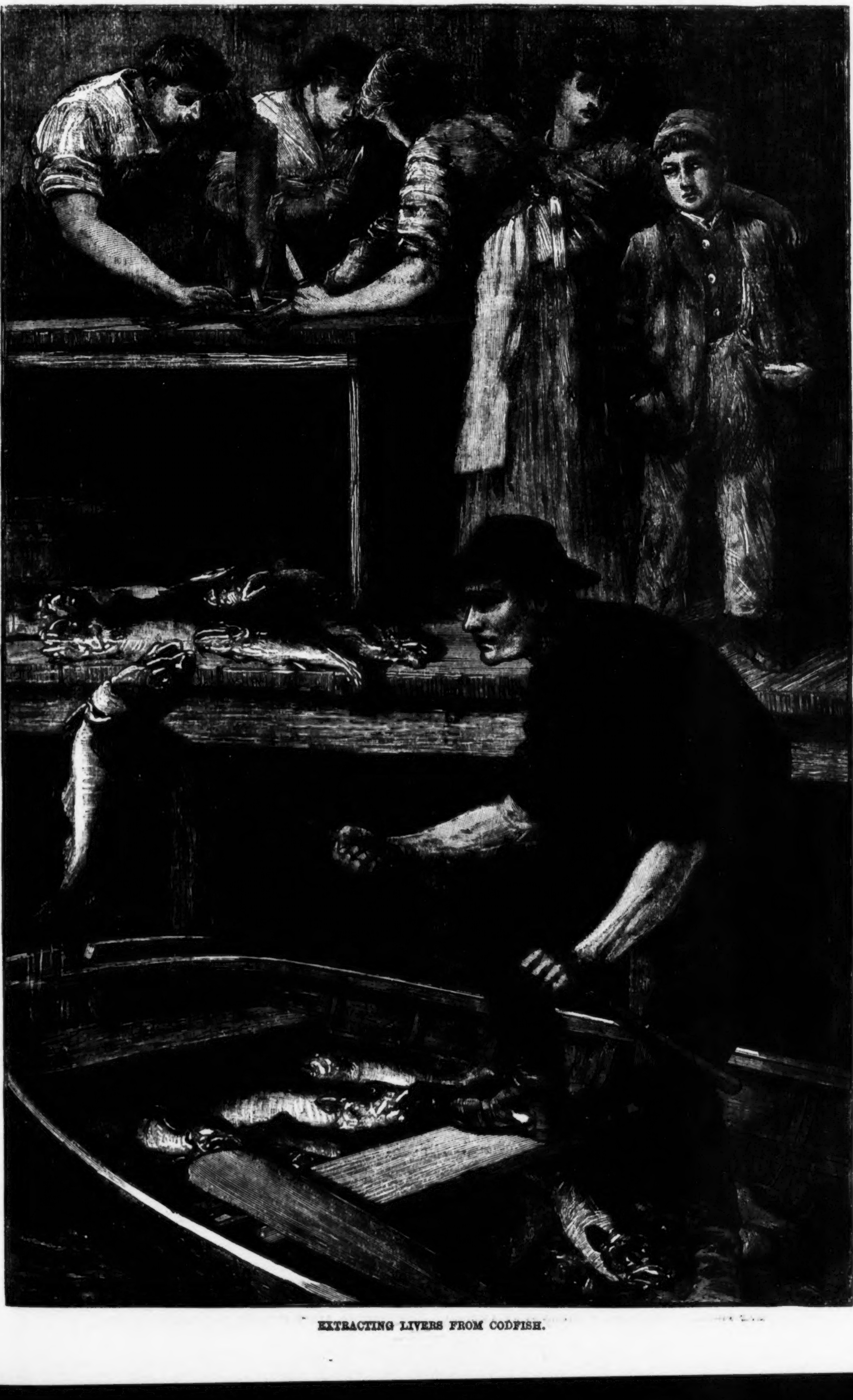


1. GLOUCESTER CODFISH-BOATS. 2, 3. NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOATS. 4, 5. SWEDISH FISHING-BOATS. 6. SWEDISH SCOOP. 7. SWEDISH ROWBOAT. 8. NORWEGIAN RUDDER.



EXTRACTING LIVERS FROM CODFISH.

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fisheries, where the food comes from which gives sustenance to the countless millions of fish which swarm in the waters of Labrador and Newfoundland and in the Dominion and United States waters. It is computed that while the cold water area subtending the coast of the United States is about 45,000 square miles, that subtending the British American shores is 200,000 square miles; a proof of the superior value of the British North American fisheries.

The capelin, the best bait that has ever been used to catch codfish, is a small fish about the size of an ordinary sardine, which swarms into the bays of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; the shoals are so immense "that a man standing on shore with a casting-net will often fill a cart in less than an hour; with small seines, a couple of men can fill a small boat in about the same time."

The capelin is of great commercial value. It does not occur much south of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and never approaches near the shores of New England. They also swarm about the Virgin Rocks, the only part of the Grand Bank above water, but is, notwithstanding, of great importance to New England fishermen. On the disappearance of capelin, about the end of June, the launce, the herring, the mackerel, the squid, the smelt, the clam, etc., are used as bait.

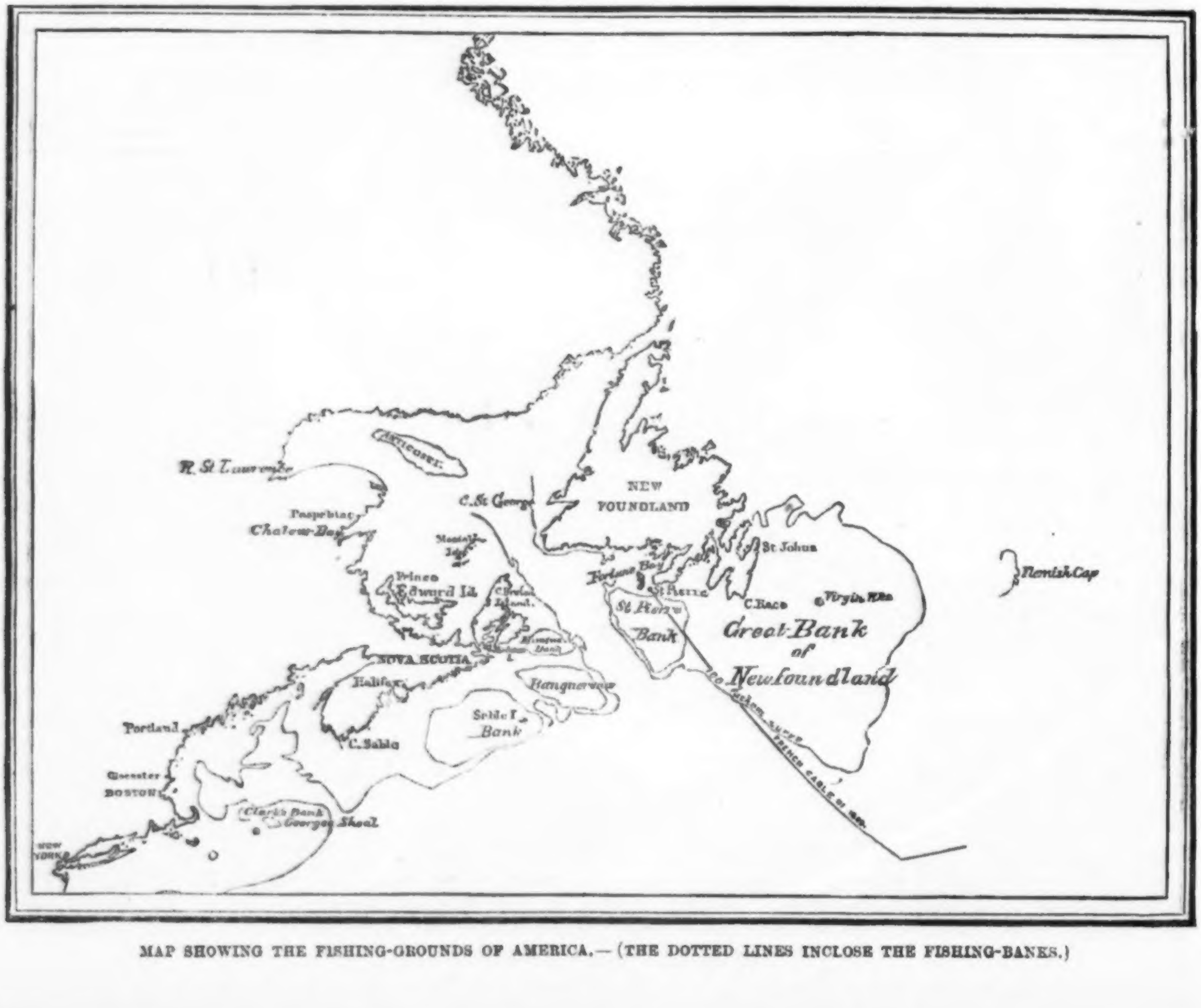
Immense schools of squid come into the harbors at certain seasons of the year; and at such times the population of the place, men, women and children, take to their boats and engage in the profitable business of capturing bait.

The cod being mostly taken by hand-lines and set-lines, the cost of bait is great—being estimated at one-fourth of the value of the cod taken—to the fishermen of New England. With the view of decreasing this proportion, the New England fisherman is compelled to buy his bait from the Canadians.

Many kinds of fish are caught on the Banks, but the only varieties taken in sufficient quantities to be important to commerce are cod, mackerel, herring, haddock and hake. Of these, the cod is by far the most valuable and most plentiful. Its flesh is easily dried, so that it may be preserved for an indefinite length of time, thus making it a staple article of commerce. Every part of the fish is valuable. "Cod-liver oil" is a well-known medicine, and is useful in the arts; roes are salted and used for bait in the sardine fisheries of the Mediterranean, the bladder is employed in the manufacture of a kind of isinglass, and the skin and fins are made into glue and cement.

Hake are similar to cod in appearance, but are much larger, coarser-grained and less delicately flavored. Vast quantities of them are caught on the Great Banks, and, in fact, in all waters frequented by the cod, and when their long ventral fins are removed, only the initiated are enabled to distinguish them from cod. The bones of the hake are much larger than those of the cod; but since the introduction of the practice of putting up "boneless *cod*fish," the value of the *hake* has been considerably increased.

Throughout all that country embracing the coasts of Labrador, Anticosti, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia, the ruling passion of the people is fish. They live in an atmosphere impregnated with cod, mackerel, herring, etc.



MAP SHOWING THE FISHING-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.—(THE DOTTED LINES INCLOSE THE FISHING-BANKS.)

For Newfoundland, St. John's is the headquarters of the fishermen. Here they are supplied with clothing, provisions, fishing-tackle and bait. Here, too, their vessels are built and fitted out; and here they return to prepare their fish for market.

St. John's is a quaint old town, at the foot of high, steep hills. The harbor is a wonderfully picturesque one. The narrow channel which leads to it is walled in by towering vertical cliffs 500 to 600 feet high, and it is no unusual sight to see whole fleets of fishing-vessels, with their endless variety of "rigs," beating in through "the Narrows," as the entrance to the land-locked harbor is called. Along the curved shore of the basin-like harbor runs "Water Street," destitute of sidewalks, and possessing a character peculiarly its own. It is lined with dwelling-houses, liquor saloons and outfitting stores for fishermen and vessels. No obligation seems to have been laid on the builders to place their tenements in line, so one constantly comes across unexpected angles, or buildings projecting into the street. The people are apparently utterly devoid of architectural taste. Every one has copied exactly his neighbor's dwelling, and there is seldom a higher flight of imagination than is represented by a door and a window on the ground floor, with, perhaps, a small attic above. The town has a fixed population of about 30,000 souls; but their number is more than doubled during certain seasons of the year. The merchants of the place usually combine a wholesale with a retail business; their front windows being stocked with miscellaneous articles of merchandise, while the rear of the stores contain enormous quantities of cod, herring, mackerel and hake, awaiting only the arrival of the ships to be consigned to some port of Europe or the United States.

Many of the merchants own private wharves, projecting into the harbor from the rear of their stores, where their own ships and steamers are moored, and about which there is always an amount of life and bustle, quite in contrast with the sleepy character of some parts of the town. Yet the general appearance of St. John's is no indication of its real character, so far as the wealth of its people is concerned; for large fortunes are said to be accumulated there in remarkably short periods of time.

During the Winter, while the fishermen are awaiting in idleness the return of the fishing season, the amount of crime, drunkenness and debauchery to be met with in St. John's is startling; yet one can scarcely find fault with the conduct of men who lead such a life of privation and hardship during the Summer months of the year.

A more perilous and laborious existence than that which thousands of men lead on the Banks during the fishing season cannot be imagined. Often hundreds of miles from land at anchor in rough water, and constantly enveloped in fogs and mists so thick that one end of the vessel is not visible from the other, is a life too dreary to be comprehended by any but those who are familiar with it.

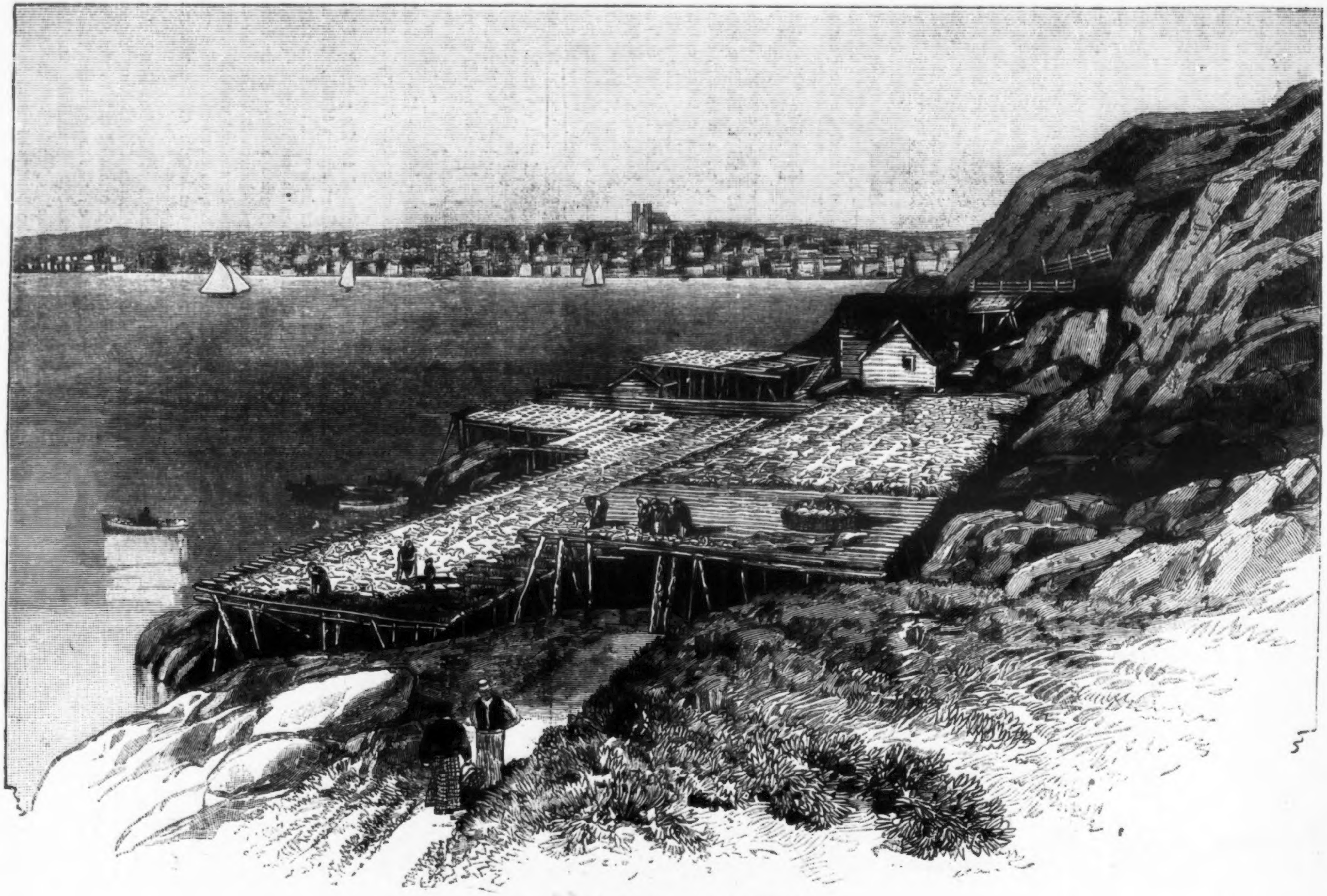
Both "net" and "line" fishing are employed by the fishermen. The trawl-line is extensively used, and often has as many as 10,000 hooks upon it. "It ain't the lack of fish that worries us," said a sturdy Newfoundlander, as he kindly explained the manner of using the trawl-line; "but it's the bait. It does take a sight of bait to set a line proper. Naow here, for instance," said he, pointing to a coil of rope three or four feet high, "there's a medium trawl; it's a cod-line over a mile and a quarter long, and every three feet is a cod-hook fastened to it. Wal, there's about three or four thousand hooks to be baited with herring, clams, squid or what we kin git. It takes half a day to bait the trawl alone, and as fast as it's baited we coil it up in one of these 'ere baskets. Sinkers are put on at each end, and cork floats, and when the end is over you jest row off, slacken up when the end comes, then let go and stand by for an hour or so. You see you've covered a mile of ground, and if there's any kind o' fishin' you ought to get 500 pounds of cod every hour. A cent and a quarter is what we git." "Do large fish sometimes break your lines?" was asked. "No, that's the beauty of a trawl; you kin hook a 300-pound halibut and he'll soon drown himself on the line. But the most common way o' fishin'," continued our informant, "is to anchor the vessel and fish with hook and line from the deck. Each man has his station (about three feet and a half of rail) with a cleet for his line, and a space on deck for his gear. The lines are allowed to run out until the lead on the end strikes the bottom, for cod swim deep. The bait used is either soft-shell clams (salted and barreled) or squid. Herring is sometimes used, and when other bait fails, the throat of the codfish is employed. The moment the line is 'tautened' we haul it in 'like mad' until the fish comes to the surface. If it's too large for one man to handle, his nearest neighbor lends him a hand. When the deck is filled with fish the 'skipper' gives the word to 'haul in the gear and fall to splitting and salting.'"

The crew then divide themselves into "throaters," "headers," "splitters," "salters" and "packers." The business of the throater is to cut with a sharp double-edged knife across the throat of the fish. He then passes it quickly to the header, who, with a strong, sudden wrench pulls off the head and tears out the entrails, passing the fish instantly to the splitter. The splitter with one cut lays open the fish from head to tail, and with another cut takes out the backbone. The fish is then passed to the salter. The business of the salters is the most important, as the value of the whole cargo depends upon their care and judgment. They take the fish one by one, spread them, back uppermost, in layers, distributing the proper quantity of salt on each. Then the fish are passed to the packers in the vessel's hold.

"Trawl-nets" are also widely employed on the fishing-banks. They consist of a stout beam of wood, varying from twenty to fifty feet in length, supported at each end by an iron hoop called a "trawl-head." The net is secured to the beam by a lacing, and as the vessel sails along the net is dragged astern, and at intervals hauled in and the fish removed.

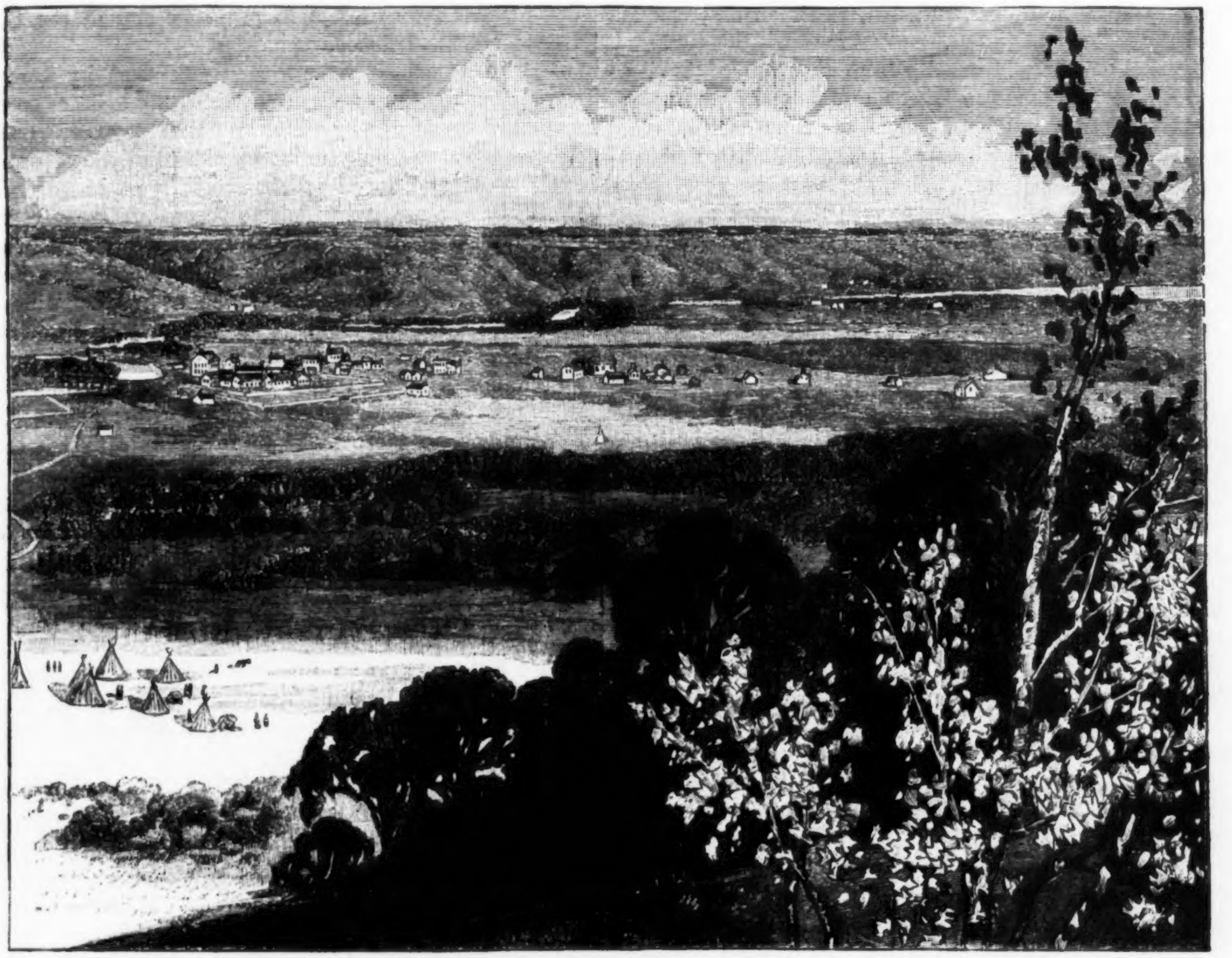
"Drift-net fishing" is confined to the pursuit of herring, mackerel, and the smaller varieties of fish. The net itself is often a mile or more in length, and from thirty to fifty feet in width. When in use its upper edge is suspended by floats, while leaden sinkers at its lower edge keep it in a vertical position as it drifts with the current. The fish that come in contact with it become entangled in the small meshes, and are removed by the fishermen, who row along the length of the net in a small boat, raising it as they pass.

Scattered all along the coasts of Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia are little fishing-villages, all of which contribute their quota of fish to the great markets of the world. Just outside the entrance to Fortune Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, are three small islands, the last foothold of France on the American Continent. They are the Islands of Great and Little Miquelon and St. Pierre. Small and insignificant as they appear on the map, their adjacent waters furnish all the fish which now finds its way across the ocean to the



FLAKES FOR DRYING CODFISH, NEWFOUNDLAND.

markets of France. Here, on the Banks of St. Pierre and the Miquelons, one sees all the various "rigs" or kinds of vessels, employed in the fishing industry; the heavy, clumsy, "luggers" of the Old World; the "square riggers," "brigs" and "barks," and the two, three and four-masted "schooners" of New England all go to make up a motley scene as picturesque as it is rare. Our fishermen formerly came in great numbers to the Banks of St. Pierre in pursuit of squid, a small fish which furnishes a peculiarly attractive bait for cod; but, since the Colonial Governor saw fit to impose a harbor tax upon all American vessels anchoring in the port, St. Pierre has been nearly forsaken in favor of Newfoundland. As a fishing-port, St. Pierre is to France what Gloucester is to Massachusetts, or St. John's to Newfoundland.



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Though but a small rock in the ocean, the Island of St. Pierre is essentially a port of the world of news. No fewer than six cables are landed here; one to Brest, in France; two to Placentia Bay; one to Duxbury, Mass.; and two to Canada. These bring to the island a mixed population of French and English.

England and France long made a kind of shuttlecock of the little island, but France has managed to retain it since 1816.

The French have a number of vessels engaged on the Banks. They are larger than ours, usually barks or brigs. Their headquarters are at St. Pierre, and the Miquelon Islands, which belong to France. There are at present no other countries engaged in these fisheries besides the Americans, English and French. The latter, when their cargoes are completed, return to France, and come out again in the early Spring.

Ever since their discovery the great fisheries of the North Atlantic have been the most efficient training-schools for seamen. It was upon this source that England and France long depended for recruits for their men-of-war; and in the War of 1812 the famous old frigates of the American Navy, the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, the *Essex*, and their sister ships, were largely manned by men who had spent their lives on the fishing-banks and become inured to the toils and dangers of the sea.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence is the home of the herring; but the herring is an erratic fish, and sometimes disappears suddenly from his favorite haunts, and after weeks, or even months, of absence, again returns to the Gulf in an equally unexpected and unexplained manner.

The herring is one of the fish that can be caught in Winter. During that season large holes are cut in the ice, and dip-nets let down to drag up heavy loads of young herring, which are often sent to the markets of the United States as *French sardines*.

In the Provinces a large part of the business of preparing cod for market is carried on at a place in Quebec, probably utterly unknown outside of the fishing world. It is a little port, called Paspebiac, at the head of Chaleur Bay, and contains a number of the largest "packing and drying" establishments on this continent. The little islets known as the Magdalen Group, lying near the centre of St. Lawrence Bay, were formerly a favorite resort of the New England fishermen, but the unaccounted-for and almost total disappearance of herring from the adjacent waters has caused the islands of late years to be nearly abandoned.

While cod, as we have explained, are usually taken with the hook and line, mackerel are commonly caught with the drift-net, the fish becoming entangled or "meshed" in the small meshes of the net. The same method is employed in catching herring; and, in addition, trawl-nets, dip-nets and seines are frequently used. Sometimes the fishermen explode torpedoes of gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, in the midst of a school of fish, killing thousands, which at once float on the surface of the water and are gathered by men in small boats.

In the St. Lawrence River a "stake" or "gill" net is used in capturing salmon. The main net is stretched from shore to shore, and in swimming up the stream the salmon strike against the net and are tolerably certain to become entangled in its meshes. Vast quantities of fish are caught off our New England coast, from Maine to Martha's Vineyard; cod, herring, mackerel, tautog, dogfish, striped-bass, scup, shad, sea-bass, menhaden, sea-robin, salmon, flounders, bluefish, weakfish and Spanish mackerel.

The shad season is usually from the 25th of April to the 10th of May; and sea-bass and bluefish are taken throughout the month of June. Various methods are adopted for capturing the much-prized bluefish and sea-bass; such as traps, nets, weirs, etc., but the most common manner of taking them is with the hook and trolling-line. In trolling for bluefish or sea-bass a long line is paid out from the stern of the boat, while the motion of the vessel draws it rapidly through the water, and some shining or sparkling substance attached to the hook takes the place of bait.

The fishing-grounds include the cod, herring and mackerel fisheries, and a number of our fishermen annually visit the bank to the east of Newfoundland for halibut. The changeable character of the weather on the British American coast, the variety of currents, constant presence of fog, and other dangers, compel the British-American fishermen to confine themselves almost exclusively to the shore fisheries.

The cod-fishing formerly carried on off the coast of New England is said to have seriously decreased, and it is believed by Professor Baird that the failure is largely due to the diminution of bait fishes, caused by the numerous dams and other obstructions in the rivers in which these fishes were accustomed to spawn. Consequently cod have migrated, and the nearest place our fishermen can find them in sufficient numbers is on the Grand Banks. The Grand Bank appears to be the great breeding-ground of the species, and the finest fish in the world are caught there.

It will be seen that our fishermen not only have to go a long distance to find the fish, but also to get their bait, as it is necessary to have the capelin in order to have the fish bite sufficiently rapid to make it pay. This bait has to be obtained in British-American ports. It is also necessary to dry the fish in British ports on account of the great distance from our own. Now, in order to protect our fishermen, a duty is placed on fish (imported). To protect her fishermen Great Britain forbids our fishermen to buy bait or dry their fish in her ports after a certain time.

The Treaty of Washington, 1871, contained provisions by which the inhabitants of the United States were to have, in addition to their rights under the Treaty of 1818, in common with British subjects, for ten years from the date of the treaty and until the end of two years after notice had been given by either party, the right to take fish of every kind except shell-fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbors and creeks of the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the colony of Prince Edward's Island, and of the several islands thereto adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore; with permission to land upon the said coasts and shores and islands, and also upon the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of drying their nets and securing their fish. Salmon and shore fisheries and all other fisheries in the rivers and mouths of rivers were reserved for British subjects. Exactly the same rights were granted to British subjects on the eastern sea-coasts and shores of the United States north of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. But as England believed she was granting more valuable privileges to our fishermen than we to hers, on account of the relative abundance of fish, she insisted that we should pay her a sufficient amount to make up the difference. One million pounds sterling was finally agreed upon. At the end of the ten years specified in the treaty we were promptly notified, but no steps were taken to renew or amend the treaty. Hence all the trouble.

British-American fishermen think that by harassing our fishermen they will force the United States to make a reciprocity treaty by which we will pay them (British fishermen) a certain amount for the privilege of entering their ports and buying bait, etc. In other words, it is simply a scheme by which to force our men from the field, thereby lessening the annual supply of fish, causing a corresponding increase in the value of fish caught by the British fishermen, or make us pay the difference in value in actual cash. The Colonial authorities are making strenuous efforts to have the privileges granted to French fishermen also withheld. The question is still pending before the Home Government. Great Britain has no more right to forbid our fishermen the privileges desired, except that of curing their fish, than we have to forbid her steamers to buy coal and other articles by which they are enabled to carry on their commerce in our ports.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

The following is an interesting summary of the papyrus which the Berlin Museum recently acquired from the heirs of Richard Lepsius, and the reading of which has only just been completed.

This papyrus, which was written in the vulgar tongue, is not only of archæological importance, but of much literary interest; being neither more nor less than an historical novel, though left in an unfinished state. The papyrus dates from the sixteenth century B.C., and from the eighteenth dynasty; but the story related in it goes back nearly a thousand years, to the reign of King Cheops, the fabled builder of the Pyramids. When the story opens, King Cheops is seated among his sons and listening to their tales of the miracles said to have been wrought at the Court of his predecessors. Prince Chephren, who afterward built the Second Pyramid, related that a magician in the reign of King Nebka had made a waxen crocodile which, if placed in the chamber of a wife untrue to her husband, would seize her and her paramour and deliver them over to the husband. Another prince related that King Snefru, the father of Cheops, feeling oppressed and not knowing how to "relieve his heart," took counsel of a wise man, who advised him to go to the banks of the lake near the palace and let all the maidens of the Court row up and down the water. This was done, and the monarch's heart was relieved. But all of a sudden one of the maidens began to make lamentations; for she had dropped a jewel into the water, which was forty feet deep. A magician was sent for, and, reciting an incantation, he coaxed the jewel up from the bottom of the lake and returned it to the maiden. King Cheops was so struck with wonder at these stories, that he ordered sacrifices to be offered to the manes of this sage and of the magicians; but Prince Hardadaf informed him that they were not all dead, and that one of them, named Dedi, dwelt in the City of Ded-Sneirii. Prince Hardadaf described him as being a hundred years old, but as still able to eat daily five hundred rolls of bread and the quarter of an ox, and to drink a hundred flagons of beer. He was able to reunite a head to the trunk from which it had been decapitated; to make lions follow him like dogs; and he also knew the place where would be found certain precious materials of the house of the god Thoth, which King Cheops was very anxious to have for building his pyramid. The King sent Prince Hardadaf to fetch the sage Dedi, whom he found stretched upon his bed. Dedi consented to accompany him into the King's presence, and, upon being asked by His Majesty whether it was true that he could reunite a decapitated head to the trunk, replied in the affirmative; whereupon the King ordered a prisoner to be brought out for experiment. But the sage Dedi asked that an animal might be supplied him, and not a man: whereupon a goose was brought. Its head was cut off and placed in the eastern corner of the chamber, with the body in the western corner, and Dedi then pronounced a form of words, immediately after which the body got up and walked, the head wriggling along the pavement until the two met and re-joined; the goose then waddling away. Dedi repeated the same miracle with a duck and a bull, and the King then questioned him as to the house of Thoth. Dedi said that the materials which the King wished for were in a house at Heliopolis, but that he had no power to make them over to him; the only one who could do so being the eldest of the three sons whom Red Dedt should bear. Red Dedt, he added, was the wife of the Priest of the Sun at Sachebu; and she would bear three sons to a god, and these three sons would all be kings, the eldest being also high priest at Heliopolis. When the King heard those words he was troubled. There is a hiatus in the papyrus at this point, and, without being told what course King Cheops has determined upon, we arrive at the main incident of the story—namely the birth of the children of the Sun. When Red Dedt felt the first pangs of childbirth, the Sun sent for the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Mesechent, and Hekt, as well as the god Chnum, and said to them, "Deliver Red Dedt of the three children, who will one day be kings in this land; they will build you temples, they will feed your altars, they will make you many libations, and will enrich your sanctuaries." The gods and goddesses assumed the shape of mortal women, and went to the house of the priest and offered to deliver his wife. The priest accepted, and Red Dedt accordingly gave birth to three boys an ell long and with lusty arms. Mesechent predicted that they would all reign; and they were, in fact, the first three kings of the fifth dynasty—Userkaf, Sahure, and Kakar. The priest, full of gratitude, gave corn to the supposed midwives, who then took their flight into the empyrean. But, when the divinities got near to the domain of the Sun, Isis said, "How is it that we have wrought no miracle for the children whom we have delivered from their mother's womb?" Thereupon the goddesses stirred up a tempest, and, after having enchanted the corn, caused the wind to carry it into the priest's house. When Red Dedt, after two weeks' rest, resumed the management of her household, the servant told her that the corn given to the midwives was still in the granary. Red Dedt sent her to fetch a little of it; but she returned in terror, saying that she had heard in the granary the sounds of music and song "as when the birth of a king is being celebrated." This miracle was nearly being fatal to the children, for, when Red Dedt upon one occasion punished her servant, the latter left the house in wrath and said to the neighbors, "How dares she to punish me, this woman who has given birth to three kings! I will go and inform King Cheops." Here the papyrus ends, so that no information is given as to what King Cheops did to get rid of these future pretenders, nor how they escaped his persecution; and this—as Herr Lepsius in his prefatory notice remarked—is all the more unfortunate because the papyrus evidently hands down a tradition of facts. Thus we may learn from it that Chephren was a son of Cheops; that the fifth dynasty originated in the town of Sachebu; that the first three kings of it were brothers, and that the eldest was priest at Heliopolis before ascending the throne.

The papyrus in question is the oldest known document in the popular tongue.

ONLY A LIFE.

By H. Catterson-Smith.

'Twas only a baby's soft, sweet smile,
'Twas only a mother's song;
'Twas only the zephyr which blew a while,
'Twas only Spring all day long.

'Twas only a hidden, modest blush,
'Twas only love's bright play;
'Twas only a silent, peaceful hush,
'Twas only a Summer day.

'Twas only a loving wife's embrace,
'Twas only a husband's kiss;
'Twas only a well-earned day of grace,
'Twas only Autumnal bliss.

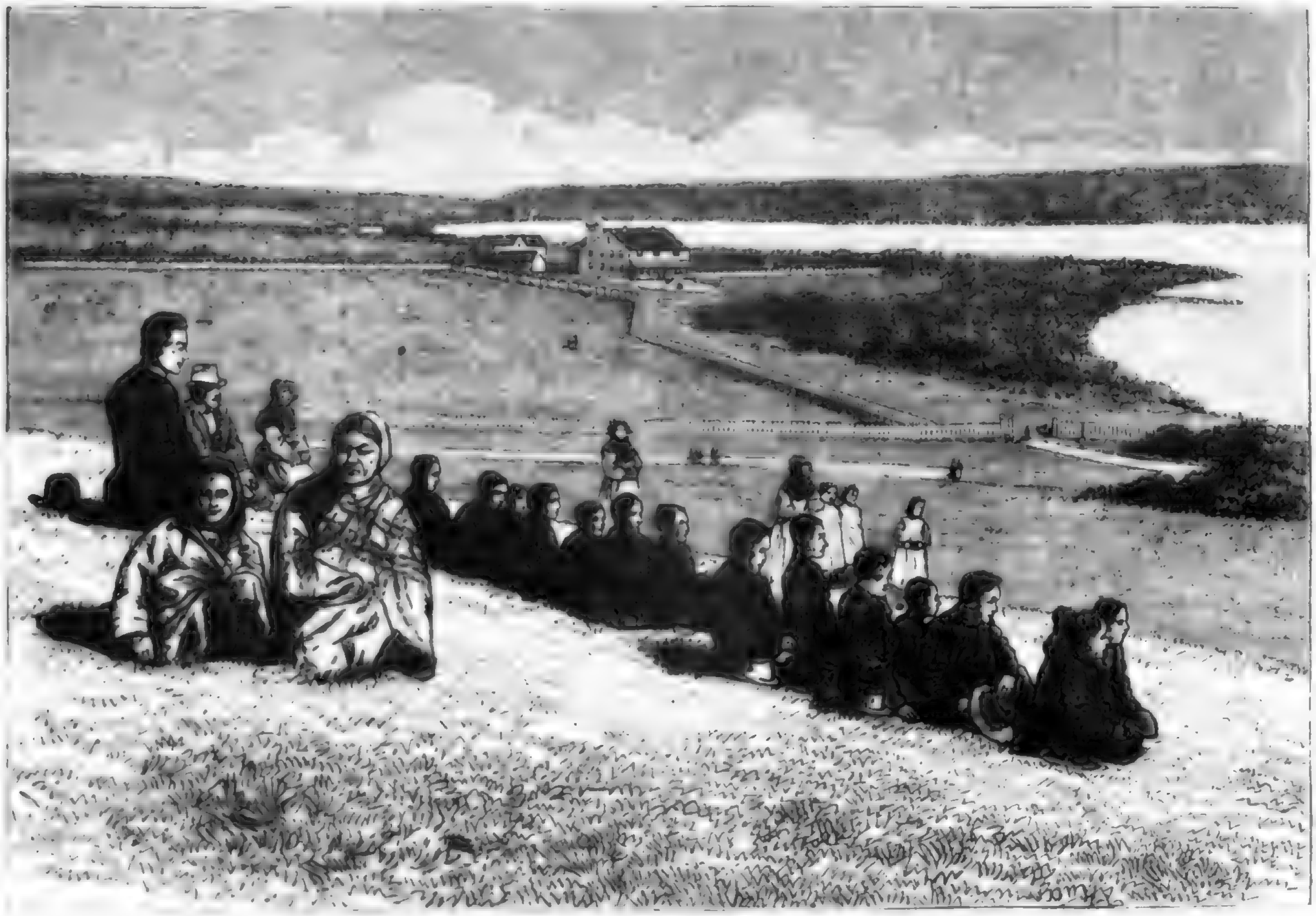
'Twas only a single, muffled knell,
'Twas only an open tomb;
'Twas only a snowbound, frozen spell,
'Twas only Winter's gloom.

A VISIT TO FORT QU'APPELLE.

By E. T.

Last August, being obliged to travel, quite alone, from New York to Winnipeg, Manitoba, I determined to extend my trip so as to embrace some special objects of interest. After six delightful days on the great lakes, I arrived at Port Arthur, on the northwest shore of Lake Superior, the most important town on the "north shore," where the great iron steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway make their terminus. Having heard a good deal about the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort William, I concluded to stop over a day at Port Arthur, and go on an exploring trip six miles up the lovely Kaministequa River, where the old mission stands. I had just landed from the steamer a few hours before, a stranger in a strange land, and my enterprise seemed quite a formidable undertaking.

A consultation with the manager of the hotel smoothed my path wonderfully, however. He gave me a letter of introduction to Father Hébert, who is in charge of the mission, escorted me to the ferryboat, and arranged with the captain that I was to be landed at the mission and called for on the return trip. A merry party of young



INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, FORT QU'APPELLE.

folks was on board, bound on a pleasure-trip up the river, and we sat on the forward deck where we could see the lovely landscape unfolding before us.

We steamed out of the harbor into the waters of Thunder Bay, where, rising 1,350 feet above, rugged and forbidding, Thunder Cape guarded the entrance into Lake Superior. With the heavy clouds hanging about the summit, the thunder reverberating even when the sky all around is clear, no wonder the Indians believe that the Great Manito has his dwelling there. A few miles in the open bay, a quick turn to the right, and we glided into the clear waters of the Kaministequa.

We passed the low-lying lighthouse at the entrance to the river. A few miles further up we saw the old Hudson Bay Company's post, Fort William: the quaint log houses are deserted now, the storehouse empty, and all its former grandeur gone. It used to be the chief depot and headquarters of the Northwest Company before its union with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821, and was one of the most important posts in the country—the place where the *voyageurs* from the far-off lands in the northwest brought their furs and re-embarked by the great lakes for Montreal.

I had suffered many misgivings on the way as to the feasibility of a novice like myself going to inspect a Jesuit mission, when I had not the faintest idea how to address the Father, or, indeed, how to behave; but my fears were all imaginary. There was Father Hébert, when we arrived, beaming on us placidly over the high palings of the mission-house; and all the twenty young people of the pleasure-party stared at me as I stumbled out of the boat and up the steps of the rickety landing, and presented my letter to Father Hébert. He couldn't read English very well, and I knew not a word of French, but we made it out between us, and then he turned to me, shook hands, and was very gracious. He took me through the hall of the house, and I saw the tiny reception-room and the great garden behind, but I could not see the other rooms; that was against all rules.

He spoke of the growing settlements, and how the busy world was beginning to crowd around them.

"It is better for us in a material sense," he said; "I find a good market for my vegetables now, but we were, perhaps, in the old days, more content. These people who have come in are too busy. They hurry and work, and have no time to save their souls."

I wanted so much to get a sketch of Father Hébert. I don't know what he thought of my very apparent interest in his head-covering. I tried to take mental notes of it, but it proved too much for me. When I thought I had thoroughly mastered one side of it, I found the other side was quite different.

Father Hébert told me that the mission was founded in 1850 by the Jesuit Father Choné. It is aided by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, but from its resources I should think it must be almost self-supporting, for it has a fine farm with sixty acres under cultivation, twenty-five ready to be cleared, and "bush land" containing about one hundred and twenty-five acres. It is close by a reserve, and the Fathers are doing a good work among the Indians, teaching them to give up their roving life, to build houses, and to cultivate the one hundred acres of land which is appropriated to each family by the Government.

Then I was turned over to a little Sister, with soft hazel eyes flecked with brown, and altogether too many dimples to be suitable for a Sister. She showed me the school, where seventy-five Indian and half-breed children are taught, and the dormitory where the nine little Ojibway orphans slept; and then we went into the tiny church. We talked in low whispers and tiptoed softly about, and the little Sister looked with such pride and reverence on the altar, which certainly was a wonder, with its bright cretonne with gorgeous figures on it, and its marvelous wax flowers; and the Sister bowed before it and whispered to me:

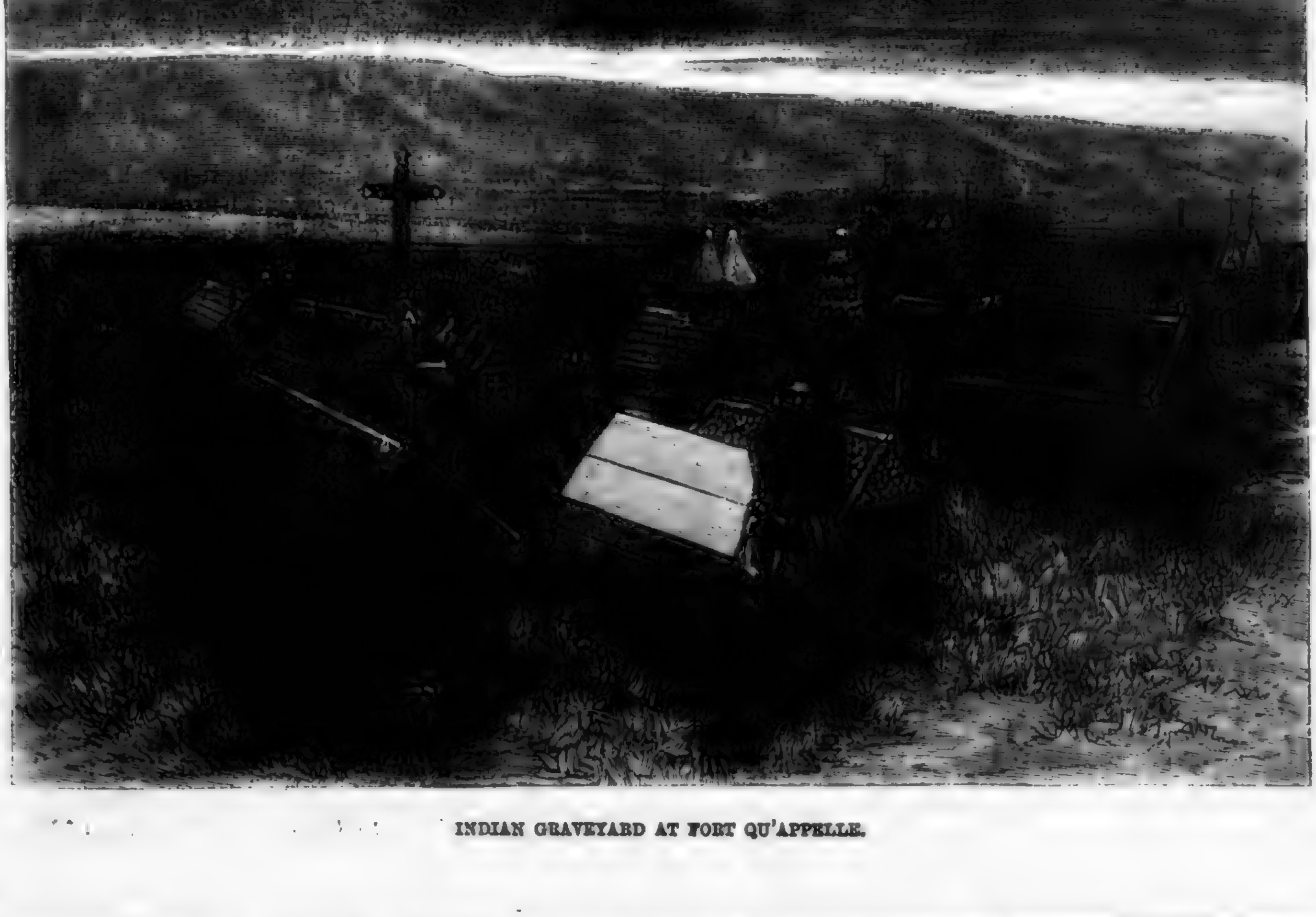
"They have bigger churches and grander altars—but still——" Here she gave her head a little shake of quiet satisfaction.

Afterward I went to the old graveyard behind the church, where many an "Alexandre" and "François" old *voyageurs*, worn out in "the service," sleep. And thus I wandered past the monastery again, and sat down on the landing-steps and waited for my boat to come. It was so lovely there, with the shining, winding river and the black pine woods in the distance, and now and then a half-breed would dart down the current in his birch-bark canoe. And the cows came home in the twilight in long files, and the little orphans peeped at me and made faces, and the half-breed women called to each other as they dipped up water from the river, and just then the chimes of the mission rang out for "Indian prayers," and my boat came in sight, and Father Hébert came out, prayer-book in hand, and gave me his blessing.

The next day I left for Winnipeg, 429 miles west, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. After staying there for several weeks, I began my wanderings again; this time going to the Government School for Indian Children, at Qu' Appelle. I wonder how many of the "States people" know of the existence of such a place, and yet it flourished as a Hudson Bay Company post as long ago as 1800. It is 350 miles west of Winnipeg, and twenty from the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the trail to the Far Northwest.

I arrived at Fort Qu' Appelle Station early in the morning, and in another hour we started on the long ride over the prairie. We must have presented an amusing picture: an open wagon; two tall, bony horses; Sandy, the old Scotch driver, in front; and I, with my back to him, on the seat behind, packed about with buffalo robes, bales and bundles, and a dead sheep, whose legs stuck upward in an appealing manner. The driver and I had a very sociable time; he talked to me about every subject under the sun, it seemed to me—politics, the causes of unhappiness in married life, how to make soup, his own history, etc.—interspersed with emphatic language to a balky horse, and once he startled me by shouting out, "Ye're an auld fule, wha'iver ye be!" to a young man riding by who was jerking his horse's mouth. I asked him so many questions that at last I apologized for it; but he reassured me, saying, "Go ye right ahead and don't be alarmed; we're put in this world to spread contentment and peace, and make thorny paths smooth."

Mile after mile we jogged along, seeing nothing but prairie on either side, but there was such a wonderful variety of color that it did not seem monotonous. The frosts had changed the grasses and shrubs, and the soft swells of land gleamed with russet and yellow and brilliant red, and a soft, blue haze made the distance seem full of lovely possibilities. Suddenly, the prairie road stopped short, and, 400 feet below us, we saw the beautiful Qu' Appelle Valley, with its four shining lakes, and the winding river connecting them, and on either hand the echoing hills. No wonder that it is named Qu'Appelle"—the valley that calls; the hills are formed in strange winding shapes, in cones and pyramids and serpent-like forms that catch each sound, and send it back and forth across the placid water. Some hills look like great walruses and seals, with their smooth brown backs



INDIAN GRAVEYARD AT FORT QU'APPELLE.

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glistening in the sun; upon others, a light growth of trees, now gorgeous with the Autumn colors, follow the lines of the ravines and coulées. We drive down into the valley where the little settlement of Fort Qu'Appelle lies; past the stockade of the Hudson Bay Company, which incloses the warehouses and the residence of the chief factor, Archie McDonald; over the little bridge, and past the second of the lakes, four miles to the Government School. As we drove up to the gate we were greeted by a prolonged stare from twenty-four small Indian boys, who were working in the garden. Droll little objects they were, all dressed alike, in butternut trousers, gray flannel shirts, and great, flapping felt hats. Just then, Father Hugonnard, who is in charge of the school, stepped forward to greet us. Tall, dark, lithe, with close-cropped hair, keen black eyes, bright smile, quick, decided, ringing voice, he seemed just the one to have charge of such a place.

Permission had been granted me to stay at the school for a week, and soon the Superior appeared to take me in charge. My heart began to fail me a little, it was all so strange and new; but I looked at the pleasant, quiet face of the Sister, and felt that we should soon be friends. I was quite sure of it when, after a little talk with her, Father Hugonnard coming in, she took me by the hand, and said to him so sweetly, "She is to be one of us." And then she told me what "the rule" was, and my life with them began.

How busy they were, those dear Sisters! only four of them to do all the work of the school, aided by four young Indian girls—mere children—and speaking only Cree, Sioux and Assiniboine, and quite ignorant of the ways of civilized life. One Sister taught, another sewed, another cooked, and the other looked after the general work of the house; but they all helped each other, and were busy from morning till night. Such perfect courtesy and kindness always; such patience with the stupid Indian girls! They were the Gray Nuns of Montreal, sent out only the year before, when the school was founded.

They had their "hours of silence," when, as the Superior told me, they fix their minds on the Son of God while working with their hands; and at such times I kept away, not to interfere with "the rule." I asked the Sister if many entered the Order from disappointment in their lives, and she said, "No; that if they did, they never passed the novitiate; they could not endure; the life is too hard; they would not have the love to make them strong; and, as it is, we do not see a great age—there are not many of us with hair that is white."

The Sisters did not teach the Indian boys, not understanding their language; besides, they would have no authority with the boys, as the Indian children are accustomed to seeing women treated with contempt. Father Hugonnard and an English assistant have charge of them, and teach them English and French, reading, writing and simple arithmetic; a gardener instructs them in farm work; and a carpenter, in the use of his tools.

I used to go down before each meal to see them drawn up in line for "inspection." Up and down before them Father Hugonnard walked, scanning each boy with his keen eye, and woe to the small boy who dared present himself with dirty face! Before him the Father would pause, and, with majestic voice and gesture, exclaim, "Go! Wash!" and the small boy would slink away, abashed, to the sink. Then at a signal, as a convincing proof that that necessary article was in place, twenty-five red bandanas would wave in the air, and then, with a "Right wheel!—march!" they would file away to the dining-room, giving a half-repressed war-whoop on the way.

Here is their daily routine: They rise at 6 A.M.; attend Mass at 6:30 A.M.; go to the dormitory for "inspection" (they are always losing their belts and pockethandkerchiefs); breakfast at 7:30 A.M.; and then work begins. They have school from 8 o'clock till 9:45 A.M.; "fatigue," as the farm-work is called, till 10:45 A.M.; school till noon; followed by recreation and dinner. Then till 2:30 P.M. drill, of which they are very fond, and in which they show wonderful aptness and precision; then school till 3:30 P.M.; fatigue till 4:20 P.M.; school and supper at 6 P.M.; afterward recreation; and at 8:30 P.M. prayers, sometimes singing, and always bed.

Probably they will remain a number of years here until they are quite well grown, and then return to their tribes, taking with them the knowledge which will enable them to influence their people to adopt the ways of civilized life. There was a bright little fellow, Bruno by name, who was a great favorite with the Sisters. He was only four years old, but he could read very well, and was one of their brightest scholars. Three Winters ago one of the Fathers found him in the tent of an old blind Indian. Although it was thirty degrees below zero, the child was quite naked in the tattered wigwam, and the only person to care for him and the old Indian was a little girl four years old. The Father was told that the Indian would have been helped by his people, but he preferred to live in this way so as to excite sympathy and obtain aid from passers-by. The Father bought Bruno for fifteen dollars, and took him with him to the mission, and he was very happy in his improved condition.

The buildings of the mission stand on the shore of the lake, and only a short distance from the school. In 1866 Father Ritchot traveled from Winnipeg by dog-train for the purpose of founding this mission, and from that time to this the Fathers have worked faithfully among the Indians and half-breeds. In those days, before the country was transferred from the Hudson Bay Company to Canada, the Fathers simply selected the land they wished, and their claim to it, after the change, was, as a rule, respected by the Canadian Government.

The mission buildings consist of the monastery, a little church, a house for the farm-hands and for cooking purposes, stables, old store-houses, and a great oven made of clay. Very quaint they look, huddled close together, their roofs thatched with sod and straw, the hewn logs of which they are made weatherbeaten and gray; the chinks and cracks filled with clay, all of the same subdued dun-color—only here and there one sees some bright weed or flower which has taken root in the sodded roofs and waves lightly in the wind.

In front of the buildings is a lovely old-fashioned garden, with great beds of sweet flowers, little arbors covered with hop-vines, and winding paths, which lead one down the gentle slope to the clear waters of the lake below.

Back of the monastery is the Indian graveyard; some of the graves are marked simply by a rude wooden cross, but many have singular structures of wood, resembling Chinese pagodas, over them; these are painted black, with strange decorations in white painted on them, such as "polka dots," bands and stripes, and there was one with great white drops to represent tears.

The Fathers have great influence with the Indians, and are much beloved by them. They do not treat them with that half-concealed contempt with which the white man usually greets his unfortunate brothers. They are educated men, and belong to the Order of Oblates of Mary

Immaculate, an Order founded in 1816 at Aix-en-Provence (France), especially for mission work among foreign nations. One must have a great respect and admiration for these good men, who have given up their homes and lives for this hard and unselfish labor among the savages, and with no expectation of personal reward in this world, looking to the next, where God "rewards every man according to his work."

THE HOARDED WEALTH OF INDIA.

The new Bombay paper, the *Advocate of India*, in an article on this subject, alludes to the native habit of storing away the jewel wealth of the country; and gives a rather startling estimate of the amount of jewelry at present hidden in India. Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life. The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of this country. It is indulged in by all classes of natives. Jewelry is regarded as the most stable kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her *stridhan*, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing; sometimes a scarcity of cooking-pots; generally not a particle of furniture; but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jewelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry-owner is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees, and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than Government paper. If it never increases it never diminishes, is a national saying, common among men and women alike. No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry. So great in value is the new jewelry that is introduced into families by marriage, that we dare not estimate it; the amount would be so fabulous. Truly the investment of wealth in jewelry in India is the greatest and most remarkable institution in the country. Every other investment sinks into insignificance beside it. Under no native prince or rajah of former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British Government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has been greatly restrained; and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated. Now, if men set store by their wealth in jewelry, and if one man estimates another by his wealth in jewels, is it not manifest that as this kind of wealth increases, and is found to be secure to the possessor, the people who gauge themselves as others gauge them—by the jewel wealth—must be contented, as far as the possession and security of this kind of wealth can content them? We can scarcely imagine the possessor of considerable wealth in jewelry being discontented. There must be political contentment amongst the class of jewelry-owners; and one-half of the people of India are jewelry-owners. It is only when the day of taking stock of the family jewelry comes round, such as the occasion of a wedding or a great gala day, that a stranger can form the slightest conception of the amount of wealth in the family in the form of jewelry. Amazement at once strikes him as he is for the first time permitted to see the amount of accumulated wealth. The inventory day is, *par excellence*, the women's day. Gathered round the iron safes, the cash-boxes, the metallic boxes, the neatly carved wooden boxes, the delight of the women is observed in their eyes as each pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls; each pair of diamond, or emerald, or sapphire ear-rings; each nose-ring with large pearls, massive gold chains, and a large number of rings, expensively and even extravagantly gemmed, are handed round the family circle for admiration. And great is the family delight. The towns of India must be peaceful towns, and the laws of India must be good laws, where jewelry wealth, amounting in value to crores and crores, can be held secure by the meanest subjects of the great Empress Victoria. The Government that has permitted this great jewelry wealth to grow into monster proportions, and that has never coveted a single grain of the hoarded gold, as is proved by the history of the wealth itself, is entitled to respectful regard. We cannot in honesty or justice refuse to approve of a Government that has followed out this policy of upholding and maintaining the rights of the people to their jeweled possessions for more than a century. When we single out this item in India's wealth, we do so for a useful purpose, in the interest of the people themselves, and not in the interests of Government or of income-tax lawmakers. In continuing to hoard and keep unremunerative such vast treasures as are now held in India, the people are unnecessarily impoverishing themselves. The system has had the fullest scope, and has been availed of by the people to the fullest extent, showing their abounding confidence in the national idiosyncrasy. It is now much overdone, and should be moderated. When wealth is hoarded in a country in millions, and lies unproductive, it attracts the covetous, and is a source of national weakness. It should be profitably employed in the creation and support of industries that may advance the progress of the country.

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.

The great battle of Guns *vs.* Armor has included few actual engagements, and no severe tests between great powers. The affair of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* first demonstrated that ironclads were indispensable, although France had led the way with *La Gloire*, which the English slowly emulated with the *Warrior*. The European ironclad fleets have only sparred with each other, save in the conflict at Lissa, when the Austrians, under Tegethoff, gave the Italians such a lesson. The terrible smash-up of the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*, by the Chilian *Almirante Cochrane* and others, was a similar demonstration.

Incertitude in naval construction is shown by the variety of types in the British Navy. This is from the anxiety to be ready for everything. Every idea, grounded upon a close watching of all that other Powers are doing, has found an embodiment. The United States, however, mean to have a say in such affairs, and the ironclad

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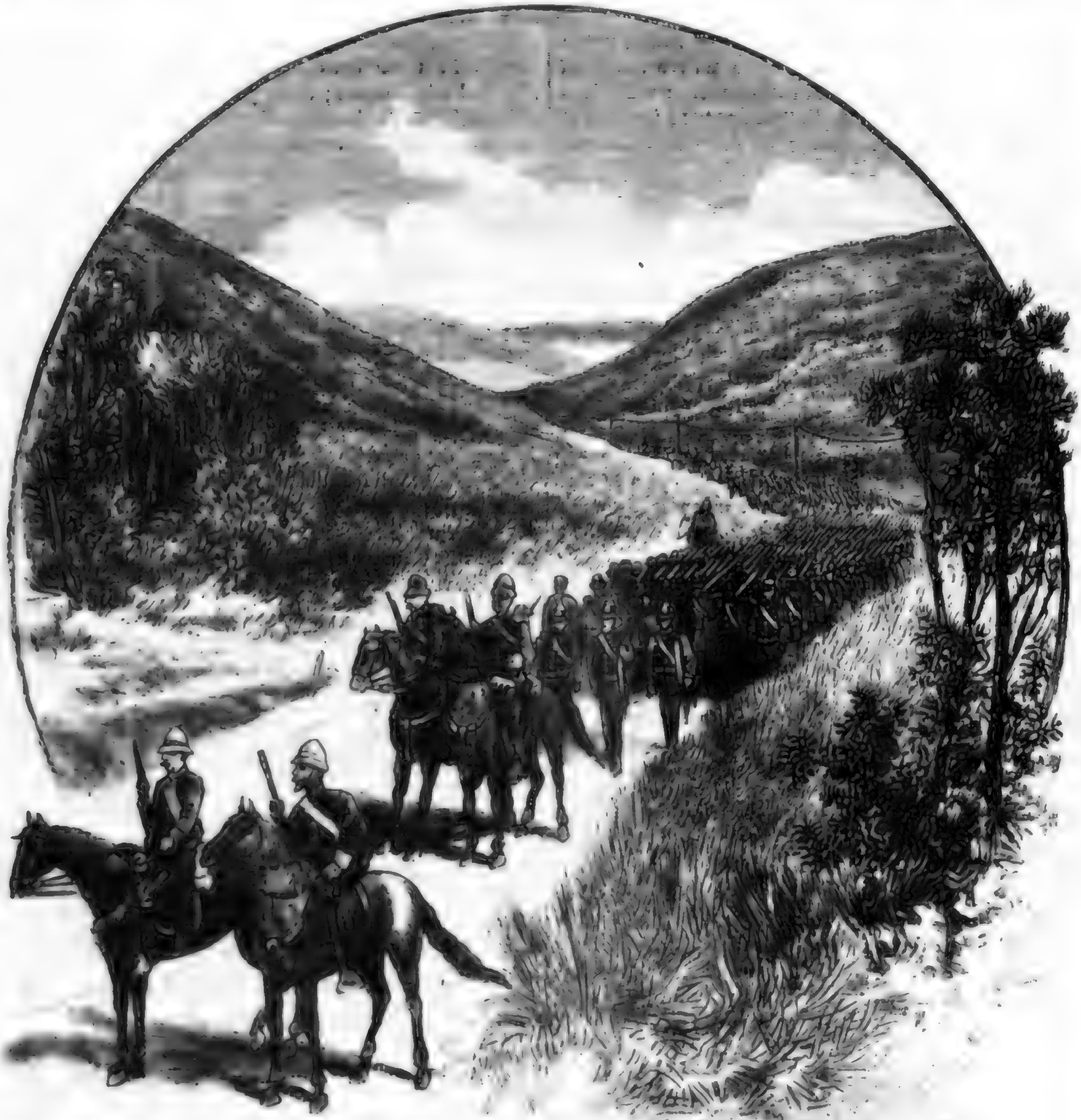
Dolphin, after much abuse, has been vindicated in a most stormy and trying experimental passage, through the furies of wind and waves at Cape Hatteras.

While France is so active in ship-building, Germany has almost held its hand of late years. She perceives that the torpedo renders her navally impregnable. The French fleet was useless in the War of 1870, as the Turkish fleet was in the last war with Russia, and as the English fleet would be in a war with Germany. The German fleet, though, is wonderfully compact, and all the sailors get two years' experience in a trip around the world.

The torpedo strikes terror into the stoutest heart. The sailor of the *Colossus*, the *Devastation* or the *Thunderer* reflects that this comparatively tiny demon may blow him sky-high. Where is valor, the traditional pluck of the British tar, in presence of a danger comparable to that of the yawning earthquake, while the solid globe rends, engulfing a city? The oldest resident in cities subject to earthquakes are more affected by the tremor than is a casual visitor; for the nerves do not become strengthened, but depraved, by habit, and so will it be with the brave sailor exposed continually to the fear of the torpedo.

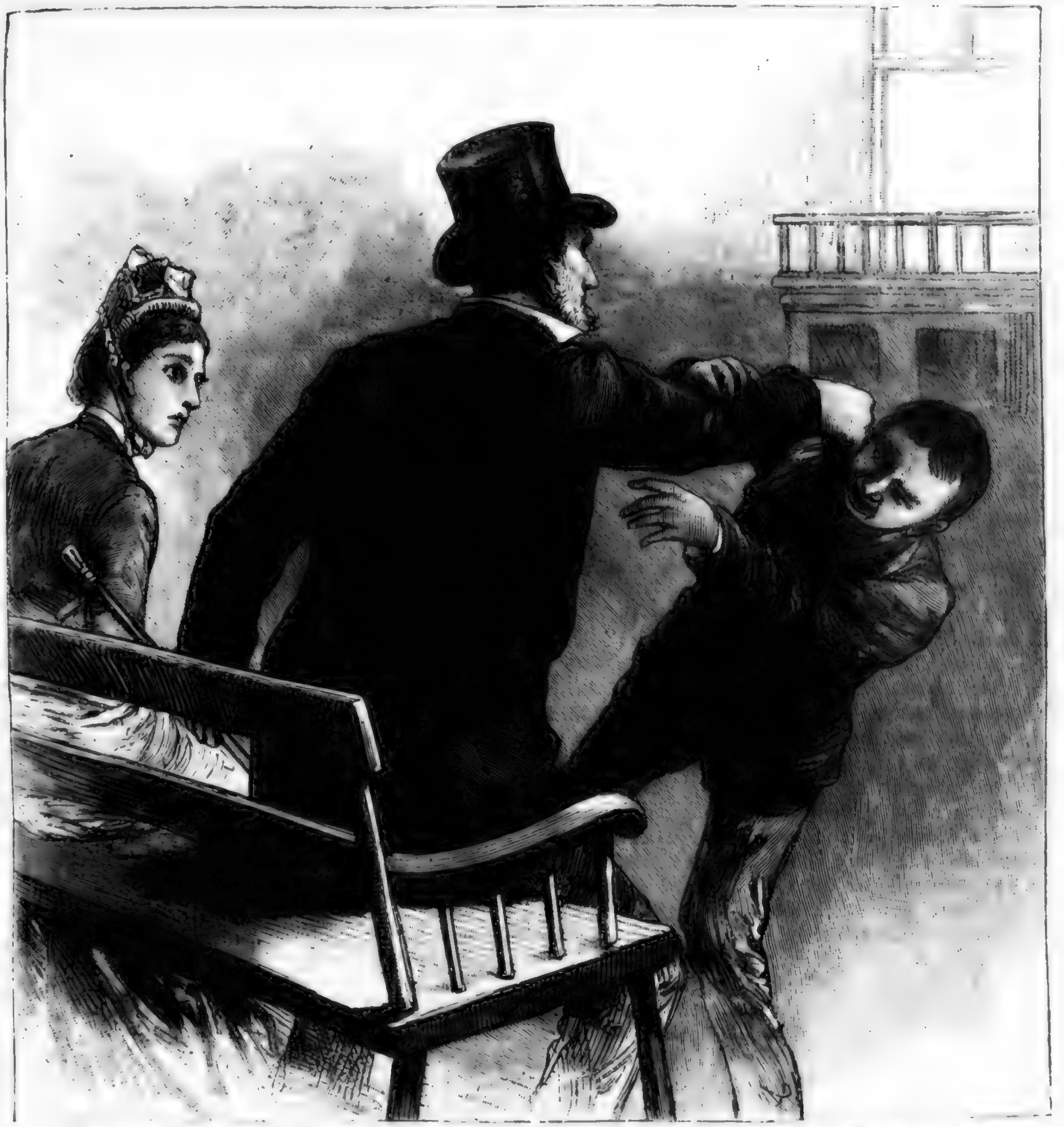
Warfare at sea appears to have changed as entirely as that on land.

The bombardment of Alexandria gave evidence of the terrific range of modern projectiles, the 82-ton gunshot of the *Inflexible* being found six miles off the vessel. In the recent war between Chili and Peru a Chilian gunboat standing off a well-fortified town peppered at pleasure, through the superior range of its single gun, which enabled it to do any amount of damage, while the shots from the town all fell helplessly short.



A VISIT TO FORT QU'APPELLE.—BRITISH REGIMENTS PASSING THROUGH THE DEFILES OF THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.—SEE PAGE 525.

GIVE not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.



TWO PRESCRIPTIONS.—"MR. ANTHONY FROST TOOK THE CARE-TAKER BY THE BACK OF THE NECK, AND PITCHED HIM OUT OF DOORS."

TWO PRESCRIPTIONS.

By Robert C. V. Meyers.

Mr. Anthony Frost had an attack of indigestion. While he suffered under the visitation, he declared that he had been ill for years; his friends said he had been cross as a man could be for four weeks—which amounts to the same thing. And the worst of it was, that his physician's diagnosis only accentuated that of his friends. Mr. Frost's physician was, contrary to the ethics of the sect, his nephew and namesake, Dr. Tony Thornbery. Dr. Tony was hopelessly young for a physician, and possessed too much enthusiasm to guarantee a superabundance of confidence on the part of his patients. His patients were limited in number, his uncle constituting a plurality of them. And bitterly did Dr. Tony regret ever having prescribed for a plurality, ever having lived with a plurality and given it his confidences; especially when he had met pretty little Nellie Garden daily for half a year, and had his head so full of her that once, when his Uncle Anthony's headache had assumed harrowing forms and had threatened to engulf Dr. Tony and all his future happiness, he had actually written:

"℞

"Tinct. Nellie ℥ij.

"To be well shaken before applying."

"Is that a new drug?" demanded Uncle Anthony, glaring.

Dr. Tony was dumbfounded over what he had done, and had not even the presence of mind to positively declare that "Tinct. Nellie" was a balsam of remarkably fine healing power—a twin-sister to the Balm of Gilead. No, he could only unprofessionally stutter out that he had made a mistake.

"I think you have," laconically returned Uncle Anthony; "the dose might prove fatal. Permit me to correct it."

He pulled a sheet of paper over to his side of the table and busily scribbled for a minute or two, while Dr. Tony, eying him, wondered if he were prescribing every drug in the "Pharmacopœia," or post-scripting a law of the Medes and Persians.

"There!" at last said Uncle Anthony, and placed the results of his writing under his physician's scrutiny. "Tinct. Nellie, in the social world, is generally known as Miss Nellie Garden, a day-governess, whose father died a bankrupt, indebted to me in the sum of ten thousand dollars. If you prescribe this newly discovered remedy as a specific for your own malady—not mine—your present residence can under no consideration be used as a hospital, nor my bank account be responsible for the doctor's bill."

Of course it was extremely coarse to place it so, and the crimson blood raced through Dr. Tony's cheeks in no time.

"I understand you," said he. "But as you are not a regular graduate in my science, I must deny you the privilege of assuming rights which no curriculum has conferred upon you. Good-morning!"

Now it was time for Mr. Anthony Frost to become dumbfounded; for he knew that Dr. Tony had left the house, and would under no consideration this side of death enter it again. And he had been a father to the young scamp, had cared for him, been proud of him, and, in a word, had nursed an adder; for nothing short of an adder could have fallen in love with Tom Garden's daughter after the bankruptcy which had caused so great a loss to the adder's uncle. Mr. Anthony Frost had never been cross before; he was unacquainted with the sensation; he lost his head as effectually as Dr. Tony had lost his, and when a man loses his head and cannot, like St. Patrick of old, carry it around with him between his teeth, he should scarcely be held accountable for his subsequent doings. Therefore, when, as by inspiration, Mr. Anthony Frost gathered up the peculiar prescription of Dr. Tony and folded it inside the equally peculiar one written by himself, and rang the bell and did what he did, he should not be too harshly criticised, nor made responsible for more than what came of the whole proceeding.

In answer to his impetuous summons, Sampson, the butler, appeared.

"What are you laughing at?" roared Mr. Frost, without having looked at the man.

Now Sampson was known among his intimates as "Sweet Vinegar," in consequence of a chronic inability to loosen the drawing strings of his lips, and thus give his poor features a chance to expand.

He replied not to his master on this occasion.

"Sampson," pursued Mr. Frost, with calm determination, "it is about time for you and me to understand each other. I insist upon having respect shown me in my own house, and desire that I shall not be made a subject for merriment. I have borne with your subtle jests long enough, sir. I wish this package to be taken immediately—immediately, mind you—to Miss Garden, who is stopping at the house of Dr. Thornberry's friend, Mrs. Germon. Go! I shall expect you to apologize to me for giggling like a school-girl when you entered this room."

Sampson cuffed the page soundly when he reached the entry.

"Don't larf at me, Bill Buttons," snarled he.

That evening Mr. Frost had one of his celebrated attacks of indigestion. He refused comfort and physicians. For two weeks he suffered unheard-of agonies. At the end of four weeks he recollected that Dr. Tony would enter the house under no consideration this side of death. So deciding that he was *in extremis*, he felt at liberty to send in hot haste for his recalcitrant nephew. Dr. Tony gazed at him stonily; Dr. Tony, consequently, looked as though he were not immoderately happy.

When he found that his mortal communication was but a flash in the pan, Mr. Frost held his nephew with his glittering eye, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest.

"I hope you have suffered in somewhat since you left this house, which has been a home to you for years, Anthony Thornberry."

"I may have suffered," was the reply, "but I have also——"

"Made other people suffer."

"I was about to remark that, while I lived here, my life was one of luxury. Since I have been thrown on my own exertions, I have had to look facts squarely in the face. In this month I have secured a *clientele* of a dozen paying patients."

"The deuce you have! That is a reproach to me for hitherto preventing your looking facts in the face in a square sort of way."

"I have nothing to reproach you with."

"Yes, you have; you know you have."

"I came here this evening in answer to your request, and not to make nor exact explanations," said Dr. Tony, repressing very well the anger which was striving for the mastery. "You are not dying. You are hypochondriacal. Contrary to your orders, perhaps, I will prescribe for you."

"Not 'Tinct. Nellie' again."

Dr. Tony still repressed his anger.

"I would prescribe for you, Uncle Anthony, an entirely new mode of life. You have been very much of an autocrat, and an autocrat in too small a sphere usually finds his authority turning on himself. You have been kind to me in many ways—conventional ways. I would prescribe that you be kind unconventionally; go out and do something for the good of some struggling person, who, without you, would be friendless in the world."

Now was the time when Mr. Frost found a difficulty in repressing *his* anger.

"And you are not friendless, Anthony Thornberry?"

"I am not, Uncle Anthony."

"Is it possible that Miss Nellie——"

"Pardon me! you have never seen the young lady. Because you are the loser of money through the misfortune of her father, you act in the most insanely illogical manner, to call it by no harder name."

"I wouldn't call it by a harder name, if I were you. 'Insanely illogical,' I think you said?" Mr. Frost gulped. "But let me complete your monstrous unreasonableness. I take your advice! I shall do some good to some one who would be helpless and friendless without me. My fortune will never be yours, but one's who will not be an adder, nor a subtracter."

He had not meant to employ this latter figure of speech, but it appeared as though it might be a cutting illustration, so he called it into requisition.

"As though the money, as money, were anything to me," smiled Dr. Tony, dismally.

"It was much to Tom Garden's daughter. And I am glad that I have done you a turn in sending her the '**Tinct. Nellie**' prescription, supplemented by the one which I wrote as a counter-irritant to its effects."

He was not prepared for the manifestation of Dr. Tony; for this disciple of Æsculapius at once overturned the chair he had occupied, and, with inflamed countenance, war in his eyes and clinched hands, strode up to his uncle:

"You"—he choked—"you dared to do that, you? Everything is explained now, everything, and——"

He really did seem undetermined whether or not to go unpleasantly near to the physician who had prescribed without having earned a sheepskin. But without further word, giving vent to a groan as he crushed his hat on his head, he rushed from the room and the house.

"This is too much," said Mr. Anthony Frost; "the camel's back may bear much, but this is the last straw. Sampson!"

That functionary appeared.

"Sampson, if you ever admit my nephew to this house——"

"You sent for him, sir."

"What is that to you? Things have come to a pretty pass when I am to be told whom I shall and whom I shall not send for. Sampson, you are an idiot. Go!"

Sampson clutched the page in the hall.

"Bill Buttons, if you fetch any more o' them mangy dogs to this 'ere house, I'll break every bone in your body. Go!"

The next morning Mr. Anthony Frost set about doing something in self-defense.

If he had never been crossed before, neither had he ever before experienced anger from the one whom he loved as he loved not another in the whole world, nor, ere this, had he ever been accused of a dishonorable action, to feel that the accusation was not made unwarrantably.

He was indignant and he was outraged. Tony Thornberry should meet his match; Tony Thornberry had made insulting remarks relative to conventional kindnesses—he should understand the extent of an unconventional one now.

Mr. Anthony Frost proceeded to an adjacent city. He had no very distinct idea as to what took him there, only that he did not want to breathe the air in the same place with his nephew, and he was bound on a tour of the unconventional. It was difficult to find anything out of the way in Solomon's time, and it is not more easy to discover it now. But he must do something or his brain would give way, and he should find that he had been an invalid all his life, rather than for years merely.

What was the sovereign remedy recommended by the higher physician's of philosophy? Work, that was it! Why, Mr. Anthony Frost had never done a stroke of work in all his life. A novelty presented itself; work, as applied to himself, had as unconventional an aspect as anything that could be suggested by that wretchedest of Tonies. Yet, what kind of work? Here were numberless business places, but who would engage a novice who merely wished to toil that he might try to forget how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless adder for a nephew? He had heard of sinecures, but he feared they did not go begging. There were employment-offices, which advertised frantically for helpless, useless people to fill, at enormous salaries—positions adapted to their capabilities. He had for years read these advertisements with delicious appreciation of the gullibility of genteel pauperdom. He was excited, enthused. He laughed—for the first time in weeks—as he purchased a paper from a newsboy and turned to the column of "Help Wanted." Here was the very thing; he would have the fun of investigating it:

"Wanted, An elderly gentleman to take orders at home. Good pay."

He had never taken orders at home or abroad; he would like to see the person who would dare to order him. But the jest, the unconventionality, the means of not remembering for a little while how he had loved Tony, and how shamefully he had been repaid for that love—yet, no more of that, it would unnerve him. He would go to the employment office, pay his couple of dollars, and push through it all, even though there might be some such position as offered. He found the office. It was crowded with pitiably expectant souls, many of whom looked up at him as he entered, as though he might prove a mortal foe in their way toward advancement.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Anthony Frost, looking about him and comfortably seating himself on a bench. "Dear me!"

"Shove up, old man," cried a youthful cerberus in charge; "you're not a whole bench-show. Shove up, I say."

Shove up! Mr. Anthony Frost took the care-taker by the back of the neck and pitched him out of doors.

"I will have you to know that I am Anthony Frost," said he, and seated himself on the bench again with the air of one who had done a good action.

"The idea," he went on, wiping his brow, "of being told to shove up! The idea!"

He had the words over and over, as though no other syllables had ever expressed a corresponding iniquity.

"I, Anthony Frost, to be told to shove up! 'Shove,' mind you, 'shove!'"

He turned to his humble neighbor on the bench beside him. His humble neighbor was a woman, who looked at him and did nothing else, not even bringing into play a ray of intelligence as she looked.

"You heard him, madam; that wretched boy who requested me to shove up?" Her eyes upon him, she appeared not to hear a word he was saying.

"Bless my heart! a deaf mute!" exclaimed Mr. Frost. "This is novel."

All the other people scowled upon him, and he was placing himself on the defensive in his own way, when an interposing incident presented itself in the entrance of the proprietor of the office.

He was a beautifully attired young man with a jacqueminot bud in his buttonhole, an elegantly glossy plug hat perched at a perilous angle on his head, and "business" sparkling from the very diamond stud that upheld his collar.

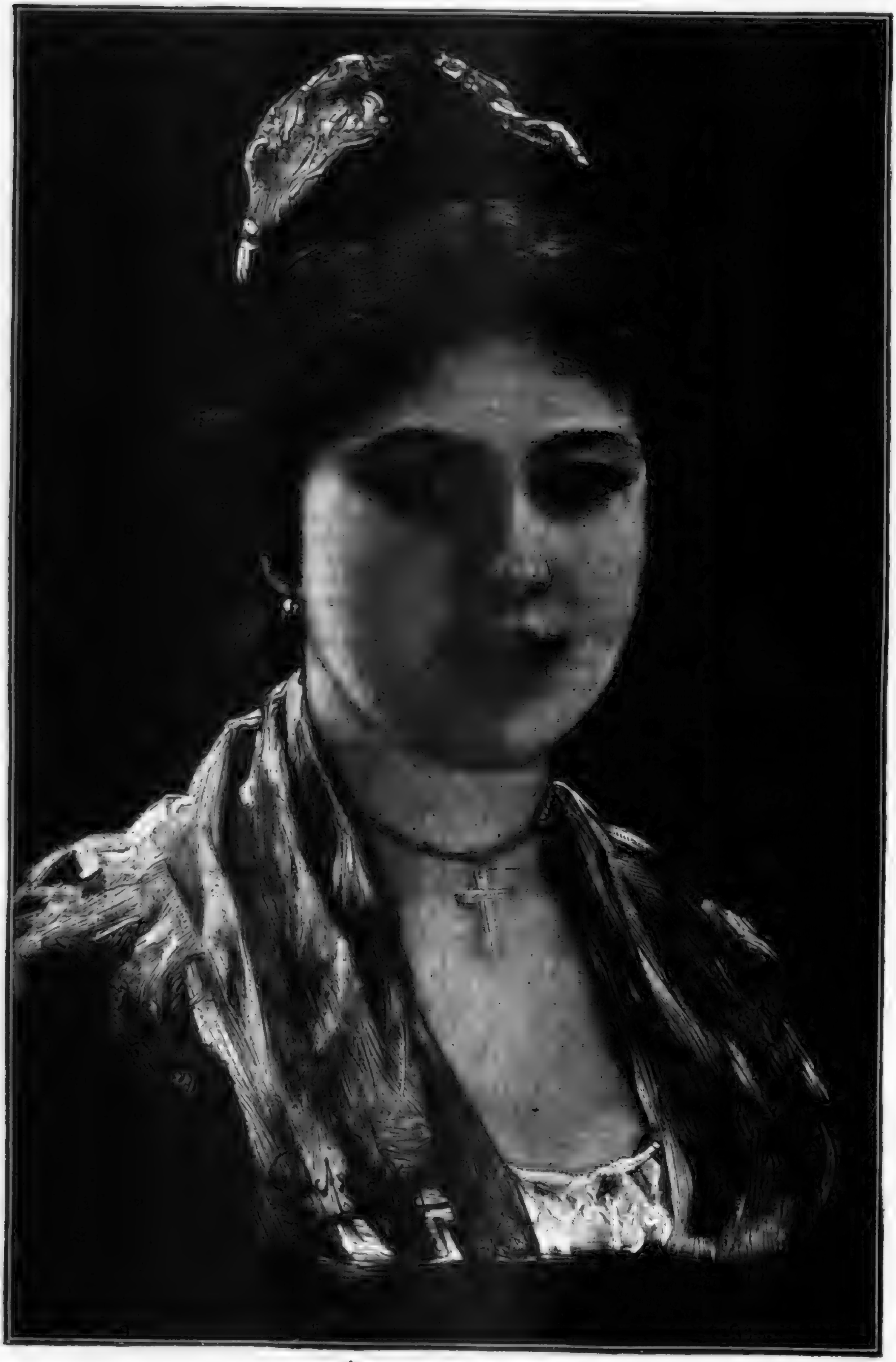
"Where is Alexander?" he demanded of anybody.

It dawned upon one of his audience that the ejected boy might most illogically have been named in honor of an insatiable conqueror of worlds, particularly as many of the people in the office who appeared to be well acquainted there began to look knowing.

Mr. Anthony Frost, nothing daunted, arose.

"Sir, he began, "I was insulted when I entered this office, and so——"

"Oh, sit down, do," interrupted the proprietor, and pushed him into his place again. "You're always insulted. Now, Mr. Jones"—to an expectant soul—"that place on the dairy farm is worth investigating, and—— What in the world ails you?" for Mr. Frost was on his feet grappling for words. "Oh, I see you want toning down. I am afraid we cannot place you. And the lady beside you, is she in your company?"



A FAIR BULGARIAN.— BY DEFREGGER.

For the lady, whom even in his agitation Mr. Frost now noticed was young, had stood up beside him, evidently the only one there who was in sympathy with him. She shook her head as one failing to comprehend, and kept her eyes on Mr. Frost, who, finding words impossible, with his right hand sent the proprietor's glossy hat spinning across the room. The next instant his arms were pinioned from behind.

"That's the fellow," shouted a youthful voice, which Mr. Frost could but think belonged to Alexander. A blue-coated minion of the law had taken the insulted gentleman into custody on a charge of assault and battery preferred by the boy.

"I shall make a like charge," said the proprietor, fondly smoothing his hat; "and if there is justice in the courts—— Look out there!" for in that supreme moment Mr. Frost had smashed the hat in its owner's hand.

Struggling indignantly, collared, Mr. Anthony Frost was led, a culprit, through the busy streets of that populous city to a magistrate's office. He never fully knew what happened, astonishment taking such an acute form with him. He felt that he was in a dimly lighted horrible room for days—or was it only for hours?—and that at the end of an uncertain time he was haled forth into the light again, seated with evil-appearing malefactors, led to a villainous small, square stand, where Alexander's face seemed imminent, charged money which some one politely took from his pocket for him, and then he was pushed out into the day, a shaking, palsied figure. Dazed, ill indeed, and pitiable, he rested against a wall, jeered at by boys, who held in trifling light the story of the judgment-wreaking bears, while a severe woman came from across the way and told him of the evils of intemperance. And, strangely enough, he understood it all, and had not a word to say. He could only think of Dr. Tony, and if he were but here to protect and care for him—Tony, who was all the world to him.

Some one caught his arm. He wondered if Alexander had made a new charge against him, or if some of that money he had left in the magistrate's office had been proven spurious. He was led on.

"If I only had Sampson here!" he murmured, warmly. Mechanically, he turned to his captor.

"Why, you are the deaf mute who sat next to me when that wretched child told me—*me!*—to shove up!"

She pressed his arm compassionately.

"Am I ill?" he went on. "'Tinct. Nellie. To be well shaken before applying.'" He laughed feebly as he rested heavier and heavier on the arm that supported him. Then he had closed his eyes, crying, "Tony, my boy; come back to me, Tony!"

When he unclosed his lids again he found himself in bed.

"Sampson," he commanded, in a loud tone, "if you do not speak in a lower voice when I am ill, I shall be under the necessity of parting with your services."

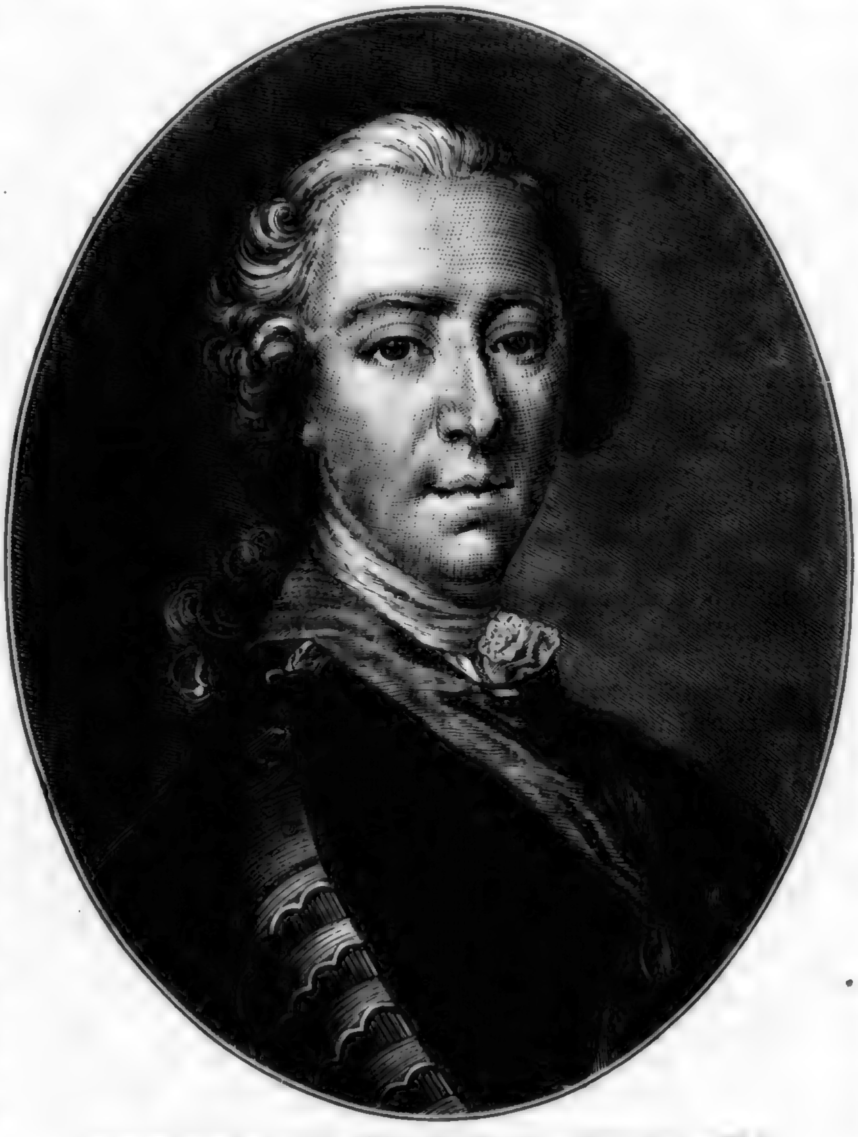
But it was not Sampson who came to him.

"Why you are the deaf-mute!" he cried, looking at her.

She smoothed his pillow, smiling comfortingly down at him; a pretty, soft-faced young woman, though preposterously white and worn. And a mute!

He gazed about him upon a plain little room—that must be her room by the fal-lals in it—she had nursed him—for how long? She could not know what he said to her; he pointed to a calendar hanging on the wall; she brought it to him. He had come to the city on the first day of May; the May-flap of the calendar was gone; June stared him in the face, the fifteenth day. He had been ill a month and a half; no wonder she was white and worn. For days after that, as watching her noiseless movements, he lay in the plain little room, a nameless calm upon him; he did not desire to talk nor to be talked at, he had always had so much to do with words; instead, he thought of—Tony. Yet he must not so think; it would upset him again. He thought of the deaf-mute who tended him—the sad, sweet-faced creature who had been so womanly true. He would often turn and see her looking from the window, beating the devil's tattoo on the pane.

"Poor young thing!" he said aloud one evening. "How sweet she is! how childlike and pure! Merciful powers! why will men choose chattering magpies for wives when they can secure wholesome silence instead?"



CHARLES EDWARD STUART (CHARLES III.), GRANDSON OF JAMES II.
SEE PAGE 536.

Indeed, he was so pleased with his surroundings and the rest there, and the far-off, drowsy rumble of wagons, and the gentle flutter of feminine action, that he was sorry when the day came when he could no longer conscientiously lie there, but must sit up by the window.

"Why, it is the top story!" he exclaimed. "A place I have ever relegated to Buttons. How poor we must be here?"

And yet how happy he was.

"Dearest, best of young creatures," he said, as she arranged the room, "I don't even know your name. I am going to ask it."

He wrote his question on the top of the plain deal table before him, as he knew not where to find a scrap of paper, and when she came nearer he pointed to the hieroglyphics he had made, and handed the pencil to her.

"Esperanza," she tremulously wrote in reply, nothing more.

"Esperanza!" he repeated. "Why that means 'Hope.' I am afraid to ask her other name; it might be Knott," and grinned a little over his joke.

Once in his young manhood he had known a delightful girl named Hope, and he had thought of the name then as the anchor of the soul; but she had wedded a man called Jones, and was now stout and red of face. After her had come a gentle creature, whose mother had not cared to have young Anthony Frost to call so frequently as he did, though he would have liked to be in their house all the time, and Jennie had said she would like it, too—Jennie! Ah! she had died when he longer went to her, because of her mother's final fiat, and they never knew what had ailed her.

All this, and more, he thought as he sat at that upper window, watching his nurse or hearing her moving about in the room adjoining his, which she must have taken for herself when she brought him here.

"Esperanza! Esperanza!"

For days his best employment was to gaze upon the deal table and read his question and her answer:

"What is your name?" "Esperanza!" and could not help thinking of Jennie who had died so early.

"Tony, she was so dear to me; her going from me altered all my life, and made me the crusty wretch you dnow. If was only sure I was not the greatest donkey in the world, and could, with impersonality, carry out your advice to be helpful to some one who, without me, wouldbe friendless in the world!"

She came to him a dozen times a day, brought him papers, pleasant fruits and the like, her own shell-pink cotton gown brightening up the room into a rose; then she would go to her back apartment, where he guessed at the nature of the employment which he knew kept the light burning there sometimes till near day-dawn—for she worked for him, paid doctor's bills, room-rent for him, a stranger whom she evidently deemed poor and homeless. Noble creature! A sweet girl who had died so early could not have done more.

Then one morning the door separating her room from his stood open, and he saw her with her back toward him as she bent over something which made her weep bitterly; though when she found him near her she hurriedly put whatever it was into her pocket, and spread before him a bundle of photographs, whose coloring it was her labor to effect. When he had visited her thus two or three times, he saw that perhaps he went too often, so he staid away from her domain as religiously as he had staid away from Jennie's when her mother had thought it best.

And, then, one day, in extreme loneliness and misery a crash came. He thought of his home and what liberties Sampson must be taking, and how Tony must be imagining his unworthy uncle dead and for ever lost and —and—yes, the time was coming when all this must end, and he should go away from Esperanza, leave her in her humble sphere, in her silence and friendlessness, to work her accepted lot to the end.

And what was she to him? A good Samaritan only. He was not young enough to be foolish, he thought. He was not young enough to do a desperate thing, although some great force compelled him to think of her who had died so early.

Esperanza was steadily painting in the next room, and he, knowing that she could not hear him, walked across the floor and pushed the door open a little, so that he might see her. Then he took his usual station at the deal table. Yes, she was beautiful, sweet, lovely! If he were a younger man; if he had met her in his younger years, when he had gone too often to the house of one who had died so early; if she were only not a mute—— There on the table before him was his question and her answer: "What is your name?" "Esperanza." He took the pencil from his pocket and marked the letters she had made, over and over, till he had taken away all appearance of tremulousness, and "Esperanza"—*hope*—stood out firm and bold and ineradicable. Hope! That had been his lode-star when Jennie——

His pencil trailed idly over the deal, making curves and gyrations of eccentricity. She was very peaceful. She appeared to like to have him here; was bashful, helpful, more and more like some one who had died so early. His pencil wrote some foolish words:

"I——" and paused.

"Love——" and paused.

"You." And his head was burning. He had started up to run to her to tell her, to show her what he meant; to say that while he might in outward appearance seem old, yet his heart had never had the chances of many another heart; that once he had cared fondly for one who had died so early; and then he found himself opposed by her; her pink gown making a rose of his room; her hand pointing from the high window to the street beneath. He looked from the window, and saw on the opposite side of the way a policeman and a civilian. She had evidently thought he was to be arrested again.

"Tony!" he gasped, recognizing the civilian, all his old life breaking in upon the idyl of the present; "Tony, and looking for me! Esperanza, before he comes, I must communicate something to you; would tell you—no, no, I mean I would show you this table and the words suggested by thought of Jennie——"

But her door had slammed tight and he was alone, and with his thumb obliterating the foolish words he had written upon the table.

"Uncle Anthony, have I found you at last? And to think that the police reports helped me! You, to commit assault and battery! I have been searching for you for over a month, blaming myself for having sent you away, knowing that I have ill-requited the tender kindness which you have ever bestowed upon me—you, who have been more than a father to me! Forgive me! And let me say, even here and for the last time, that I thought you cruel in sending to the woman I love that note of yours, for she gave me up then. She was too proud to enter my family if it opposed her, and she had loved her father and knew his suffering. Before you disappeared she had gone away, and I did not understand the cause of her going until the day when you told me that you had sent my poor little prescription to her with that other travesty of your own concoction. She gave me up too readily, perhaps; possibly not loving me as I had hoped she did. Yet she is everything to me—must ever be. She must have had hard lines of it, poor Nellie! And I will tell you that, now I find you safe and sound, I mean to search for her, if it takes my life to reach her."

Now the foolish words were obliterated. Mr. Anthony Frost wheeled around.

"Search for her, Tony," he said, huskily, "search for her. I was young once myself, and there was one—there was one—I mean that I am a terrible old donkey. Search for Nellie Garden. Spare no expense. Find her, bring her to me, your father and hers. While now that I have had a new exemplification of the nobility of woman—— Halloa! what is that?"

That was a white paper thrust under the door which connected his room with the one beyond. Tony picked up the paper, read it, uttered an exclamation, tossed the sheet on the deal table, tore at the door.

"Hold!" cried Mr. Anthony Frost. "Desist from extravagance till I look into this paper, for it was this over which Esperanza—I mean the lady who is a mute, and who has cared for me as a—a daughter—wept over and hid from me one day when I chanced upon her. Merciful powers! It is my prescription and yours! She must be——"

There was a pale, sweet face in the doorway.

"Nellie!" shrieked Dr. Tony.

Mr. Anthony Frost fell upon that deal table and rubbed at the place where those foolish words had been written as though he would rub his way through to China.

"You will forgive me, Uncle Anthony? I had gone to the employment office seeking for a position. You will perhaps remember that when the impudent boy wounded your feelings you pronounced your name aloud. I was so bewildered that I could not say a word, and you immediately concluded that I was a mute. It was an inspiration to me, and I have carried it out. It made me strong and secret, where speech must have betrayed me. I saw that you were ill even then, and I determined that no harm should come to you, though you would have accepted no aid from me had you known who I was. 'Esperanza' means hope. May I hope to be forgiven? for I am 'Tinct. Nellie,' and I have been 'well shaken before applying' to you for my sentence."

"You are a very good girl, Espe—Nellie, and your father, Tom Garden, was my best friend. But if you ever again mention those idiotic prescriptions I'll disown Tony Thornberry. And while I have been somewhat unconventional——"

He was tearing up the two prescriptions.

"Unconventional!" she echoed. "Have I been strictly conventional?"

"And—and, if I come across Alexander and his 'shoving up'—that is, if Sampson has dared to touch my '34 port—— Tony, why in the world do you not go and call a carriage to take us all out of this suffocating city? You will never make a successful physician if you do not take better care of your patients."

AN UNSOLVED RIDDLE.

The following anecdote is told of Horace Vernet, the French historical painter. The artist was coming in the train from Versailles to the city. Despite his very eccentric attire, he fancied, as usual, that he was unobserved. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who, evidently, were acquainted with him, and who commented upon his personal appearance rather too freely. The painter was annoyed. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice, violently. On emerging from obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the question which of these two ladies it was that kissed me?"

HÉLÈNE.

By J. J. Britton.

Inscribed upon the gallery wall
Of a great noble's Tudor hall,
One reads a single word—"Hélène,"
And stays perforce to read again.
A girl's fair writing, lady small,
In pencil; with a foreign grace
About it, somehow, and delight
Of Youth within it. Pearly white
Fair fingers traced it some bright day,
One fancies; soft thro' Tudor bay
From great sweet gardens came the air.
And light gusts tossed the ringlets back
As the swift pencil made its track,
And fluttered o'er the red lips sweet,
Where rose a smile, her thought to greet.
"Hélène," she wrote; and lovingly,
She gone, they fenced it as we see
With square of glass and tiny frame.
What is the memory—whose the name
Thus guarded from all taint and shame
Of Time or fingers, and here set
The house's very amulet?
What hopes, what fate, lie shut within
This pencil writing fair and thin?
What hours by passion made sublime,
What love with laugh at lapsing time,
What sense that all earth's honors bring
Are worth not life's full petaled spring?
What ache of heart, dry throb of lips,
Widowed of kisses, when life dips
To death's absorbing;—and, ah me!
What hope, that thro' tears wistfully
Outlooks?—none tell us. Tudor hall
Or shepherd's sheiling, love is all
That guerdons care, and still will stay
When labored fretwork falls in clay,
When thro' loose casements stares the day,
And under flowers the bones decay.

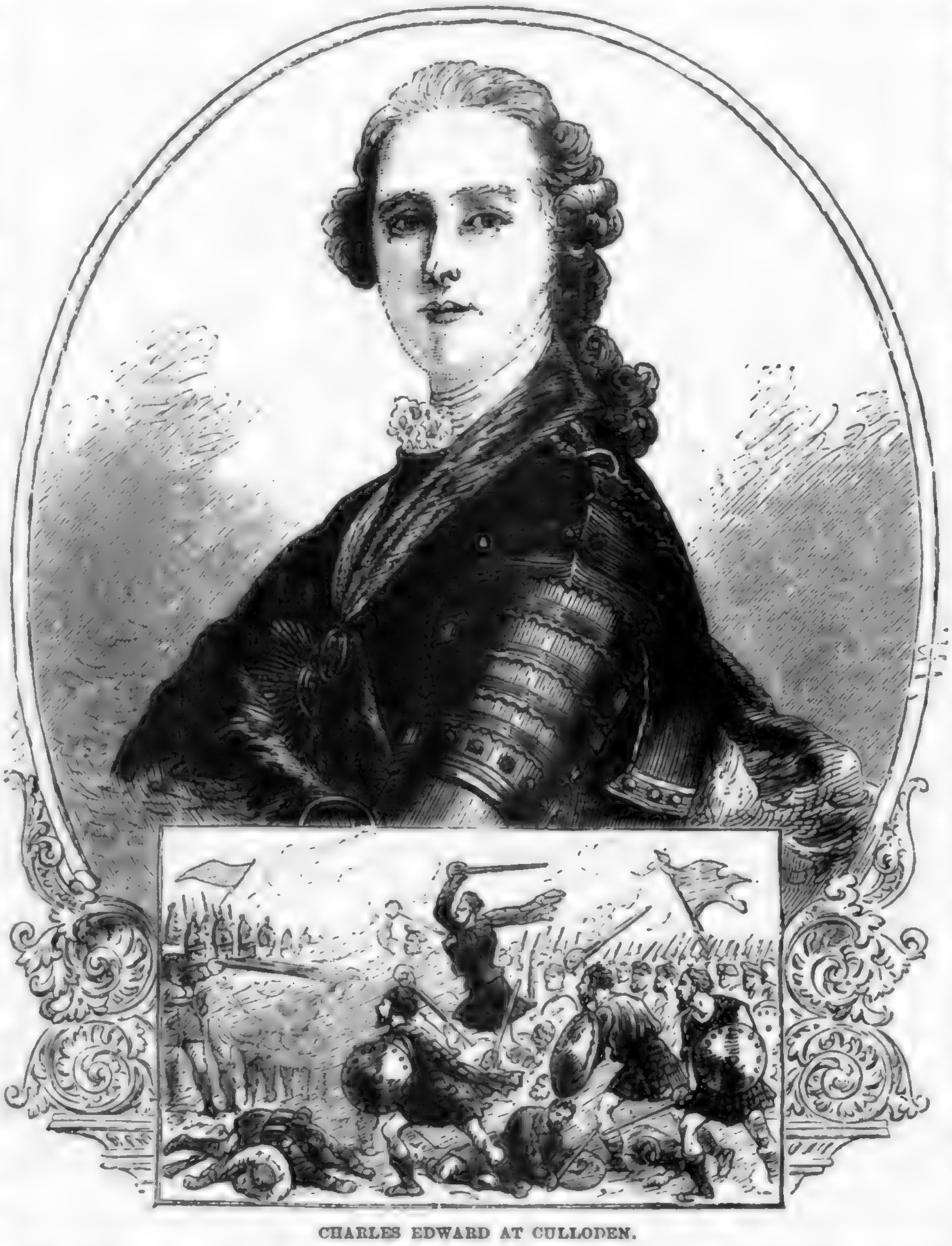
So thought I as I turned to go,
For guides and vassals brook not slow
And pensive loiterers—you know.
And as I turned, thro' lattice pane
One sun-ray fired the word "Helène."

Real Golden Geese.—It is stated that the inhabitants of a village near the River Karassul in Siberia, when slaughtering their geese, discovered sparkling grains of yellow metal in the crops of these animals. One of the villagers, sharper than the rest, collected a number of these grains and took them to a merchant in the town, who at once recognized them as granules of pure gold, and paid the countryman ten roubles for them. This led the villagers to search among the sand of the River Karassul, where they found large quantities of gold-dust. A merchant has entered into a contract with them, and active operations for washing the sand and extracting the gold are to be commenced.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

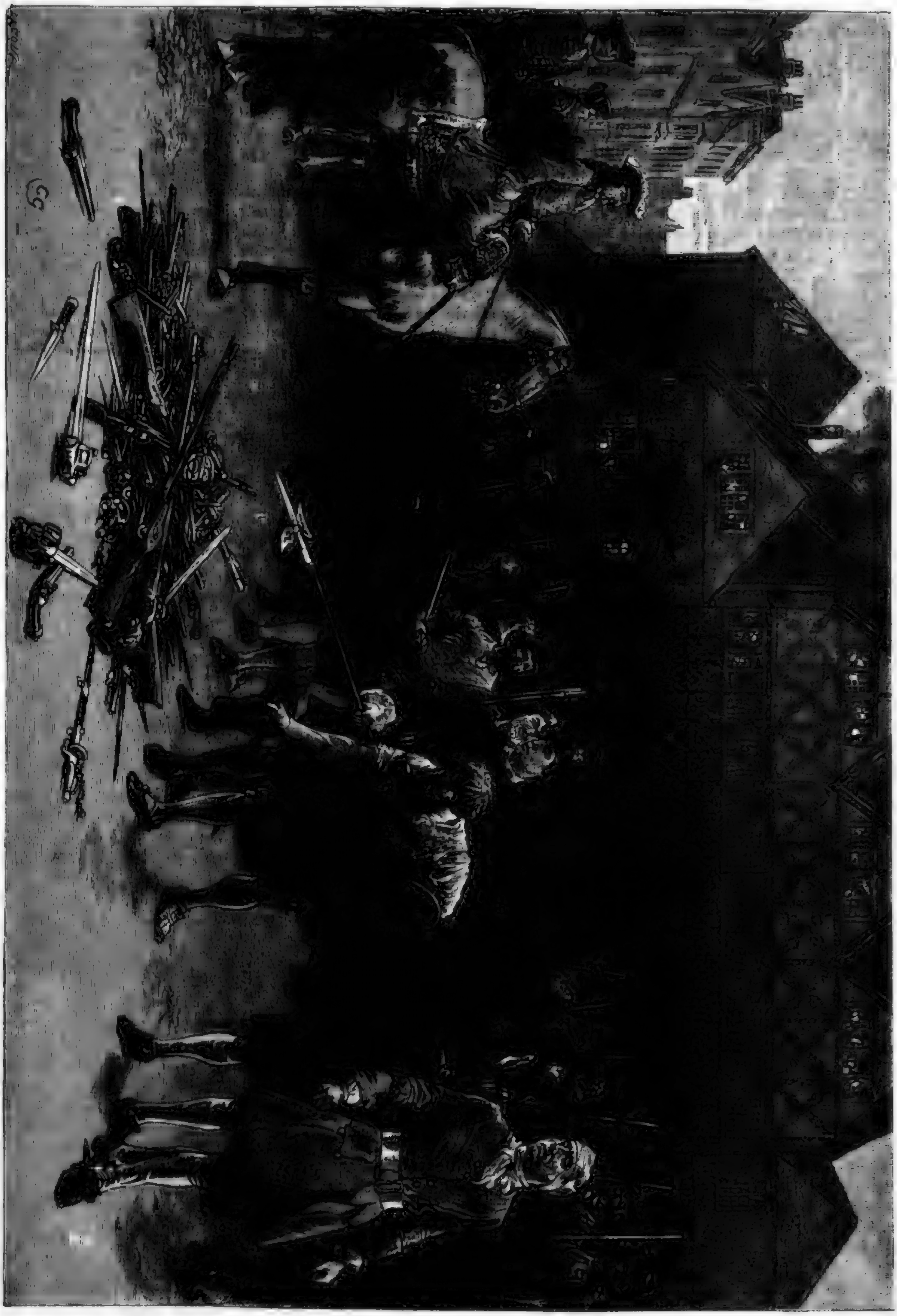
By Sebastian S. Wynell-Magow.

Born, amid the salvos of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo, in the centre of the Christian world; surrounded by the Cardinal protectors of every kingdom in Europe; descended on his father's side from a hundred kings, and on his mother's from the heroic savior of Europe, John Sobieski—holding a royal levee on the very day after his birth, wrapped in swaddling-clothes presented and blessed by a Pope—as a young man victor at Gladsmuir and Falkirk over the troops of the first nation of the world; and dying in the misery of a dishonored old age, Charles Edward is a figure in history which combines at once the heroic and the tragic in a degree which has been destined to but few in the history of all time.



CHARLES EDWARD AT CULLODEN.

James III., or the First Pretender, as Jacobite or Tory called him, had married the Princess Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the Victor of Vienna; and it was from this pair that was born, in the latter part of the year 1720, Prince Charles. His birth gave new hope and vigor to the Jacobite cause all over the world. In his early infancy it had been proposed to send the child to Scotland, but the manifest danger of the scheme had caused it to be abandoned, and he remained in Rome; at the age of three years and a half he was presented to the Pope, but did not make a very favorable impression, in consequence of his refusal to make the customary reverence, a circumstance looked upon as savoring strongly of Protestantism. Shortly after this time, James Murray, a son of Lord Stormont, although a Protestant, was appointed guardian of the Prince; a circumstance which led, through great scandal, to the temporary separation of James and his wife; a scandal only removed after the remonstrances of the Pope, the whole College of Cardinals, the Courts of Spain and France and the most prominent English and Scotch Jacobites; and which, perhaps, would not have been removed even then, but that the Pope, holding the purse-strings, was able to bring some very cogent reasons for submission to bear on the King. The principal result of the reconciliation between James and his wife was that the education of the two princes, Charles, and Henry Duke of York (who had been born on March 6th, 1725), proceeded with regularity. While they were still young enough their mother undertook their education herself, but after they grew out of her power they were handed over to competent tutors, among whom were the Chevalier Ramsay, Thomas Sheridan and Legontz. Of the course of studies pursued by them we know but little, yet it is certain that at an early age they were familiarly acquainted with French, Italian and Latin, and that Prince Charles had a decided taste for music and the arts. Prince Charles has been accused by his enemies of being backward and ill-educated, an accusation apparently chiefly founded on his weakness in orthography; but if all men who spelt ill at that period are to be regarded as lacking culture, we shall, indeed, find but few who may be included in the wellbred class. While the education of the Prince proceeded, he became the favorite of Roman society. He was looked on with special favor by the Pope, and the nobility did all in their power to flatter and please the future head of the House of Stuart.



HIGHLANDERS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS AFTER THE DEFEAT AT CULLODEN.

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In the year 1734 he experienced his first introduction to the real business of life. Spain, actuated by the desire of finding a Crown for her son, Don Carlos, resolved, with the assistance of France, to place him upon the throne of Naples. The Duke of Liria, a natural son of James, the Old Pretender, was engaged in the army of Don Carlos, and suggested to James that his eldest son should accompany him, and by this means see some active service which would, in all probability, be of great use to him hereafter. When the Prince arrived at Gaeta, before which the Spanish army had sat down, he was received with the greatest distinction by Don Carlos, saluted as Prince of Wales, and appointed a General of Artillery. Charles, with the memory of his ancestors before him, threw himself with his whole heart into the duties of his new position. He was an apt pupil in all the numerous details of military life; superintended personally all the operations of those under his nominal command, and, at the same time, by the charm of his manner endeared himself both to officers and men. In this campaign the Prince of Wales showed himself entirely superior to all fear, and gained golden opinions from all. The campaign over, after staying for a short time with Don Carlos (now King of Naples) at this new capital, Charles, on the retirement of the Duke of Liria from the Spanish army, returned to Rome amid the expressed admiration of all. Even Walton, the agent of the English Government, was forced to admit "that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was."

For two years after his return from Gaeta, Charles was employed in the completion of his education. Brought in contact with all that was best and noblest in Rome, it was at this time, probably, that he acquired that admirable courtesy and dignity which were of so great service to him in later life. Early in 1737 James sent him on a tour through the principal cities of Italy. He traveled under the title of Count Albany, with a suite of twelve persons, and every city which he visited vied with the rest in doing honor to the future King of England. He was the guest of sovereign princes and cardinals, was presented to the Doge of Venice, and at Florence received with an enthusiasm which surpasses description. His tour through Italy impressed strongly upon him the anomaly of his position, and imbued him with a passionate longing to regain both for his father and himself the throne which his grandfather had lost. The Jacobite cause had been so much encouraged by the birth of the Prince, that it is little wonder that plot and intrigue were vigorously pushed forward at every court of Europe in the hope of obtaining the nucleus of an army, so necessary to the cause that they had at heart. Years passed in these schemes, first one of which was broken up and then another; all, however, to be abandoned as impracticable after but a short consideration. In the year 1741 Europe was one conflagration of wars, into which England was drawn by the German sympathies of the ruling family. An English army was landed in the German provinces of George II., who himself joined it there; in the same year Murray, afterward immortalized in Jacobite song as the Judas of their cause, came to Rome with the intention of wintering in the Eternal City. While there he was presented to James, and shortly after became the intimate friend of the Stuart Prince of Wales. Of about the same age and remarkably congenial in all their pursuits, the two became inseparable, and in a short time John Murray, now made by patent of the Stuart James III. Secretary for Scottish Affairs, was made cognizant of all the hopes and plots which the complication of the European wars had engendered in Jacobite circles. Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the stanch old Jacobite Earl of Wemyss, also came to Rome that Winter, and was introduced at the little court of James. He was not greatly struck with the prince Charles Edward, if we may believe the account of his journal, which, however, was written years after "the '45," when he entertained the most embittered feelings against his leader.

The year before these young men came to Rome, the leaders of James's party in Scotland had formed an association with the intention of replacing the Stuarts on the throne of their fathers. Murray of Broughton was sent to Paris to negotiate with Cardinal Fleury, who was at that time the principal Minister of the Court of Versailles. Before anything, however, was settled, the Cardinal died, and was replaced by Cardinal Tencin. Murray arranged with the new Minister that as soon as the affairs of France permitted, 3,000 troops under Lord Marischal should land in Scotland. He then proceeded to his own country, and was successful in obtaining the promise of the rising of the Scottish clans in the endeavor. The Prince Charles was to lead the whole expedition, and for that purpose left Rome secretly for Paris as soon as the troops had been assembled at Dunkirk. After some delay the expedition actually started. Seven thousand French troops were put on board ship and proceeded to sea. The French fleet met the English squadron, but the English admiral, in consequence of the state of the tide and weather, determined to put off the engagement until the next day. The French commander, however, who perceived that the English fleet were by far the stronger, prudently weighed anchor in the night and returned to his own country. In the meantime he fell in with extremely bad weather, which wrecked many of his vessels, the transports suffering most. Such of them as escaped the storm put into the harbor of Dunkirk, and the expedition was put off to that more opportune time which never came.

Bitterly disappointed at the failure of France to keep her word, the Prince was strongly inclined to follow the example which had been set him fifteen years before by his father, and essay the attempt of a landing in Scotland unaccompanied by any troops. He proposed to raise his standard, and, trusting to the rallying of the clans to it, to attempt the restoration of his family without foreign aid. For some time this project was put off in deference to the opinion of Lord Marischal; but when nothing but disappointment came of all his endeavors to get the assistance of the French court, he returned to it again, and, encouraged by the Irish officers by whom he was surrounded, he at length determined to make the effort. He borrowed 180,000 livres from two of his adherents, the bankers Waters & Son, with which to purchase arms, and caused all his jewelry at Rome to be sold for the same purpose. Two vessels, the *Elizabeth*, a man-of-war, and *La Doutelle*, a brig, were obtained. All the arms which Charles had been able to obtain were placed on board the *Elizabeth*. *La Doutelle* lay at Nantes, and there all those who were to accompany the Prince met, and embarking on board the vessel, sailed to Belleisle, where they were joined by the *Elizabeth*, and on July 13th, 1745, set sail in consort for the shores of Scotland. It was only after they had set out that a courier was sent with letters to James to inform him of what was on foot. During the voyage the Prince was disguised as a Scotch student, and not one of her crew were aware of who their distinguished passenger was.

On the voyage the *Elizabeth* fell in with an English man-of-war, and an engagement ensued in which, after some six hours' fighting, both vessels retired. The *Elizabeth* had lost several of her men, and the captain was disabled, so that it was necessary for her to run into Brest to be refitted. The commander of *La Doutelle*, however, refused to take any part in the contest, and despite the protests of the Prince, proceeded on his voyage. Although by the damage of the *Elizabeth* Charles lost nearly all the arms and ammunition which he had with so great difficulty accumulated, he declined to retire, and pressed onward for the west coast of Scotland, and on August 2d, 1745, anchored off Eriska, one of the group of the Hebrides. The Laird of the district was young Macdonald of Clanranald, but he was absent when *La Doutelle* arrived, and his uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, who was on the island, hastened on board when he heard who the distinguished visitor was. He declined, however, to encourage the Prince, and held back from any assent to a rising without foreign aid. Charles was not to be deterred by a first rebuff. He accordingly steered for the mainland, and dropping anchor in the basin of Lochnanuagh, again sent ashore to tell Clanranald that he was there. The young chief, accompanied by some of the others of his clan, especially Kinlock-Moidart and his younger brother, came on board and were received by the Prince in a tent on the main deck. The Prince immediately entered into the business of his visit, but met with but little encouragement until, seeing the flushed face of the younger Kinlock-Moidart, he appealed to him, saying, "You at least will not forsake me." To which the young man replied, "I will follow you to death, were there no other to draw a sword in your cause." The enthusiasm of the answer spread like wildfire to every chief present. They declared that since their Prince had come among them it ill became them to dispute his pleasure, and henceforth they were his vassals. The Prince then landed, and taking up his quarters at Borrodale, a farmhouse belonging to Clanranald, in one of the wildest parts of Invernesshire, summoned thither the neighboring chiefs, among whom by far the most important to the cause was Cameron of Lochiel. At first Lochiel was strongly opposed to the rising; but the personality of the Prince was too much for his prudent counsels, and he gave in his adhesion, thus rendering the expedition a possibility. Sir Alexander Macdonald, and Macleod of Macleod, however, held aloof, and although the greatest efforts were made to enlist them, they steadily declined to be mixed up with the affair, and both subsequently accepted commissions under the Hanoverian Elector.

Charles no sooner found himself fairly in the Highlands than he at once identified himself in every possible way with the clans, wearing their national costume, joining in their sports, and even attempting to talk their language. Not many days after his landing, clan after clan promised their adherence. No sooner had Charles fairly set matters forward than he published the proclamation of his father making him Prince Regent, and declaring that as soon as the King was duly seated on the throne, he would call a free Parliament and confirm to the people all their privileges, both ecclesiastical and civil, as they had been hitherto held. It also proclaimed the fullest religious toleration, and ordered that until further orders all authorities should retain their various positions, only paying all taxes and the like to the representative of the Prince Regent.

On August 11th Charles left Borrodale for the seat of Macdonald of Kinlock-Moidart. On the 19th of the same month the royal standard was unfurled in the valley of Glenfinnan. The clans led by Lochiel and his Camerons flocked to it. The royal proclamation was read, and Charles, stepping forward, addressed those around him. He had come, he said, to relieve them from the oppressive rule of a foreigner. Rather than in England or Ireland he had landed in Scotland, assured that in his own country he should find a population of brave and faithful men who would die with him and for him.

At this period the Duke of Newcastle held the position of Secretary of State to the Hanoverian Government, and a more incompetent man could scarcely have been found to cope with the Scottish troops. He vacillated and wondered what to do between the contradictory reports which had reached the Government. At length he sent word to Sir John Cope to assemble his troops at such places as were necessary for the defense of the kingdom, and that the dragoons' horses should be taken up from grass. A proclamation offering a reward of £30,000 for the apprehension of "the Pretender's son, in case he should land in any part of His Majesty's dominions," was also issued. After "the '15" an Act had been passed to disarm the Highlanders, and now it was found that its only effect had been to disarm those who were well-affected toward the Government, and those who were responsible for the safety of affairs in Scotland were most anxious that it should be repealed, in order that they might arm the few clans who were attached to their cause. They again and again appealed to the Ministers in London to arrange this for them, but without any success.

On receiving this order, Sir John Cope left Edinburgh with some 1,500 men, two regiments of dragoons and a vast quantity of baggage, and the following day he entered Stirling. Here he left the dragoons to protect the lowlands and proceeded into Invernesshire. He had expected to be joined on his march by many volunteers, but not a single recruit arrived. He pressed forward, however, with very considerable difficulty, to Dalwhinnie. In the meanwhile Charles Edward's troops had mounted up to 2,000 men, and no sooner did he hear of the advance of Cope than he hastened to meet him, and on the evening of August 26th he reached Aberchallder, within three miles of Fort Augustus, and an engagement was expected by the Highlanders. What, then, was their surprise on mounting the intervening hill to find the position lately occupied by the English troops silent and desolate. Cope had retired without striking a blow, thus leaving the Pass of Corryarrack open to the troops of the Prince, an opportunity of which he was by no means slow to avail himself. He therefore pressed forward, and receiving fresh allies on his route, early in September entered the City of Perth, where he was met by the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two most important acquisitions to his forces which he had yet obtained. He remained in Perth a week, drilling his soldiers and gaining golden opinions by his social qualities, but the present was no time to delay in idle mirth, and well the Prince knew it. He therefore pressed forward, and determined to reach Edinburgh before Cope could get there.

Meanwhile the city was in the greatest excitement over the approach of the Highlanders. The dragoons, under Gardiner and Hamilton, were collected and sent out to meet the army of the Prince. They were halted at Coltbrigg, and were found there by the advance body of officers whom Charles had sent forward to reconnoitre. These advanced right up to the dragoons, and, firing their pistols in their faces, threw them into so great a panic that they fled precipitately. Such was the celebrated "Canter of Coltbrigg," perhaps the most

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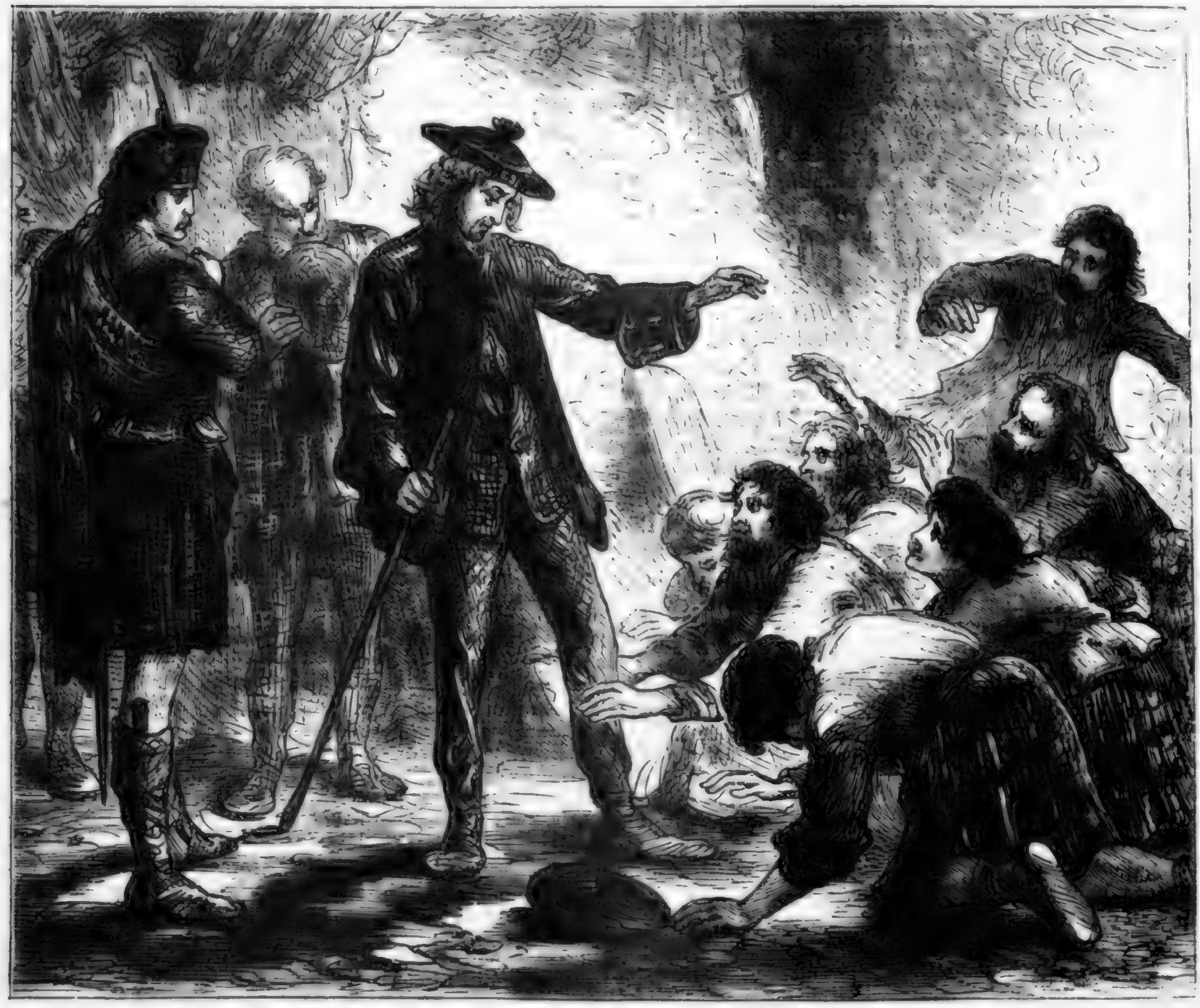


CHARLES EDWARD SEEKING SHELTER AFTER HIS DEFEAT.

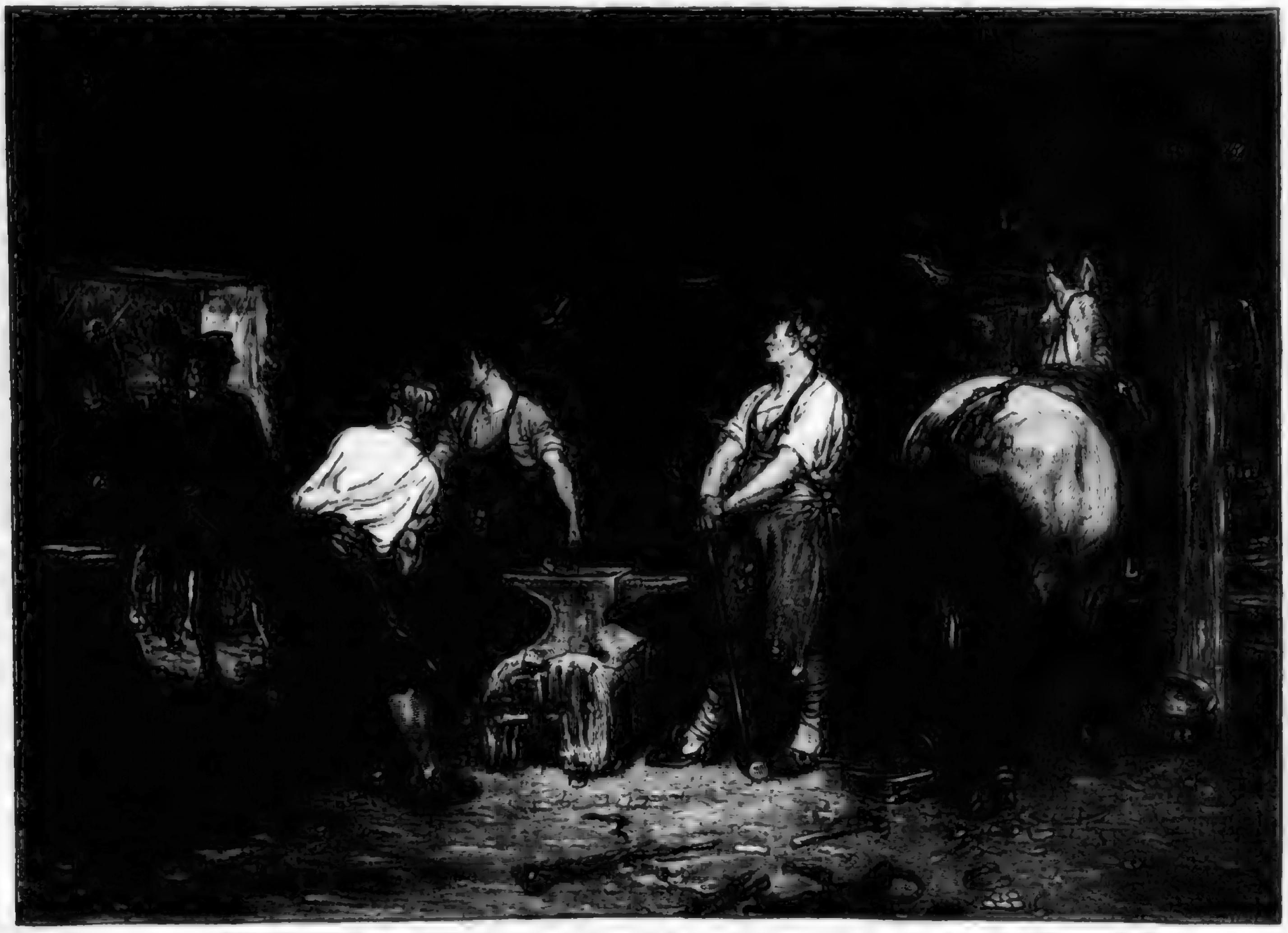
contemptible instance of military cowardice the annals of warfare have ever had to record.

The result of the flight of the dragoons was a complete panic in Edinburgh, and the next day the city surrendered to the Prince, and about noon Charles entered the capital of Scotland, and proceeded to take up his quarters in the ancient Palace of Holyrood amid the most enthusiastic reception from all beholders.

In the meanwhile Cope had landed with his troops, and the Prince, who knew well how to take advantage of the zeal of his forces, determined to meet him. Early on the morning of the 20th, Charles took up a position on the heights, which gave his followers the advantage of fighting on uneven ground. Cope, however, held himself on the defensive all that day. Early the next morning the clans were marched down to meet the foe; they were formed into phalanxes so as the better to carry on their peculiar method of warfare. At the sound of the pipes they charged right up to the guns of the enemy. The sailors who were serving these swerved and fled, followed by Gardiner's dragoons, leaving the English infantry exposed to a charge which it was impossible for any one to withstand, and in less than five minutes the Battle of Prestonpans was over, and the regular troops of "the Elector," as the Scotch always called King George II., were completely and utterly defeated. Out of 2,000 infantry scarce 200 escaped, the dragoons had fled, and only escaped pursuit for want of Highland cavalry. The Prince, with characteristic humanity, gave orders after the battle that every care and attention should be paid to the wounded of both armies, and himself remained till midday on the field seeing that his orders were carried out.

After this battle the army of the Prince received many valuable additions, including the wise and venerable Lord Pitsligo, the *Bradwardine* of Scott's novel "Waverley," so that his army now numbered some 6,000 men; but with this increase of numbers increased the difficulty of keeping all in accord. There had been a Council of Ten formed to assist the Prince with their advice, and it was only by the tact and courtesy of Charles that these were kept from breaking into open factions.

On November 3d the army marched from Dalkeith—by this time its numbers had reached, according to the estimate of Lord Justice Clerk, 6,200 infantry, 1,000 volunteers and 300 cavalry (other authorities make it a thousand less)—and on the following day they entered Kelso. From here orders were sent to Wooler, ordering quarters to be got ready, thus alarming Wade (the commander of the Hanoverian troops), diverting his attention from Carlisle, the real point to which Charles was devoting his endeavors. As the clans crossed the border they raised a shout of triumph and drew their swords, and on the following day they arrived under the walls of Carlisle, having completely misled Wade and avoided his army by their march to Kelso. The Mayor of Carlisle, thinking that Wade's troops were close to the city, was extremely brave in his declaration that nothing should induce him to yield the city to the rebel army, but the militia, who were the only troops of any number in the town, were so frightened by the very sight of the Highlanders that they threatened, if the town were not yielded, to march out and make the best terms they could for themselves. The Mayor, Pattison, has been severely blamed for the capitulation of Carlisle, but it is difficult to see what else he could do. He declared himself ready and willing to defend it, but the only troops that it contained were "too fatigued" to do anything except spread alarm broadcast in the city. The clans in the siege of Carlisle lost one man killed and one wounded.



ENGLISH SOLDIERS, AFTER CULLODEN, IN SEARCH OF CHARLES EDWARD AND HIS OFFICERS.

On November the 20th the Prince recommenced his march south, and proceeded through Penrith, Shap, Kendal, Lancaster and Preston to Manchester; at this last town he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the people. The bells were rung and in the evening the whole place was illuminated in his honor. Meanwhile, Wade had been wandering about in a hopeless manner, complaining of the weather and the roads and doing nothing; but now another and very different man was appointed to command the troops in the midland counties. This man was the Duke of Cumberland, the subsequent victor at the battle of Culloden. He was, doubtless, a man of very considerable military ability, but the utter barbarity of his subsequent behavior makes it difficult for any one to examine without prejudice the evidence of his earlier life.

On December 1st Charles left the hospitable walls of Manchester to march for Macclesfield. On crossing the Mersey one of those scenes so characteristic of the enthusiasm with which loyalty to his house was upheld by some was witnessed. Several gentlemen were awaiting him on the other bank and among them a lady in extreme old age (a Mrs. Skyring). As a child she had been lifted in her mother's arms to witness the landing of Charles II. at Dover, and after the expulsion of the royal family she regularly laid aside every year one-half of her small yearly income to be remitted to the exiled King, and suppressing the name of the giver. She now had sold her plate, jewels and every little thing of value which she possessed, and laid the sum thus raised at the feet of Charles, and, pressing his hand to her shriveled lips, exclaimed in the words of Simon: "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace." The chivalrous old lady did not survive the shock which she received, a few days afterward, on hearing of the retreat of Charles's army.

On leaving Macclesfield Lord George Murray again found means of deceiving the Hanoverian troops, and slipped past the Duke of Cumberland so as now to be between him and London, and on December 4th the Prince entered Derby. On the news reaching London that Derby was in the hands of the Jacobites the city was thrown into the wildest alarm. King George had his yachts anchored off the Tower. The Duke of Newcastle devoted a whole day to the problem of whether the time had not now arrived at which it would be good policy for him to change sides. The public credit was so damaged that even the Bank of England only saved itself from failure by paying all checks in sixpences, thus causing a delay which was its salvation. Camps were formed at Finchley, Highgate, and magazines posted at St. Albans, Dunstable and Barnet. The Duke of Cumberland was summoned to take the command. The rumor of the state in which London was at the mere report of the Prince's advent raised the spirits of the clans, and all seemed hopeful of the immediate march on London. The chiefs, however, at this supreme moment seemed to have been swayed by what, for the sake of euphony, we may call prudent counsels. They advised retreat to Scotland to wait for more reinforcements. At first the Prince obstinately refused to accede to this suicidal policy. Lord George Murray was foremost in advising the retreat, and since the whole council agreed to it, Charles, with the ill-fortune which always attended his race—a race which had always given way when it should have remained firm, and remained firm when a slight concession would have won everything—submitted to the advice of his chiefs and commenced the retreat. It is open to question whether the Prince of Wales ought ever to have entered England without waiting for a stronger force; but there is now but little doubt that, having done so, to retire again was the most fatal mistake. London was within one hundred miles of them, the flower of the English army was behind them, the city was in so great a state of alarm that there seems to be but small question that had Charles been allowed to pursue his own judgment on this occasion he would have succeeded in placing his father on the throne of his ancestors. France, moreover, at this very moment had consented to send 10,000 troops, under the command of the Duke of York, to land in the South of England. But Charles was not permitted to ride to success on the wave of his fortune, and from this time his life was a waste, bound in shallows and miseries.

The retreat was managed with the military skill which Lord George Murray had exhibited throughout the entire campaign. Again the clans managed to elude the Duke of Cumberland and Wade and re-enter Scotland, where they laid siege to Stirling Castle. In the meanwhile Hawley (who had succeeded Wade), had received reinforcements to the number of some eight or nine thousand men, and with these marched from Edinburgh to relieve Stirling. Charles, leaving 1,000 men in the trenches before Stirling, marched to meet him, and at Falkirk the clans and the English troops came in conflict. The clans behaved with the discipline and bravery of picked troops, reserving their fire till within a few yards of the English troops, and then following it up with one of those tremendous charges which were the irresistible strength of Highland warfare. They drove their enemy from the field, thus winning the second pitched battle of the enterprise. After the defeat at Falkirk the Duke of Cumberland was sent to Scotland, and now came the beginning of the end. The victory, despite the depressing effect which it had on the party at St. James, was of but little service to the Prince's cause. Again immediately after the victory dissension broke out. Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond inveighed against each other because the effect had not been more complete. The clans began to murmur against the retiring policy of their chiefs. Wherever they had gone they had been victorious, and yet now they were no better off than when they started. Would it not be wiser, they argued, to make what booty they could and retire to the fastnesses of their mountain homes? Thousands of them acted on this idea and deserted to their homes. The chieftains again demanded a retreat, and Charles had, after wasting a fortnight, to give way. On February 1st, the retreat recommenced, and on the same day the Duke of Cumberland left Edinburgh in pursuit, after staying for a while at Perth. On the 20th he proceeded with his army in four divisions for Aberdeen. Charles, in the meanwhile, had proceeded to within seven miles of Inverness, and was now awaiting the arrival of Lord George Murray with his division of the army. Lord Loudun, who was holding Inverness for the Government, fearing treachery among his men, in the dead of night marched away, and thus that city fell into the hands of Charles. Shortly after Fort George and Fort Augustus also fell into his hands. Fort William, however, held out; nor was Lord George Murray's attempt upon the Castle of Blair—an ancient fortress belonging to his brother, the Duke of Athol—one whit more successful. Although this desultory mountain warfare had been, on the whole, in favor of the Stuart cause, yet Charles knew well that his position was becoming every day more precarious. His finances were at a very low ebb, and the difficulty of getting supplies was extremely great.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland was making his plans in order that there might be no repetition of the disasters of Gladsmuir and Falkirk. He made Aberdeen his headquarters, and there he proceeded to collect his troops, an undertaking rendered most difficult by the constant annoyance, misinformation, pillaging, etc., to which he was subjected at the hands of the Jacobite inhabitants of the country. On April 8th the Duke set out for Inverness accompanied by a fleet along the shore, and with some 8,000 foot and 900 cavalry. He crossed the Spey at Cullen in consequence of the grave mistake of Lord John Drummond, who had been commanded to defend the pass, but had afterward abandoned it. Finding the pass left free, the Duke imagined that the Scotch were afraid to give him battle, and expected merely to have to show himself to see them fly from him; but he was mistaken in their nature. They determined to meet him in the field. The night after the Duke had crossed the Spey, Charles took up his quarters at Culloden House, and from thence on the following morning went out in battle array to meet the enemy of his father and King. It was, however, the Duke's birthday, and the English troops were making merry over this event. No sooner was this news brought to Charles than he summoned a council of war, and it was proposed to steal down under cover of the night and surprise the English camp. This project was fully accepted; but although every effort was made to carry it out, the weak and miserable state of the Highland troops rendered their march so slow that it was broad daylight before they came in sight of the camp, and once more they had to begin a retreat, having gained nothing but the fatigue of the troops by their night's march, so that when they reached Culloden again they were completely worn out. Lord George again proposed retreat, but this time Charles sternly refused. He had retreated from Derby and Stirling against his own judgment, and grave disasters had been the result; whereas, when he had stood firm as at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, all had gone well. Very shortly after this decision the opportunity of retreat had disappeared; the scouts of the Scottish army coming in informed the chiefs that the Duke's army was on the march to meet them, and by noon of the following day the two armies were within sight of each other. The action began by an artillery fire on both sides, lasting some half-hour. The guns of the Highlanders were few and but ill-managed, while those of the Duke's troops played murderous havoc in their enemies' ranks. Then the right and centre of the Highland army charged. The fury of their advance being accompanied with its usual success broke the English line; but the Duke had foreseen that this was probable, and had strengthened his reserve, forming it in three lines, who with fixed bayonets awaited the arrival, and only when they were within a yard of their muskets fired, mowing down the charging Highlanders like grass. Then the English troops advanced and drove the clans before them. Meanwhile the Macdonalds, who formed the left of the Prince's army, regardless of the appeal of the Duke of Perth, stood by in sullen silence and inaction, offended at not having been placed on the right. A more disgraceful and treacherous display of temper has never been exhibited in military history. The battle was decisive. The Highlanders had lost a fifth of their men, 14 standards, 2,300 muskets, and the whole of their artillery and baggage, while the English loss was estimated at only 300.

On leaving the fatal field of Culloden Charles had not by any means given up all hope of retrieving his fortunes. There were reinforcements expected, and he hoped to rally the stragglers, who had dispersed before the battle in consequence of the hardship of the night march, but after two meetings of the chiefs it was found to be impossible to get the clans to come forward again, and Charles looked with longing toward France, hoping still to return very shortly with foreign assistance.

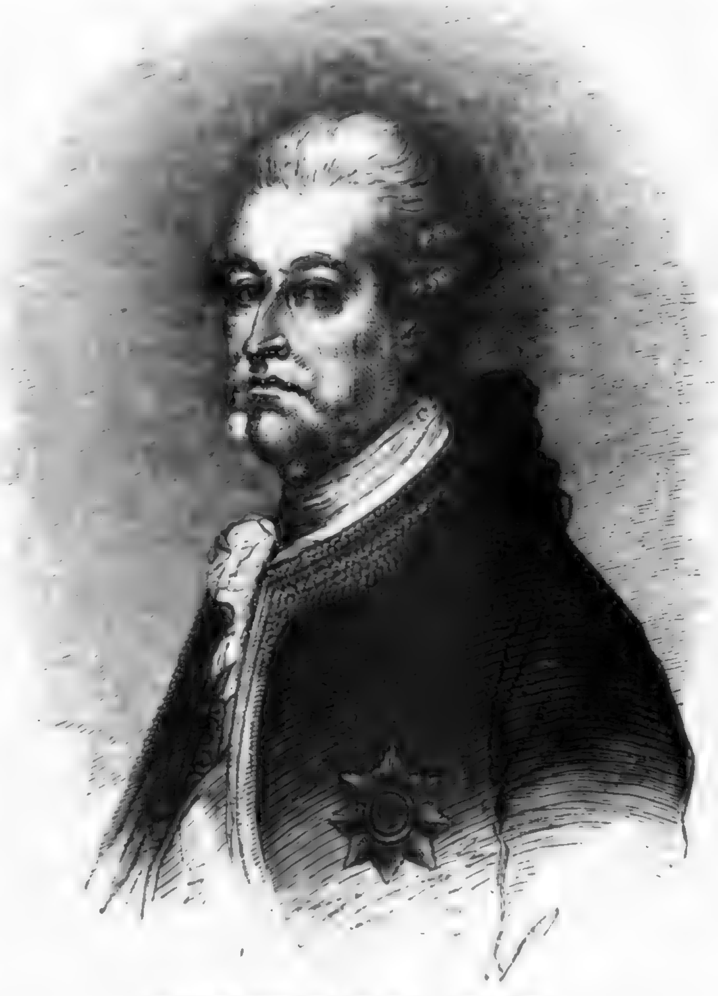
Thus ended "the '45," but unfortunately for the Highlanders and for the credit of their English conquerors, the battle of Culloden by no means ended the miseries to be suffered by the fallen cause. The Duke of Cumberland proceeded, with a barbarity which has seldom been equaled, to ravage the whole country. He entertained, from his relationship to the ruling family, a hatred to the Jacobite cause which was perfectly insatiable, and now was his opportunity to show it, and he did show it in the most unmistakable way. The fugitives were pursued, and, except a few who were reserved for public execution, slaughtered mercilessly. The dead and dying were left lying on the moor, sodden by the late rains, for two whole days, with not a soul to alleviate their sufferings, and then the Duke ordered detachments of troops to march down and dispatch the few who had survived the exposure. Such coarse brutality marks out the name of the Duke of Cumberland as one which should be held in execration by every honest man. But let us draw a vail over the horrors which succeeded this victory. The common people were slaughtered by thousands, and their leaders were led away only to die at the hands of the executioner.

To follow the wanderings of the royal Prince during the next few months were impossible in the compass of this paper; all know that he went through the most marvelous adventures, tracked and hunted down, escaping by a hair's-breadth, having to rely on the simplest clansmen; and to the glory of the Scottish Highlanders be it said they never betrayed him, though the sum set on the Prince would have been amply sufficient to make the informer a rich man for life. During this period Charles was disguised as a servant, and even as a maid servant. He lived upon the hardest fare, and suffered from the most terrible exposure in the depth of Winter, fleeing from one mountain fastness to another, and from one island to another, hoping to effect his escape to France. The part taken by Miss Flora Macdonald in the escape of the Prince will be told to her honor as long as history lasts, or the heart of man responds to the heroic impulse of self-sacrificing devotion. Finally, he had to place himself under the protection of "the Seven Men of Glenmoriston," a party of Jacobite banditti who had vowed vengeance on the English for the barbarities of Culloden. While the Prince remained with them they served him with an idolizing devotion. They had sworn never to reveal to any where he was until he was in safety, and so well did they keep their vow that he had been more than a year in France before it was known that he had ever been their guest. For three weeks they secreted him in their different caves and hiding-places throughout the country. They foraged for him, and brought to him every luxury they could rob or buy. When Charles left these loyal, but somewhat unscrupulous, men, he effected a juncture with his stanch followers Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, and for some time he took up his abode in the cave of Mount Benalder. Here it was that he received the joyful intelligence that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, were anchored in Lochnanuagh. He lost no time in getting there. The vessels were lying anchored, and a boat found drawn up on the beach, into which the Prince leaped, and accompanied by Lochiel, young Clanranald, John Roy Stuart and some other chieftains, and 107 common men, he weighed anchor and left Scotland.

The Prince landed in Brittany, and after a few days' rest set out for Paris, where he received a most cordial welcome from his brother, the Duke of York. Without waiting, however, he hastened on to Versailles, where he was received with all the honors due to the Stuart Prince Regent of England. Charles Edward attempted to get a promise of material assistance from Louis XV., but could get no definite answer. Then recommenced the wearisome attempts to get assistance from the King and his Ministers. At last Cardinal Tencin suggested that if he would cede Ireland to France the troops required should be put under his command; but the Prince would not even listen to him for a moment. Next he attempted to interest the Court of Madrid, but no sooner did he get there than the only anxiety of the Ministers seemed to be to get rid of him again, and he staid but two days, in which, although he saw the King and Queen, nothing was effected, and he returned to France. Shortly after this the House of Stuart received another blow in the Duke of York's embracing the ecclesiastical state. He was created Cardinal by the Pope, although only twenty-three years of age. Charles was bitterly offended with both the Cardinal Duke and with his father on this occasion, and doubtless this, together with his constant disappointment at the Courts of Versailles and Madrid, added to the hardship of his life in Skye and the Hebrides, worked on his health and spirits. Charles and his father were indeed reconciled in time, but the same familiar intercourse never again subsisted between them as had been formerly the case.

Meanwhile France was anxious to make peace with England, and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was drawn up. By this Louis promised the English Court not to permit any member of the House of Stuart to remain in his territories. When the Prince heard of this he protested in the name of the previously existing treaty between his father and France. But the treaty was signed, and Louis's one endeavor now was to get the Prince to leave France peacefully. This he absolutely declined to do, and finally he was arrested and bound while on his way to the opera, and for seven days was kept prisoner at Vincennes, when he was conducted to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the border of Savoy. The movements of the Prince for the next few years are wrapped in some mystery; the only fact which seems certain is that he visited England several times, and some say was present at the coronation of George III. By this time the unfortunate habit of excessive drinking, which probably began during the privations which he suffered after Culloden, developed so as to be an habitual vice, and rendered him sullen and unamiable in all the relations of his life.

Meanwhile the Old Pretender, James, was gradually sinking; his nerves were shattered, and he was a martyr to dyspepsia. During the last three years of his life he attended to but little beyond his religious duties, in which he was most exact, and on January 1st, 1766, he passed away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. At his funeral obsequies all the honors of royalty were duly conferred upon him, and they were conducted with a magnificence which Rome alone could give. On the demise of his father, Charles instantly claimed the title of King of England, but neither the Pope nor any of the European courts fully accepted his position, and although some private individuals, a few of the Cardinals and heads of religious houses accorded him those honors, they were scarcely permitted to do so by the Holy See. In 1770 Charles's health began to break. He was bidden to take the baths at Pisa, after which he retired to Florence, and, living as the Count of Albany, entered Florentine society.



CHARLES EDWARD IN HIS LATER DAYS.

The French Government, although they had certainly treated Charles in a shameful manner, were not at all anxious for the direct line of the Stuarts to die out. They therefore proposed that if Charles would marry a lady selected by the French Court they would insure him a handsome pension. Charles acceded to this request, and the lady selected was a pretty woman of good birth and slender fortune, of the house of the Princes of Stolberg-Gedern. The marriage took place secretly at Paris on March 28th, 1772, by proxy, the Duc de Fitzjames representing Charles. On April 22d, Charles and his wife entered Rome, and Roman society, although only acknowledging their rank in a left-handed kind of way, received them with great honor and courtesy. However, the persistent refusal of the Pope to acknowledge his rank so enraged Charles that he finally left Rome to reside at Florence, and it was here that the Princess met Alfieri the poet, who, taking advantage of the ill-treatment of her husband, soon persuaded her to leave Charles. After residing for some little time in Rome she went to live with Alfieri in Paris. Alone in his old age in a dull palace, Charles felt the need of female society, and in order to supply the need sent for a natural daughter whom he had by a Miss Westonhaugh some twenty years before. On her arrival he created her Duchess of Albany, and for her sake once more frequented society. But the excitement was too much for his health, and he had to leave Florence and go to Pisa again, from whence he traveled to Perugia, where he met his brother, the Cardinal. The Duchess appears to have been a woman of great tact, and to have faithfully endeavored to soothe the last year of her father's life.

She induced him to return to Rome, where he was received with great amiability by the Pope and the nobility. Early in January, 1788, Charles was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one side of his body. He lingered a few days, and then, on January 31st, passed away in the arms of his daughter.

Thus died a prince whose life is completely divided in two parts—the one noble, the other ignoble. So great is the contrast between the promise and the earlier fruit of his life and the misery of his latter years, that probably we shall be not far from the truth if we assert that the hardships he had undergone and the disappointments he suffered had affected his mind, a conclusion rendered almost certain by the post-mortem examination, which showed *extensive disease*, both in the heart and brain.

His obsequies were performed with royal honors from his brother's Cathedral at Frascati, and he was thence conveyed to St. Peter's in Rome.

Had Charles died as Prince of Wales on the swamps of Culloden his name would have gone down to all posterity as worthy of all honor, and would, perhaps, have eclipsed that of many really more deserving. For most of the events which followed the landing of the Prince in Brittany we must in pity regard him as irresponsible.

Thirty-one years after the death of Cardinal York, George IV., then Prince Regent, caused a stately monument, from the hand of Canova, to be erected in St. Peter's, at Rome, to James, Charles and Henry, with the following inscription:

"JACOBO III., JACOBI II. MAGN. BRIT. REGIS FILIO,
CAROLO EDWARDO ET HENRICO, DECANO
PATRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS.
REGIÆ STIRPIS STUARDIÆ POSTREMIS.
ANNO MDCCCXIX.
BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR."

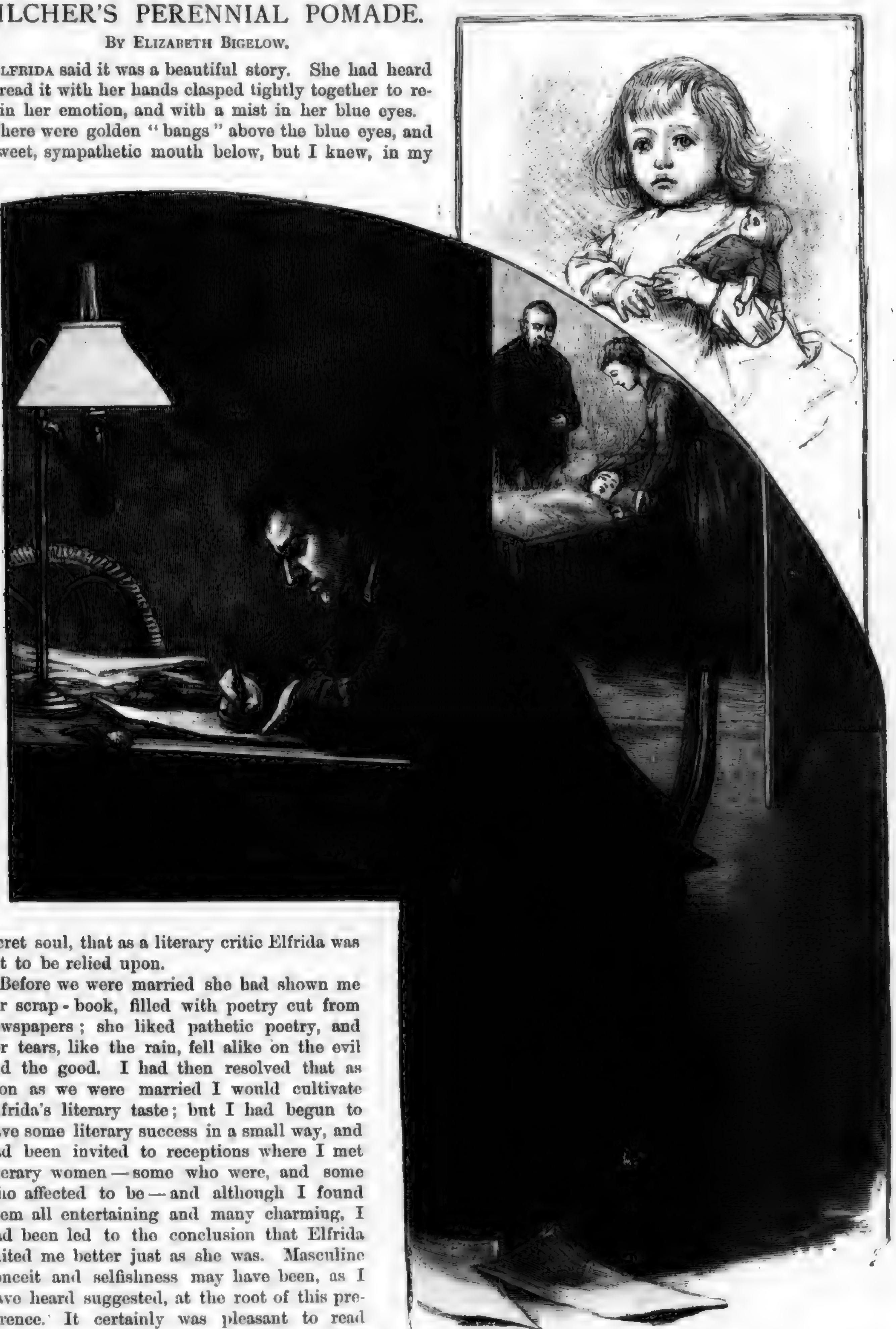
PILCHER'S PERENNIAL POMADE.

By Elizabeth Bigelow.

Elfrida said it was a beautiful story. She had heard me read it with her hands clasped tightly together to restrain her emotion, and with a mist in her blue eyes.

There were golden "bangs" above the blue eyes, and a sweet, sympathetic mouth below, but I knew, in my secret soul, that as a literary critic Elfrida was not to be relied upon.

Before we were married she had shown me her scrap-book, filled with poetry cut from newspapers; she liked pathetic poetry, and her tears, like the rain, fell alike on the evil and the good. I had then resolved that as soon as we were married I would cultivate Elfrida's literary taste; but I had begun to have some literary success in a small way, and had been invited to receptions where I met literary women — some who were, and some who affected to be — and although I found them all entertaining and many charming, I had been led to the conclusion that Elfrida suited me better just as she was. Masculine conceit and selfishness may have been, as I have heard suggested, at the root of this preference. It certainly was pleasant to read one's story to Elfrida; sure of unqualified sympathy and delight, especially when the "cold fit" inevitable to authorship was upon one. She had a real appreciation of the good points—for the bad ones she had simply no



PILCHER'S PERENNIAL POMADE.—"SHE DID NOT SEEM WORSE THE NEXT DAY, BUT THE DOCTOR LOOKED GRAVE, AND SAID SHE WAS VERY FRAIL; HE GAZED AT ME CURIOUSLY— I THINK HE FANCIED ME INDIFFERENT AND SELF-ABSORBED."

eyes at all—and she had, the darling! the same sunny outlook on life.

She knew that my hero was a fine fellow. She did not observe, as I did after the ardor of creation had cooled, that he was commonplace. She felt that the trials of my angelic heroine would draw tears from a stone. She did not see, as did the cold-blooded editor of the ——— *Magazine*, that they were impossible.

She never fell into the mistake, common among the editorial fraternity, of thinking that my pathos was meant for fun. She agreed with me that the pathetic was my forte, notwithstanding the dictum of a patronizing critic: "You *can* do humor, Smith; *that's* in your line." And she resented, with me, the friendly advice of certain editors to confine myself to writing children's stories. She said it was a shame to fritter away my genius on juvenile literature.

"Read me once more those lovely passages about the parting of Edgardo and Gladys," said Elfrida. "It's the most charming thing you have ever written." And she looked at me with tear-stained eyes, when I had finished. "It is really heart-breaking. And what an imagination you have! Surely you never could have known people in the least like Gladys and Edgardo?"

I winced a little at this. The editors complained sometimes that my people were not real. They seemed not to comprehend that there is, as Alfred de Vigny remarks, "a difference between the truthfulness of art and the truth of fact." Elfrida, with her small culture, seemed to understand this perfectly, and to revere my imagination.

"Send it to the ——— *Magazine*," said my wife. "They'll certainly accept it, and they can't pay less than a hundred dollars for it, and then—oh, Tony, Queen Anne can have her white fur cloak."

My name is Anthony—Anthony Smith (it is only in the strictest privacy that Elfrida calls me Tony), but I regret to say that in a magazine prospectus I am generally set down as "and others."

Queen Anne was our baby. I am afraid it sounded foolish to call her so. We were fond, foolish folks, God help us! and she seemed such a fine and dainty thing, it was wonderful that she should condescend to us. She had a regal air from the first, and we set her morsels of feet upon our necks, and asked no loftier boon than to be her humble subjects. We had no near relatives and few friends, and I think, perhaps, our isolation and constant struggle with poverty caused us to set our hearts upon her more than is common. She was not pretty and rosy and rollicking, like the babies we met at every turn. She was as fair as a pearl, with great, searching eyes, and a grave dignity upon her rounded brows. Her smile was very rare, but it was marvelously sweet; no queen's sceptre was ever so potent to thrill her subjects with joy and pride. She was christened plain Anne, after my mother, but Elfrida said it was presumptuous in us to call her so; with her little air of majesty she must have been a queen in some more favored sphere.

I gave up my cigars and wore my thin and shabby old overcoat, and Elfrida's hands grew hard and red with rough work, and we counted it all joy, that Queen Anne might be daintily fed and happed in from the cold, and a bit put safely away to shield her from evil days that we had never thought of fearing for ourselves, but all this is no new story. Yes, if the story were a success, Queen Anne should have the little, white fur coat which Elfrida could not banish from her mind since she had seen it in a shop window. Her cashmere cloak was not warm enough, and now that the sharp weather had come, Elfrida was forced to wrap her in an old, gray woolen shawl. That was certaily very unsuitable for royalty, and if the editor of the ——— *Magazine* only knew! Elfrida said. Elfrida was but a woman, and I am afraid a little demoralized by poverty, for she was apt to forget where business ended and charity began with editors.

The editor of the ——— *Magazine* could have been trusted to remember. He had a well-seasoned conscience that could not be warped even by the knowledge that the Queen needed a new cloak. Nevertheless, Elfrida's suggestion aroused my pride. I remembered commiserating glances that had been cast in editors' offices upon my shabby clothes and my care-worn face, and I decided to send the story. I was convinced that it was the best of anything I had done. It could be trusted to go upon its own merits. And yet, after I had put the story in an envelope a "cold fit" seized me. The editor of the ——— *Magazine* had never liked my pathos. He thought the humorous was my forte. If the story should be rejected how disappointed Elfrida would be about the cloak! And the sight of a story returned, a neat little package, with an elaborately polite little note, or, worse yet, the elaborate politeness in a printed circular which showed how widely diffused it was, and of what a great army of incapables you were, was a thing to render you desperate. It caused me to doubt whether even one airy atom of that incomprehensible stuff called talent had lodged itself in the convolutions of my brain and made me feel how slender a support my pen was for our future, for Queen Anne's future.

There was the new magazine, the *Tide*. The editor had written me asking for a contribution. He would not pay more than half the ——— *Magazine's* prices, of course, but that would be *sure*. He would not think of returning it, and he would probably pay for it soon (the ——— *Magazine's* delays were grievous), and use it soon. I was anxious for that story to see the light. I felt sure that it would attract some attention. Real pathos was not so common in literature.

I sent it off to the *Tide*, and immediately became so light-hearted as to be capable of saying to Elfrida that I felt a presentiment that it was the "tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And all day Elfrida made arithmetical calculations to discover whether, after the coal bill, and the gas bill, and the milk bill had been paid out of my check from the *Tide*, there would still be enough left for the cloak.

Our finances were very low, and allowing myself to worry about it had increased the difficulty, for if good work and worry were ever done together it was not by my poor brain. The postman brought those neat packages with terrible frequency, and the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city, to which it was my sad lot to contribute a weekly letter, complained that my pen was losing its sharp point.

When I embarked upon a literary career I had expected utter failure or a steadily growing success. I had learned that literary success, like love, "has a tide."

But, alas! there was no ebb in the demand for bread and butter.

The day after my story was sent to the *Tide*, I took a violent cold in a draughty picture gallery, where I had gone to pick up art items for my weekly letter, and within twenty-four hours rheumatism, an old enemy, had me in its grip—a grip that was never known to relax in less than six weeks.

"But you won't worry the least bit, will you?" said my wife. "The check from the *Tide* will help along so much, and that must come soon."

XUM

Elfrida thought only of the check. I had a strong hope that the story would prove at least a small stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

Elfrida was the most patient and cheerful nurse that an irritable, rheumatism-tortured man was ever blessed with, and Queen Anne was gracious, even merry. We studied together a new language which she was inventing. It was very difficult; but it was punctuated by coos and kisses, and she laughed deliciously at my dullness; and if anything could have exorcised my pain it would have been the touch of her dimpled, satiny fingers.

We had several bits of good luck in the first month of my illness; but no tidings came from the *Tide.* In the second month no money came in, and our little store of funds dwindled rapidly. I wrote to the editor of the *Tide* and received no answer. Still I was too firmly convinced of the merits of that story to despair. It was the holiday time, and editors, with the rest of the world, had probably given themselves up to merrymaking. I even sent out for a copy of the current *Tide*, half expecting to see my story in it. It would not be surprising if they should rush that story into print; but it was not there.

It was a day or two after the bursting of this very small hope-bubble that Elfrida received a letter from her aunt Cressida. She was an elderly spinster of means, who had experienced violent objections to Elfrida's marriage with me, and had prophesied for her all the evils that can beset shiftless poverty.

"If I had even a good shoemaker's trade," she said. (I had since seen times when my opinion of Aunt Cressida's perspicacity was greater than I should then have thought possible.)

She had declined all communication with us, not wishing, she said, to be harrowed by the spectacle of her niece's misery, and Elfrida turned the letter over and over unopened after a woman's fashion of showing wonder and eagerness.

When at last she opened it a check for twenty-five dollars fell out, at which Elfrida's eyes sparkled, and my face flushed angrily.

> "My dear niece," Elfrida read aloud, "I firmly resolved after your ungrateful disobedience and folly never to give way to any feelings of pity that your situation might awaken in me; but on discovering to-day, quite by accident, into how sad a plight you had fallen, I feel, in spite of the fact that you have brought disgrace upon your family as well as yourself, a rush of pity which I cannot restrain. To think that your husband, whom you, misguided girl, fondly fancied another Scott or Dickens, should be capable of nothing but writing ridiculous advertisements for patent medicines!"

"What in thunder does she mean?" roared I. (Rheumatics was twingeing me at the same time.)

Elfrida read on, with deepening wonder in her voice:

> "I must say that a decent regard for your family should have prevented him from signing his own name to such stuff. Elfrida, beg him, for your sake and his child's, to seek some more honorable employment. A small clerkship, or even an agency for something that would not require publicity, would be immeasurably better."

"Do you know I have thought before, sometimes, that there was a mild kind of lunacy about Aunt Cress," said Elfrida.

"And you call that a *mild* kind?" said I.

"She always had a perfect *horror* of patent medicines!" said Elfrida.

"And having a perfect horror of me also, she naturally associated the two when the fit of lunacy seized her. Well, send back her check by the next mail, and tell her the patent-medicine business is so profitable that we don't need it."

Elfrida's face fell.

"Oh, let me keep it—you must let me keep it, Anthony! We can pay it when we get a little better off. You don't know—I couldn't bear to make you anxious—but Queen Anne is not at all well; she grows pale and thin every day. I took her to the doctor's last week, and he said he must see her often, and that she needed great care. I shall have to hire more work done; we *can't* send it back. It is a godsend."

I caught the child up; she was light in my arms, but she was in a gay mood, and assaulted me deliciously with her pink morsel of a fist.

"It's all nonsense about Queen Anne," I said, driving back the dread that chilled my heart. "And the money shall go back just as soon as I hear from the *Tide.*"

My demon was partially put to rout the next day, and being able to work a little, and having a good hope of getting upon my legs again soon, my spirits rose. I was telling Elfrida of a brilliant plot for a novel—I was always on the eve of writing a novel, but had never yet dared to take the time for so hazardous an enterprise—when a lively tittle rat-a-tat at our door announced a visitor, and Elfrida admitted little Madame Desrolles, who occupied an apartment in the same house, but whose acquaintance we had not had the honor of making. Her husband was a huge, ogre-like man, whose occupation was shrouded in mystery. Elfrida believed him to be a dangerous character, and clutched Queen Anne when his heavy step was heard upon the stairs. Very strange odors floated out from their rooms, and Elfrida's fancy had conjured up a bubbling cauldron there, after the fashion of the Macbeth witches, in which a baby would not come amiss.

In witch-like garb Madame Desrolles might have been an artistic success at a cauldron. She looked as if her age might be past reckoning; and she was as fleshless as if she had passed through the mummifying process, but she had a great deal of *rouge* and millinery about her, and an airy little society manner.

She apologized with equal fervor for not having come before and for having come at all. It was a little matter of *affaires* which had brought her. Monsieur, she had heard, was a man of talent; she had herself read a so charming *morceau.*

Monsieur bowed his acknowledgments, and reflected that he had not expected so much discernment from the Desrolles.

Monsieur Desrolles was also a man of talent, and had made a discovery which was to be of great benefit to mankind, as well as to bring fame and fortune to himself. She was about to reveal to us a great secret, as yet unknown to their nearest friends. Monsieur Desrolles had composed a liniment—not a salve, look you, nor a plaster—but a liniment, which should cure all, painlessly and permanently, "ze corn and ze bun*yong.*"

It was desirable that this discovery should "burst upon the world," but Monsieur Desrolles was overmodest. Could monsieur be induced to write for it an *avertissement*, w'at you call a *pouf*, entirely charming, like the one she had seen of another medicine? or, perhaps *la poesie* would be more appropriate and effective; monsieur was surely a poet?

Monsieur replied, somewhat stiffly and with a red face, that he had never devoted his talents to the writing of advertisements.

But surely Madame Desrolles had seen an advertisement, in the shape of a neat little book, of a soap, or a

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perfume, was it not? But she might be mistaken, without doubt she must have been!—of Smeets there might be ozzer; of Monsieur Antoine Smeets there might be a hondairt! And our neighbor bowed herself out with profuse apologies.

"Just the same fancy that Aunt Cress had. What does it mean?" said Elfrida.

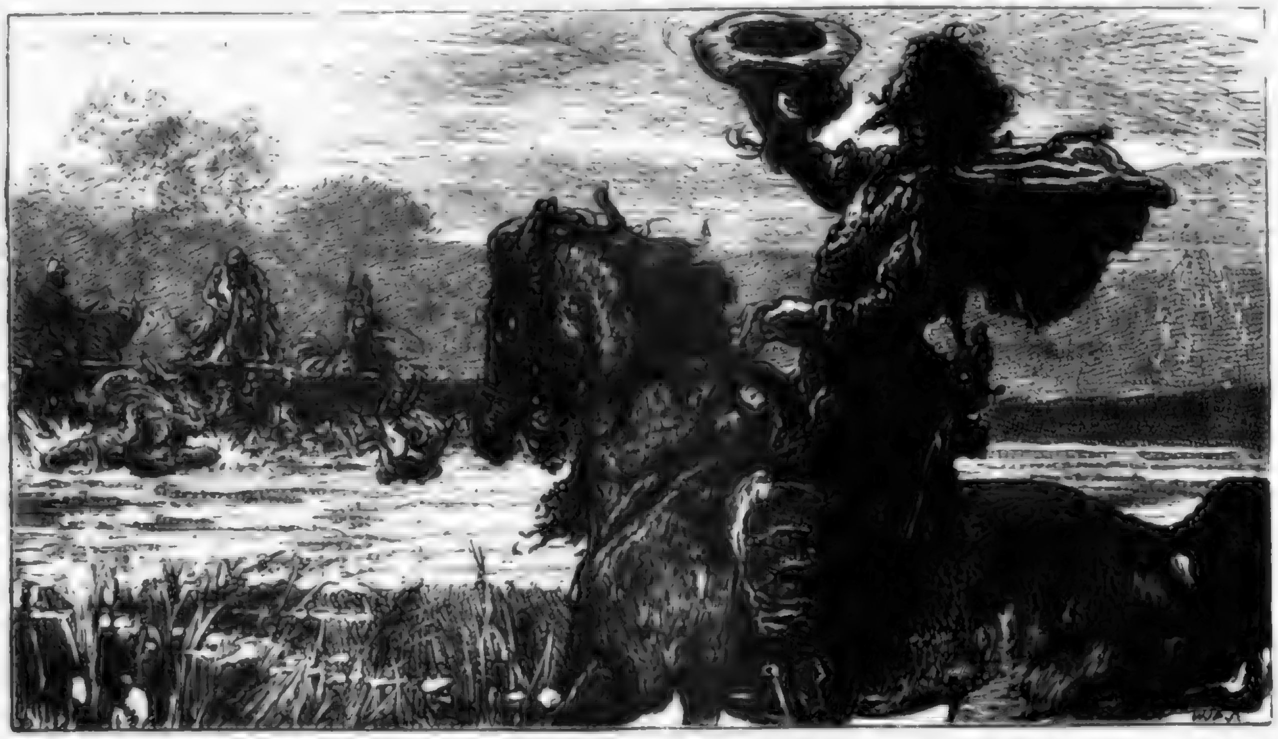
"It is probably the finger of Providence pointing out to me what I might be good for!" I said, bitterly.

"It is probably, as madame said, some other Smeet," said Elfrida.

We found out that night what it was.

Elfrida went out to the nearest apothecary's to fill a prescription which the doctor had given her for Queen Anne, and she came home with a handful of pamphlets, in gay covers, pink and blue and green. I was about to toss them over to Queen Anne, who had an eye for color.

"Look at them! Oh, look at them!" gasped Elfrida, pale with excitement.



THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 551.

"A Broken Chord," by Anthony Smith, I read on the outside in large letters.

My story sent to the *Tide!* I opened the book, by chance, at the separation-scene which Elfrida had found so touching.

"'Gladys stood on the overhanging cliff, straining her eyes for a glimpse of the ship that bore Edgardo away. But a thick mist shrouded everything; it seemed to her as if the world ended at that desolate cliff. But suddenly a golden arrow shot through the mist, and it curled away as at the touch of a magic wand! She saw white sails glittering in the sunlight; she seemed to hear Edgardo say:

"'Look up, dear heart! So shall the cruel shadows that separate us one day curl away in the sunshine of our love, for I will always use Pilcher's Perennial Pomade for my hair and mustache, and our souls are one.'

"Gladys raised her drooping head.

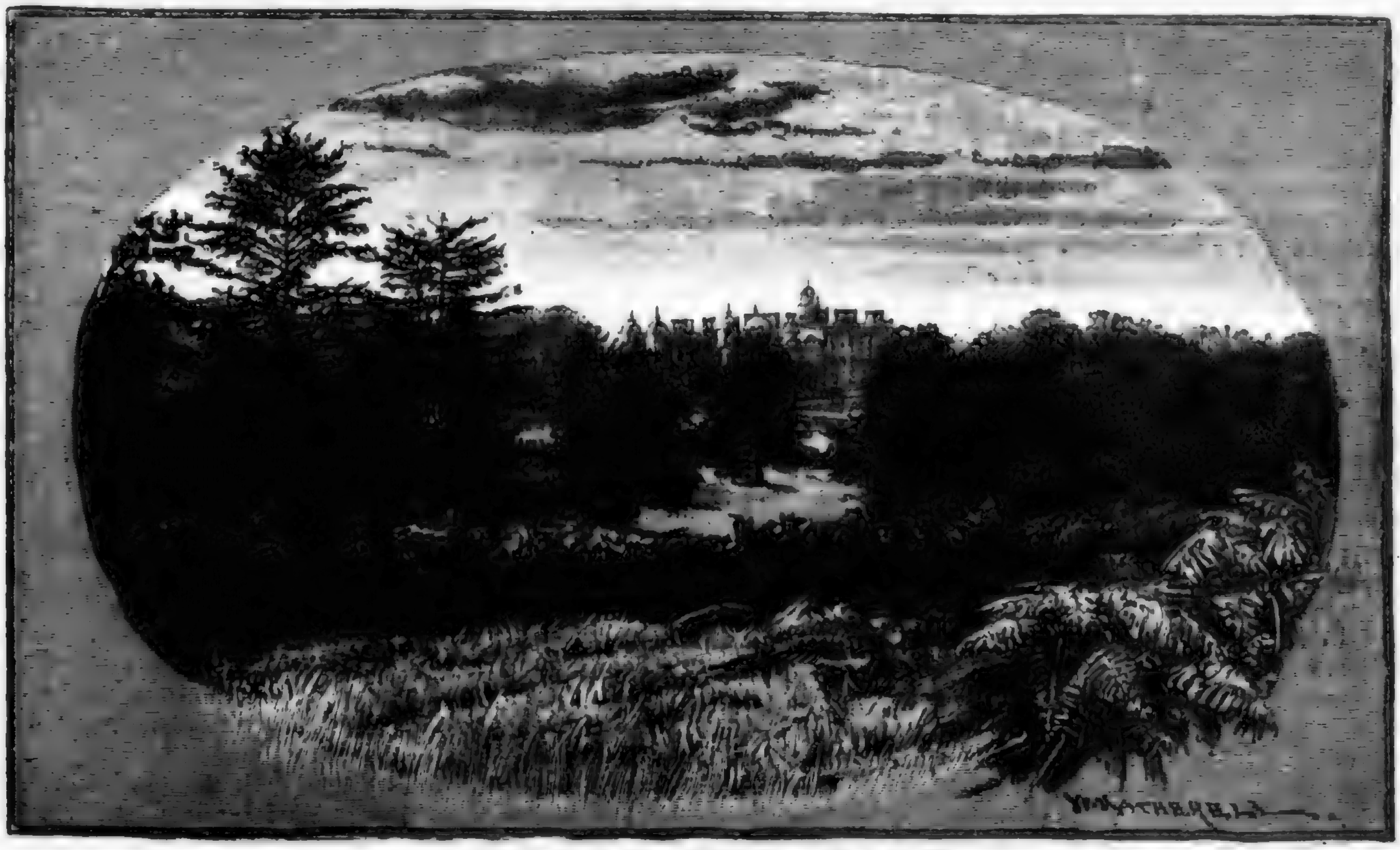
"'I will hope, Edgardo, for the motto of Pilcher's Perennial Pomade is never say dye!'"

I could read no more. I was choking with rage, but I saw that all the way through it was the same; my story made ridiculous—most ridiculous—where I had made it most pathetic, by these vile interpolations.

I dressed myself in haste—my strength was as the strength of ten, and Elfrida tried in vain to dissuade me—and made my way to the office of the *Tide.* The editor had no recollection of my MS., or—yes, he did remember reading a story which was not up to my usual mark, or did not meet the demands of the magazine. If his memory served him rightly it was not *altogether* humorous. He was sorry to return anything of mine. *Had* he returned it? He thought he had; but stay, they had made a rule—it had to be very stringent, they were so flooded with MSS.—that none should be returned unless the necessary stamps were inclosed. He should not have thought of applying the rule to me, but the assistant editor might have. (It was possible that he had never met me outside of the seclusion of "and others.") He acknowledged to some recollection of having thrown my MS. into the waste-basket, owing to the lack of stamps. How it came to be resurrected in its present motley garb nobody seemed to know, but the office boy at length confessed to having given the contents of the basket to a stranger, who came in and asked for them.

I restrained my wrath with difficulty. It was evident that the editor was doing the same, by his mirth. He was very polite and apologetic. He hoped I would favor the *Tide* again with something humorous. It was his opinion that the proprietor of the patent medicine might be made to pay damages for libel. I immediately set to work to discover who the proprietor was; not a difficult task, for the precious pamphlets were displayed upon every druggist's counter. They had stared at me from windows and been strewn upon the seats of the omnibus in which I rode down town. I was certainly nearer to achieving immortality—in company with Pilcher's Perennial Pomade—than I ever had been before.

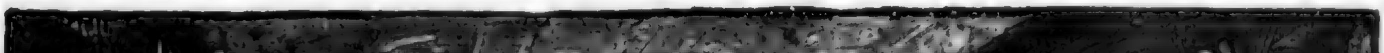
The druggists' windows also displayed a picture, in vivid colors, of a bouncing damsel, clothed as with a garment in impossible tresses which she was in the act of anointing from a box labeled, "Pilcher's Perennial Pomade." Beauty, as well as talent, had been called on to aid this hair invigorator to burst upon the world.



HATFIELD HOUSE FROM THE PARK.—SEE PAGE 551.

The first apothecary's clerk I asked, told me that the manufactory and proprietors were to be found in a small town in a distant State. I went immediately to Nat Burney, a lawyer and an old friend of mine, for advice. Nat insisted upon reading the pamphlet from cover to cover, and *he* made no effort to restrain his mirth. He said it was rich, by Jove! and didn't I think I *had* come it a little strong in the sentimental parts? I have sometimes wondered not that friendship is apt to be evanescent, but that it ever endures, the frankness incident to it is so often trying to it in sensitive moments.

Nat thought the proprietors of the pomade might be punished for libel, but they were so far off it was very doubtful whether it would pay, especially as it might be hard to convince a judge or jury that a rejected story had any value. Practical business men were apt to be stupid about the value of literary work, anyway. But I might write to the fellows and threaten them with the law if they didn't immediately withdraw the ridiculous thing from the public gaze. He would write the letter, if I wished. But I savagely preferred to write it myself. I felt that I should be more likely to do justice to the



HATFIELD HOUSE.—THE ARMORY.

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subject. Nat seemed inclined to treat it far too lightly. When he had ceased roaring at the advertisement, he gave himself up to gloomy reflections upon the superiority of hair-oil to law, as a paying business. I went home, worn out, aching in every limb, and with a sickening conviction that I had mistaken my calling. And there were very few other occupations for which I was at all fitted, and those were overcrowded and I had few friends and no influence.

I was too disheartened to write a severe and threatening letter, after all. I felt, after it was mailed, that my feeble remonstrance was but little calculated to bring "the pomaders," as Elfrida called them, to a better mind.

It had a wholly unexpected result. I received an answer, in which they expressed great regret that I should fancy my literary reputation injured, and declared the belief that it would, on the contrary, be greatly benefited by the prominence into which my name had been brought in connection with a toilet preparation which was to be the success of the age. They were of the opinion that my talents ran in the advertising line. As they had heard that literature was but a poor job, perhaps I might like to accept a business opening to write and attend to their advertisements—new ones would be expected constantly, kept up to the highest literary mark—and act as general agent also. They would give me fifteen dollars a week to begin with.

"Oh, the horrid, insulting things!" cried Elfrida, with angry tears in her eyes.

I paused suddenly in a rapid pacing of the floor and confronted her, solemnly:

"Elfrida, we surely can exist on fifteen dollars a week; on rejected stories we shall starve. Since the *Tide* consigns my best efforts to its waste-basket——"

"The *Tide!*" exclaimed Elfrida, with ineffable scorn. "Of course that couldn't appreciate your stories. Send one to the —— *Magazine*, and make it humorous."

"So you want me to be a buffoon?" I said, bitterly.

Elfrida did not notice. It is one of Elfrida's agreeable peculiarities to take no notice when I am disagreeable.

"If that is what they like, I have been thinking that perhaps your beautiful, sad stories may seem to some people a little far-fetched. I think people like commonplace, everyday things, and *real* people." (How could such a thinking-cap rest upon those fluffy bangs, and be invisible?) "Now if you would write a story about the pomade; that was really funny, although we haven't quite been able to see it——"

I shook my head decidedly; that was too sore a subject. But I ended by taking Elfrida's advice. How many a wise man has taken his foolish wife's advice?

If the Damascus blade of real wit had been mine, I should have been thankful enough to use it, but to flourish the clown's whip galled me sorely.

I resolved that this one story should be the finger of destiny to me. It should be as humorous as I could make it, and founded on no less substantial a fact that Pilcher's Pomade; if the —— *Magazine* rejected it, Pilcher's Pomade itself should henceforth be my fortune!

I wrote to the proprietors asking for time to consider their offer, without mentioning it to Elfrida; it evidently seemed to her a great social convulsion for Queen Anne's father to become the agent for a hair-dressing, and she had not sufficient scope of vision, or was too optimistic to see the possibility of actual want. God knows I did not wish her to!

A resolution is a kind of support in a desperate strait, and my spirits rose as I mailed my letter. I went and investigated the business details connected with proprietary medicines and lotions. That might be useful knowledge, in any case. A happy thought struck me, and caused me to laugh aloud in the street. I might combine the agency for Monsieur Desrolles's corn and bun*yong* liniment with that of the pomade!

I lunched with some friends at a restaurant, and was recklessly merry.

When I went home at night, Elfrida met me with a new trouble in her face.

I seemed to know just what it was before she told me. I felt as if I had known it always.

"Queen Anne——" I stammered.

"She has been languid and drooping all day. To-night she was feverish, and I sent for the doctor. He says she has symptoms of diphtheria. But—don't look like that! It may not be so, and if it is, we shall carry her through it. I know she will live!"

But her hopeful tone rang false; and her effort was vain, for we were looking into each other's eyes.

We went and looked at the child; she was sleeping, but now and then she uttered a grieved cry, and once she opened her eyes, put her bit of a hand to her throat, and looked up at me, appealingly.

Her old, one-legged wooden doll, the idol that she clasped to her heart every night, lay neglected on the floor beside her.

From the first I had no hope. I did not even try to respond to Elfrida's forced cheerfulness. I had never seen her try to force it before, poor girl! It had always been so ready.

I went away to my writing. I began my story. I had trained myself to concentration, and the habit served me now. I had never found my wits so nimble. And I began to agree with Elfrida that it was well to write from a basis of fact.

It was very funny, the story of our pitiful struggles, of my lofty ambitions, culminating in success as a patent pomade advertiser. I actually laughed aloud as I wrote; yet never, for a moment, did the vision fade from before my eyes of a little head covered with tangled, corn-silk hair, a fever-burnt face, with appealing eyes, tossing on a painful pillow.

She did not seem worse the next day, but the doctor looked grave, and said she was very frail; he gazed at me curiously—I think he fancied me indifferent and self-absorbed—and said it was a disease that had a fearfully rapid run.

Elfrida scarcely left the child for a moment, but once or twice she came and looked at me as I wrote, in silence, and, I thought, with reproachful eyes. Once they called me, thinking that the child was choking; but she lived through that, and I went straight back to my writing. I was in the funniest part, now, and I had a desperate aim. We were penniless; Aunt Cressida's money had helped to pay off the army of duns for small bills with which we were besieged, but there was nothing left. The tiny space for her long sleep, which was all the great earth held for my darling, should not be in the pauper's ground, and should not come from charity. If I could not give her that—— The thought half crazed me; perhaps I should not have thought of it at all if I had not been half-crazed already.

If I could not write a funny story for that—— I finished it on the morning of the fourth day, and carried it directly to the office of the —— *Magazine*. I *ordered* the editor to read it at once.

He paused in his coldly surprised remonstrances, and looked at my haggard face and bloodshot eyes. He said he would, and if I could call at noon, he would give me his decision.

When I went back he had just laid down the last sheet. He looked moved, and blew his nose violently. (He was the editor whom I had always described to Elfrida as cold-blooded.) He shook me warmly by the hand.

"It's a capital story, Mr. Smith, capital; far better than anything we have had of yours. I will have a check made out immediately."

He made several complimentary criticisms—my mind was upon the check. I clutched it when it came. The editor followed me with a puzzled look, as if he were not quite sure that I ought to be at large.

I shook from head to foot as I drew near my own door. Elfrida opened it; her eyes were full of tears; she had not shed one before.

"Come! She is better! She will live—as I told you," she said.

The little wasted face was peaceful on its pillow; the heavy eyes were raised to mine, brightening a little. Some words fell brokenly from her lips. I strained my ears to catch them.

She was trying to repeat a Mother Goose rhyme which I had taught her, and which had been an important aid to me in acquiring the language which she was getting up.

It was doggerel, and the little voice was hoarse and gruff; but to me it was as the music of the spheres.

It was more than an hour afterward that I remembered to show the check to Elfrida.

"You poor brave boy! to write when you were suffering so! I couldn't understand how you could do it. And a funny story, too!" she said.

"It wasn't a funny story, after all, Elfrida. The editor said it was pathetic."

NATIVE WOOING IN NEW ZEALAND.

When the Maoris ruled their own land, the most usual way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *tana* or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel they were aggrieved, and fancy they had a better right to her, as a wife for one of their own tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father and brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *tana* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl. If confined in a house they would pull it down, and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female, thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and seized by her head, hair or limbs; and as those who contended for her became tired of the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks were unheeded; thus the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off the bride in triumph. In some cases, after long suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others to die of the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, to put an end to the contest by plunging a spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

Trample! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.
Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.
They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.
Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.
But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn;
I looked where the highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.
I flew at the first knave's shallow throat;
One blow and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!
Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

THE HOME OF THE CECILS.

By J. Penderel Brodhurst.

We are building in our land mansions in which modern architectural resources, and all that art and skill can lavish, combine to meet the wishes of the builders. Whether they will remain for generations the homes of great families, adding year by year fresh treasures, is a question. Perhaps after a few years most will pass to other hands to yield to new caprices in rebuilding or remodeling, in obliterating traces of the past to make all things of the living present.

We lack the reposeful grandeur of the old ancestral and stately homes of England. Of these, Hatfield House, full of associations of past centuries, is an exquisite type.

Elizabethan is, pictorially speaking, the perfection of English domestic architecture. To Gothic solidity, tempered by Italian elegance, it unites a picturesqueness all its own. Less massive than the Tudor, it retains that warm, ruddy and reposeful coloring which forms the chief charm of a Tudor building. With more of stateliness, and with some occasional pretensions to grandeur,

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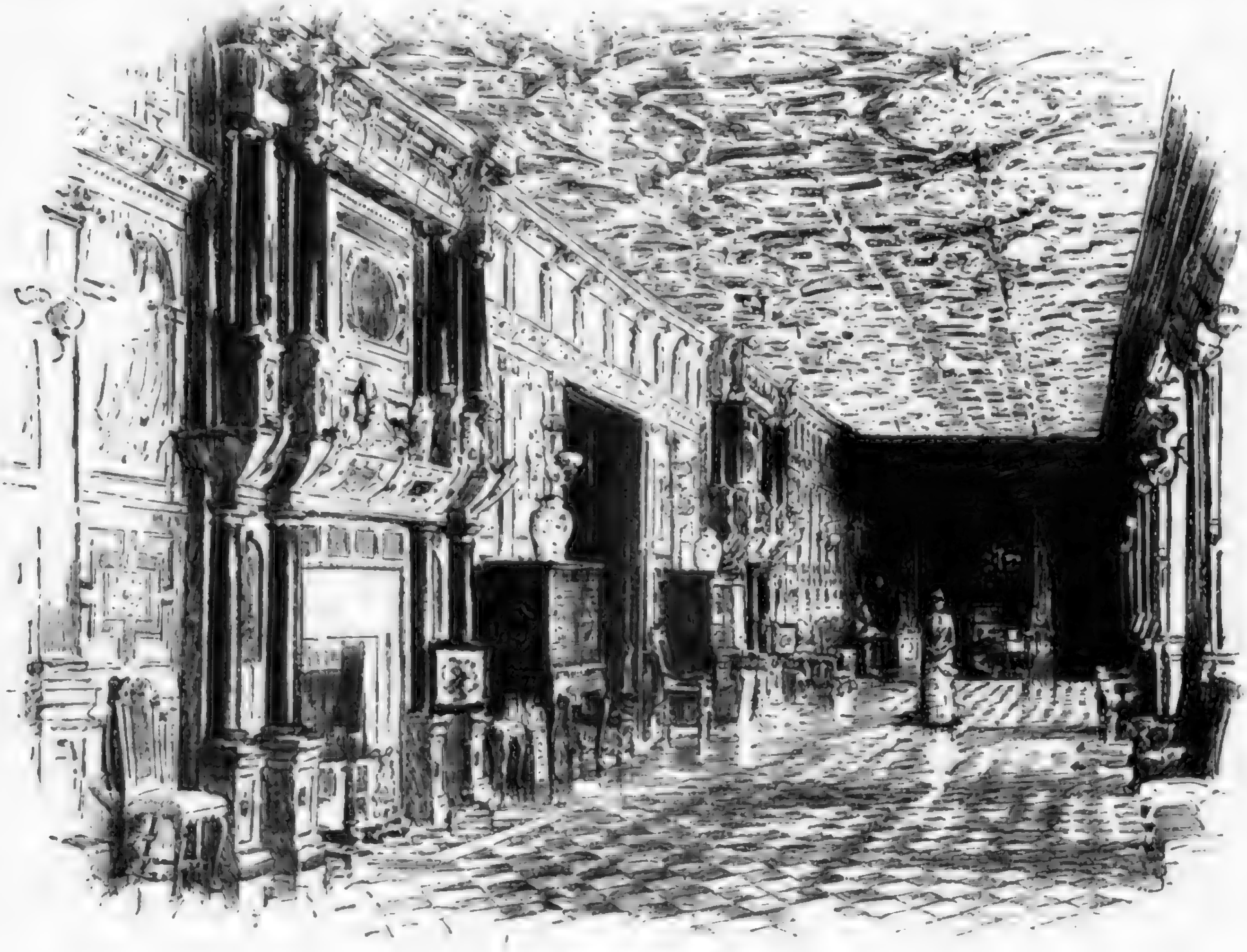
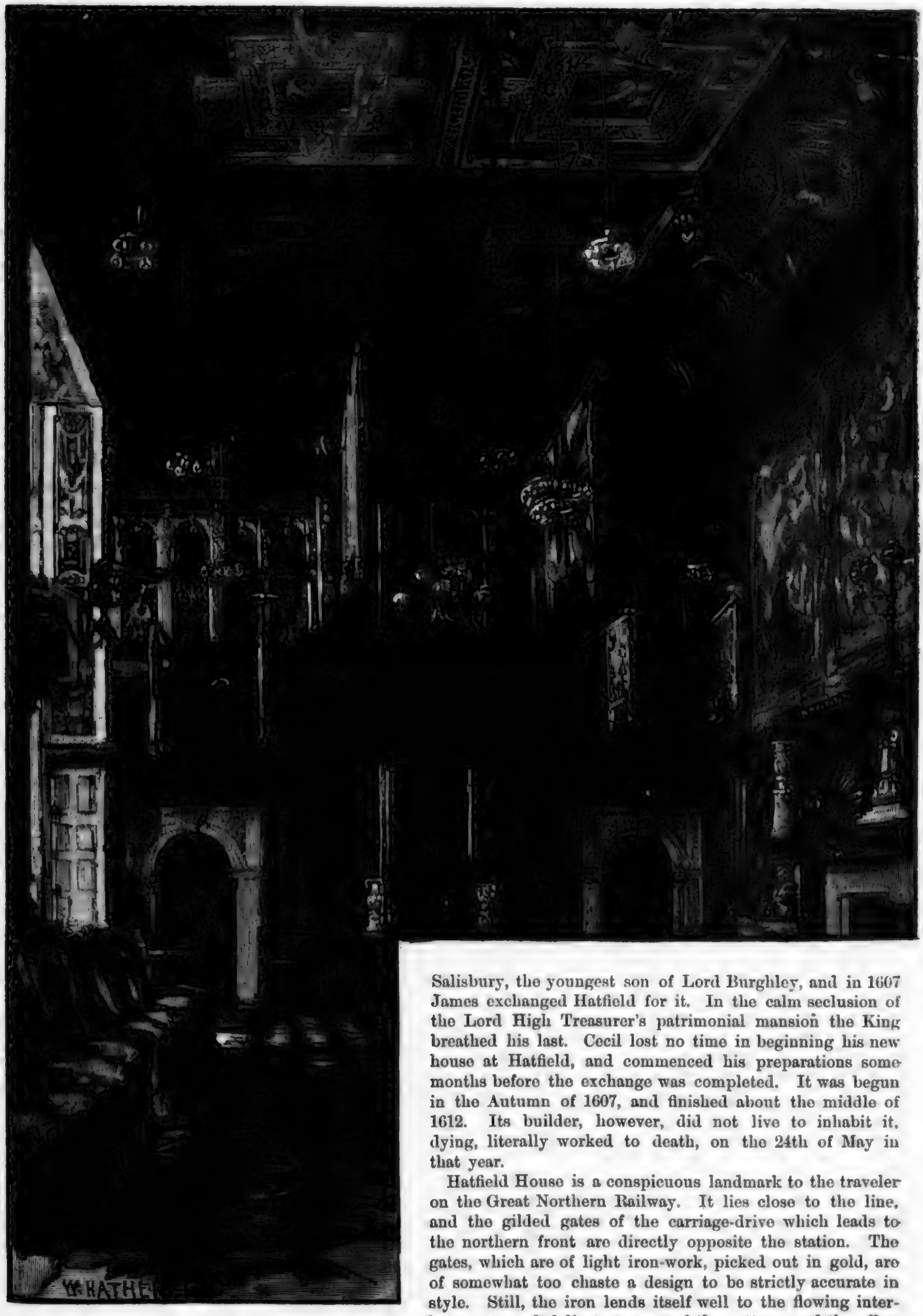
a typical example of Elizabethan at its best leaves upon the mind an impression of rest and calm which the ruder and more masculine Tudor fails to convey. Architecturally it is by no means perfect. But with all its faults, all its fopperies and conceits, its twists and affectations, it continues in both a pictorial and a domestic sense to be the admiration of the descendants of the sturdy Englishmen who, when they became conscious that empire and intellect were alike theirs, sought to build houses which should reflect the strength of arm and grace of mind which combined to make the glory of England under the Virgin Queen. These buildings are, in the main, best adapted to the requirements of the typical Saxon home life. Snug in Winter and cool in Summer, they meet the northern idea of comfort as well, perhaps, as houses can. There is no school of architecture which so faithfully reflects the spirit of the age which conceived it. It is an interesting question how far our expanding national aspirations are reflected in the long and lofty Elizabethan galleries, and how far this splendid development of the decorative arts was the result of the increased refinement and elegance which were born of the riches of adventure and the independence of dominion. However this may have been, certain it is that the "spacious times" of Elizabeth saw the first Renaissance of English art. Stiffness and angularity in pictorial and rudeness in domestic art—the art of chairs and tables, of cabinets and chimney-pieces—gave place to a certain degree of mobility and grace in the one, and of massive elegance allied to boldness in the other. The age, in fact, was artistically notable mainly for its architecture, and the accessories of architecture—furniture and internal decorations. Perhaps the one building in which these characteristics are most remarkable and complete is Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury.

It was to its ancient royal and episcopal associations that Hatfield owed its early importance. At the taking of the Doomsday Survey the manor belonged to the monks of Ely. Less than half a century afterward the Bishops of Ely occasionally resided at old Hatfield Palace, where several of them died. In the last quarter of the fifteenth century a new and more splendid house was built for them by Bishop Morton, and the banqueting-hall of this building now forms Lord Salisbury's stable. It has, probably, more interesting historical associations than any other stable which can be called to mind. The new palace was the favorite residence of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and, for a few years, of James I. Here, indeed, Elizabeth lived during her sister's reign. In 1534 the palace and manor were handed over to the Crown, in exchange for other lands—a transaction which appears to have been vastly in favor of the Crown. Ere long the noble old pile—whose solid workmanship, as seen in the fragment which still exists, ought to have saved it from so sad a fate—was suffered gradually to fall into decay; and by the end of the sixteenth century it was almost entirely a ruin.


THE LONG GALLERY.

There happened to be, also in Hertfordshire, but nearer to London, the beautiful mansion of Theobalds, which had been built by that Lord Burghley "whose nod would shake a state," and who was the real founder of the greatness of the Cecils. This house was close to Cheshunt, and was splendidly situated upon the River Lea, in close proximity to Enfield Park and Waltham Chase. Theobalds belonged to Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of



THE MARBLE HALL.

Salisbury, the youngest son of Lord Burghley, and in 1607 James exchanged Hatfield for it. In the calm seclusion of the Lord High Treasurer's patrimonial mansion the King breathed his last. Cecil lost no time in beginning his new house at Hatfield, and commenced his preparations some months before the exchange was completed. It was begun in the Autumn of 1607, and finished about the middle of 1612. Its builder, however, did not live to inhabit it, dying, literally worked to death, on the 24th of May in that year.

Hatfield House is a conspicuous landmark to the traveler on the Great Northern Railway. It lies close to the line, and the gilded gates of the carriage-drive which leads to the northern front are directly opposite the station. The gates, which are of light iron-work, picked out in gold, are of somewhat too chaste a design to be strictly accurate in style. Still, the iron lends itself well to the flowing interlacements and delicate tracery of the pattern, and the effect is at once airy and substantial. A sudden curve in the carriage-drive brings the northern front of Hatfield House full in view. This is at once the most picturesque and, architecturally, the most perfect of the four façades. It is so simple, and at the same time homely, that you fail to recognize the "severe simplicity, nearly allied to grandeur," which a distinguished writer detected. It is perfectly plain, save for the projecting ivy-wreathed porch, and the two oriel windows by which it is flanked. The porch, with its plain oaken door, and the large, triple-lighted bay above, forms a pleasant relief to what would otherwise be a somewhat bare elevation. Above the porch rises a grandly proportioned clock-tower, which adds dignity to the view at a short distance.

A general idea of the house is best obtained from the south. It is built somewhat in the form of an E, along three sides of a hollow square, and is of red brick, with dressings of Caen and Tettenhall stone. The south front is 300 feet in length. The middle compartment is 140 feet long, and the eastern and western wings, which project 100 feet from the centre, are each 80 feet wide. The north front is 228 feet long. The south front is massive, and would be imposing were it not irretrievably spoiled by the Palladian stone façade of the centre compartment. The picturesqueness of the deep warm red brick, here and there covered with ivy, is marred by the colder and stiffer stone. The ground-floor of the central portion consists of a glazed arcade, than which nothing could well be more out of character. When Hatfield was built, this arcade was left open to the weather; but after a time a heavy iron grille, intimately suggestive of Newgate, was placed between the arches, and this, in very modern days, has been glazed. Such an arrangement may be very charming under Italian sunshine and Italian skies, but in the damp and variable climate of England it is cold and repellant.

Sir Robert Cecil was his own architect. That so perfectly typical an example of contemporary architecture should have been designed by the genius of a man who presumably knew more about diplomacy than the laws of proportion, is indeed matter for astonishment. Hatfield appears to have been built by rule of thumb, and a very successful rule that has sometimes been. But it is only a man of genius who can build by rule of thumb with success. At Hatfield, few but extremely technical critics will say that success has not been attained. Nothing is cramped, no single feature is made unduly prominent; harmony and proportion have been observed in every course of brick, in every square tower, in every stone-finished doorway, in every picturesque oriel. The moral of this extraordinary harmony of proportion and exactitude of detail is that the workmen of two centuries and a half ago knew what they were about, did their work thoroughly, and had an honest English pride in what they were doing. The dignity of labor was never more manifest than in this pile, which is mainly the work of untutored artificers. Both the surveyor and the master builder were mere workmen upon Sir Robert Cecil's estate. No fashionable architect was paid five per cent. upon the cost; no expensive clerk of the works was brought down from London; no builder with but the single aim in life of heaping one course of brick upon another was called in to outrage nature by contract. Robert Cecil relied upon himself, and upon his little-taught workmen, with their native taste and their honest love of their work.

Students of the great chimney question might with advantage visit Hatfield. No shapeless red pots stuck at right angles to each other in the midst of a bed of mortar on the top of a hollow buttress containing three times as many bricks as it needs; no revolving tin cylinders, of hideous shape and flimsy construction, are to be seen. Boldly massed, graceful in outline, singly and in squadron, solid and substantial without being cumbrous or heavy, and with no feature in their composition so light or so unprotected as to be an easy prey to the wind, the chimneys of Hatfield House are models for modern designers.

Entering the house by the northern door, a small paneled hall forms a sort of lobby to the famous Marble Hall. This magnificent apartment is probably unrivaled in the beauty of its oaken panels and carving. The noble and massive effect is increased by its exceeding loftiness. It fills two stories of the north front, and is lighted by two tiers of three windows each and by two oriels at the upper end on the north side. The room is 50 feet long by 30 feet wide. An oaken wainscot, which runs round two sides, rises as high as the top of the chimney-piece. The wainscot is plainly paneled, and is without ornament of any kind. This simple yet bold and free treatment of the wood is incomparably effective. Warm, rich and massive, the dusky oak most exquisitely reflects the ever-varying shades of light. On the southern side of the room the wall-space between the wainscot and the ceiling is filled up by some clear and delicate Gobelins, with deep, effective borders. But it is to its carved oak screen and its two galleries that the Marble Hall owes most of its fame. The screen is at the western end, and partitions the room from the lobby outside. It is divided by richly carved pilasters into compartments filled with slightly enriched panels surmounted by an openwork fan ornament. The large folding-doors, with their bold and sweeping arch, are identically treated. Above the screen, and projecting slightly from it, runs the Visitors' Gallery. The front presents a wealth of carving, modeled on the same lines as the screen, but richer and more fantastic. The plain shields of the two compartments beneath the apertures, for visitors to watch the diners below, are foils to the delicate arabesques and the fanciful tracery of the divisions which flank them. An enlargement of the fan ornament of the screen, surmounted by a bold and massive cornice, completes this delightful piece of artistic woodwork. At the opposite or eastern end of the hall is a Minstrels' Gallery, which, having twelve open compartments, scarcely presents so good an opportunity for the art of the decorator. Nevertheless it is richly paneled, and the panels are filled with delicate arabesques. Here are introduced the heraldic lions of the Cecils, bearing cartouche-shaped shields containing the emblazoned arms of the marquessate. The galleries and screen appear to have been the work of a French or Flemish joiner, named Janivere, who worked in London. The ceiling is coved, and the spandrels are formed by the Cecil lions. The compartments have, during the last few years, been filled with pleasant mythological scenes by Taldeni, of Siene. They are altogether out of place in a room whose chief beauty is derived from the dark and sober tints of carved and paneled oak. This hall, which is the ordinary dining-room of the house, contains two or three interesting portraits. Here are Mary Tudor and Philip of Spain, together with a portrait of Mary Stuart, said to have been taken a few weeks before her execution, and a portrait of Elizabeth, not in her "habit as she lived," but garbed as Diana.

One of the most interesting apartments at Hatfield is the Chapel. Generally speaking, Sir Robert Cecil decorated his house with a keen artistic instinct, but in the

Chapel he sacrificed the simplicity of true art to splendor of coloring and brilliancy of effect. Strength, massiveness, deep reposeful shades, and freedom from crude and startling lights should everywhere characterize the internal decorations of a house built and furnished on the lines of Hatfield. Cecil was usually a tolerably scrupulous regarder of the artistic fitness of things. I can only suppose that he allowed some less judicious friend to overrule and mislead him in the very important matter of the decoration of his chapel. The most striking feature is a large painted window over the altar. Each compartment contains a Scripture subject, painted in wondrously brilliant coloring. There are Latin inscriptions below the paintings, and there is little reason to doubt that the window is the work of a Flemish artist, who probably painted it for the Lord Treasurer. At any rate, the framework and the pictures are certainly contemporaneous. The window cost £50—a sum which, had the currency not depreciated, would seem ridiculous. The room is paneled in oak, and the superb old wood is profusely used in every direction. The native massiveness of oaken wainscots, screens and pilasters makes it necessary that they should be lighted up with rays full but not glaring. The effect of the light and shade upon the panelings, which is one of the delights of oak decoration, is lost in the "dim, religious light" which straggles in refracted driblets through the painted glass. Want of fitness has, unfortunately, been carried even further. For the original altar-table of carved oak a white marble one has been substituted. The builder of the house would not permit an inch of marble under his roof, and he was quite right. The second Earl of Salisbury, however, began to work in marble chimney-pieces, and there are now several of these costly incongruities in the principal rooms. Around three sides of the chapel runs a fine oak gallery, whose front is covered by pictures of Scriptural subjects in heavily gilt frames. The compartments are adorned with heads of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and some of the Fathers of the Church. The old oaken pews, with the plain mitre and square adornments of the old workers in wood, have been removed, and open seats have been substituted. In themselves, however, these seats are wellnigh as artistic as any woodwork at Hatfield. The arm-rests at each end bear carved devices symbolical of the Apostles and Fathers. Thus there are the keys of St. Peter and the saw of St. Simon. The plain and simple wall moldings have been allowed to remain, and anything freer, chaster, or richer could not be. A good deal of new painting and decorating has been done in the chapel by Taldeni, who has certainly adorned the new and sweet-toned organ very prettily. In the gallery of the chapel is a "Virgin and Child" ascribed to Albert Dürer. Here, too, is a great carved Jacobean chair, used by Queen Anne, and covered in cloth of silver.

The Grand Staircase opens out from the north end of the cloisters. The stairs are broken into short flights by five landings. They occupy a space of 35 feet, and are 12 feet wide. The balustrades are of massive oak, and are carved in the rich and somewhat heavy Italian fashion which came into vogue about the time of the house's building. This magnificent staircase is a natural development of the early Elizabethan pattern, as seen in perfection at Aston Hall, the old mansion of the Holtes. The newels and balustrades at Hatfield are more richly and elaborately carved than those of Aston, and the newels are surmounted by nude genii and heraldic lions supporting the cartouche shields, which are so prominent a feature in the wood decorations of the Marble Hall. The carved genii are worked with that boldness and freedom to which wood naturally lends itself. Upon the first landing is an ornamental hatch-gate, designed, as in so many other old English country houses, to prevent my lord's favorite hounds and my lady's pet spaniels from wandering up-stairs into the gilded state chambers. The upper portion of the staircase ceiling is richly decorated by a Florentine pendant, elaborately molded, and profusely gilded, silvered and painted.

Apart from its artistic beauties, the Grand Staircase possesses great human interest, its walls being lined with contemporary portraits of the Cecils, and of others who have played greater or less parts in the political and domestic history of their country. Here are examples of Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, Zucchero, Reynolds and Ramsay. Perhaps the most remarkable is one which contains two portraits painted by different artists at different periods. For generations a portrait, by Michael Dahl, of that fourth Earl of Salisbury who fell under the lash of Macaulay, hung at the top of the stairs. The earl wears the picturesque dress of the latter portion of the seventeenth century. Tradition says that the likeness is a good one; but beyond this the work has little merit. Some years ago the picture was cleaned, and it was then found that it had been painted upon a canvas which had done duty before. An old portrait was found beneath, and in such good condition that it was easily recognized as that of Monmouth, the pitiful hero of Sedgemoor. His form is incased in armor, and he wears the preposterous Jacobean wig. He glances like a silent monitor over the shoulder of his successor. The older portrait was the work of Wissing. A very interesting portrait which hangs close by is that of Queen Elizabeth, on the white charger which she rode when she reviewed the troops at Tilbury Fort. Two other notable pictures on the same wall represent Adam and Eve in Eden. Both are attributed to Albert Dürer. Between 1504 and 1507 Dürer painted an "Adam and Eve" which, in 1753, was still in the gallery of the Grand Duke at Luxembourg. So beautiful was the picture deemed that Gaspard Ursinus Velius, upon seeing it, wrote:

> "Angelus hos cernens miratus dixit: ab horto
> Non ita formosos vos ego depuleram."

It is probable enough, I think, that one of the Hatfield pictures is a copy from the Nuremburg original.

In the Long Gallery, which runs above the Cloisters, is seen in its latest and most perfect development the stately Presence Chamber, which is so characteristic a feature of Elizabethan domestic architecture. This gallery is of the later and more Italianized phase of the style. It presents a more consistent whole than any other in the house, of which it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and characteristic feature. It is 160 feet long and 20 feet wide, lighted by eight large windows, with an oriel in the centre. Facing the south, it is always cheerful, and makes an admirable morning-room. It is also used as the ballroom. The ceiling is elaborately fretted, and is effectively gilded in rich, deep masses. The pattern of the fretwork is difficult to describe. It is straggling, and at first sight purposeless, but close observation impresses it upon the mind as being both intricate and ingenious. The object of the designer appears to have been to devise a pattern which, while being both these things, should not be so precise or geometrical as to tire the eye. As it is, it acts as a foil to the polished diamond parqueterie floor. The Gallery has been lighted with gas for the last twelve years, but the gold upon the ceiling retains all its pristine brightness.

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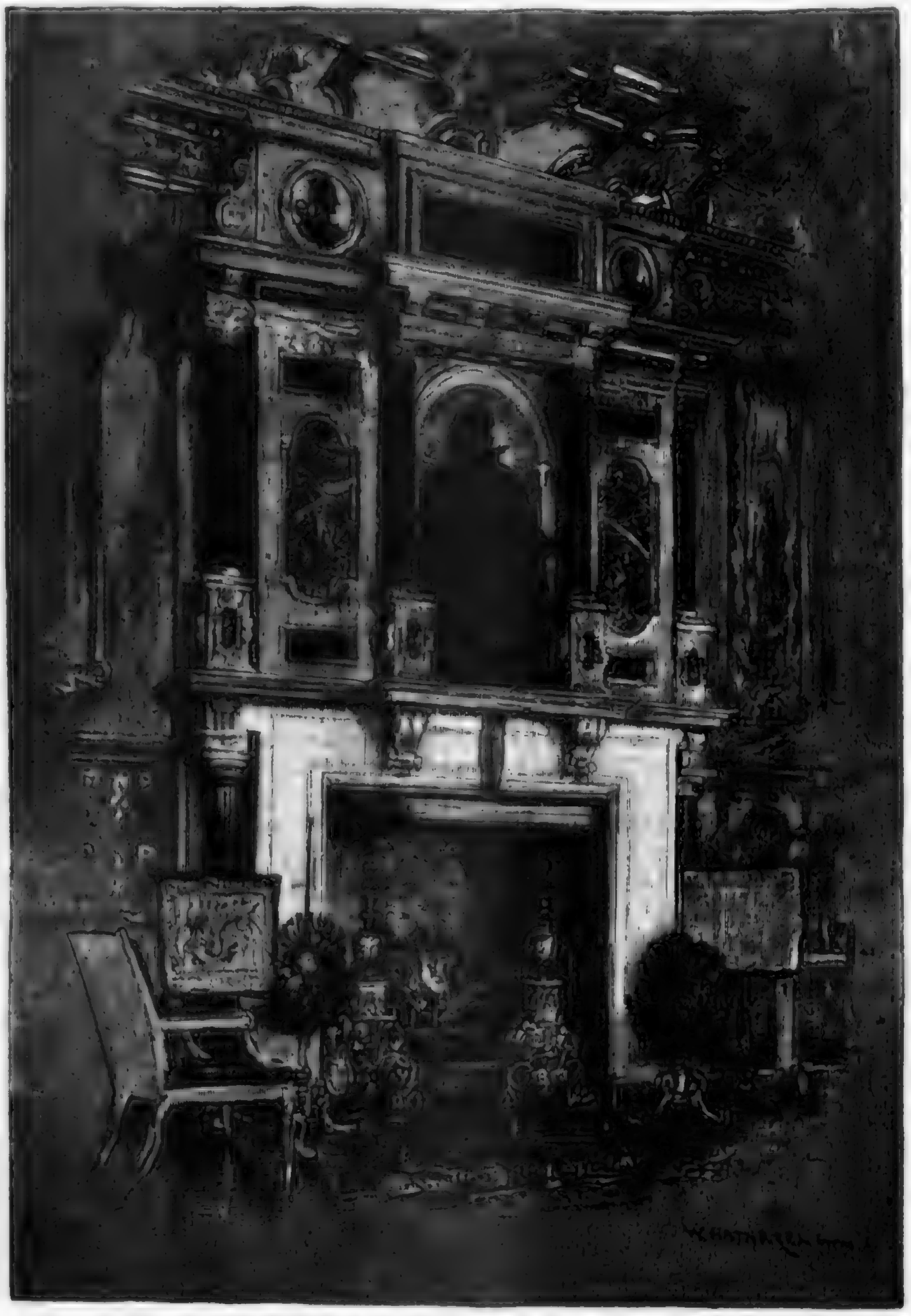
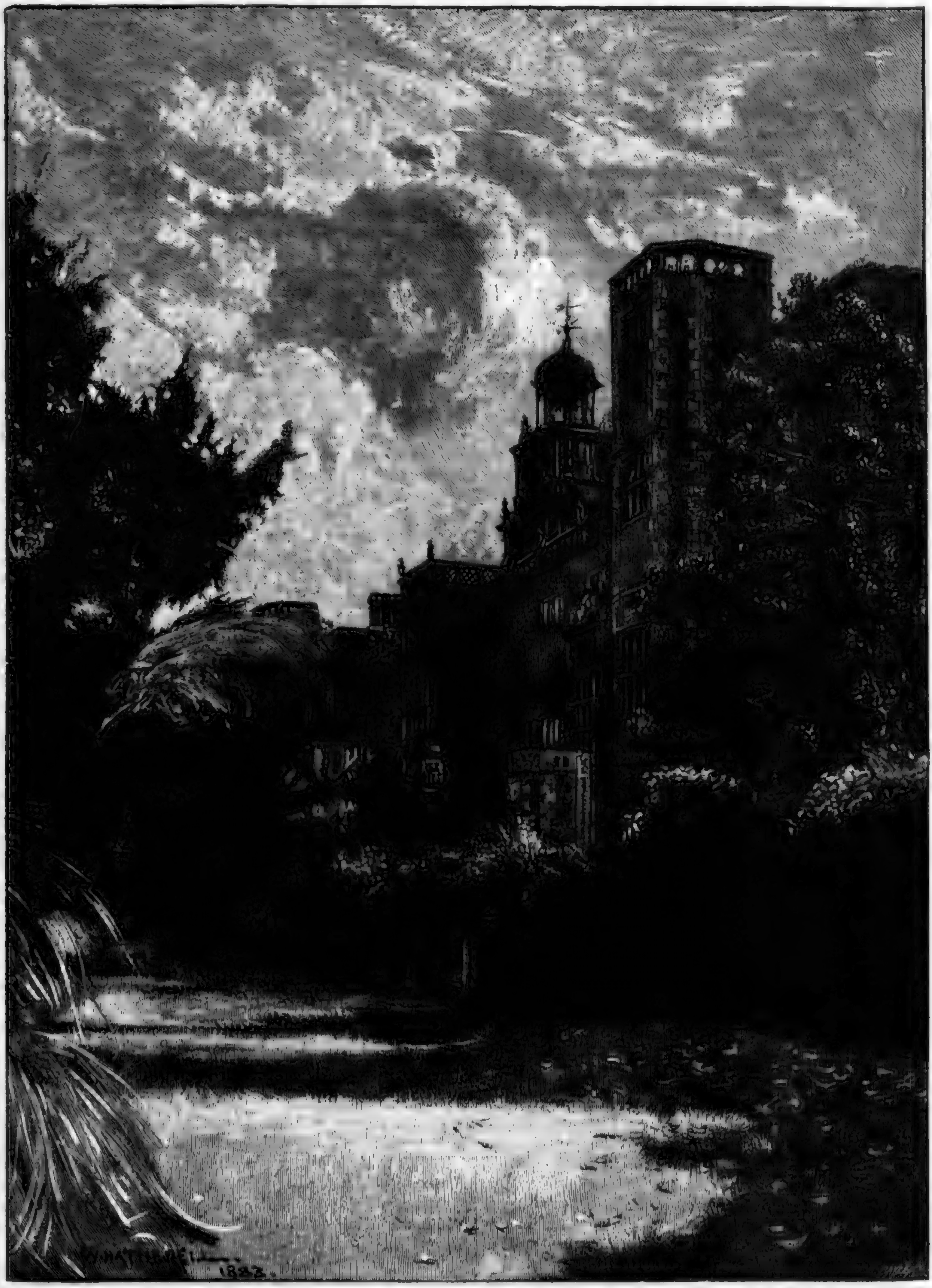
It is worthy of remark that while gas will not deaden good gold, it will tarnish the best silver. The apartment just misses being gorgeous, the brilliant gilding of the fretted ceiling being almost too much for the more sober adjuncts; but its loftiness, its exceeding length, and its just proportion, prevail, and glare or gairishness there is none. It is paneled all round; but the ruling simplicity of the woodwork in most of the other parts of the house has here given place to lighter and more elaborate treatment. The capitals of the classic pillars which adorn the embrasures of the windows are delicately gilt, and the wainscoting is molded and beaded into panels which recall the plan of the famous mathematical maze which the ingenious Spanish hidalgos, who were cast away upon a desolate island, constructed to guard the entrance to their rude habitation. The panels between the pillars are carved in relief and delicately beaded. The gallery contains a wealth of old furniture, carved and twisted with all the infinite pains and ingenuity of furniture-makers, from the Renaissance to Queen Anne. Here is preserved the cradle of Queen Anne, which is of oak, perfectly bare and unornamented. In a massive cabinet of heavy and careful workmanship is a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, written upon parchment. Its length will be conceived of when I explain that it traces the genealogy of the Virgin Queen in a clear, unbroken line to Adam. Upon the walls hang several small portraits of great historic interest. A series of seven represent Henry VIII. and his wives. They have been ascribed to Holbein; but it is by no means clear that all seven portraits were one man's work, and it is doubtful if Holbein had anything to do with them. School-book notions of the personal charms of Henry's wives are rudely dispelled by these portraits, which are undoubtedly contemporary, although I am not aware that they have ever been looked upon as authorities. It is very regrettable that so much doubt exists as to the painters of very many of the historical portraits at Hatfield. Some 250 of them formed part of the private collection of Queen Elizabeth, which, after her death, came into the possession of Robert Cecil. Unlike most of the men and women of the Renaissance, Gloriana, accomplished in politics and dress, and a good enough judge of poetry, was not particularly curious in the plastic arts. Possibly she was too busy to acquire the taste.



MANTEL IN THE WINTER DRAWING-ROOM.

At the eastern and western ends of the Presence Gallery are the Winter Drawing-room, or great chamber of King James, and the Library. Each is 60 feet long and 27 feet wide. The Winter Drawing-room lies to the east at the top of the Grand Staircase. It is the most gorgeous but not the most beautiful room in the house. The Florentine ceiling, with its elaborate and beautiful pendants, was originally, like the fret ceiling of the Gallery, plain white. Of late years, however, the more prominent features have been gilded, and the remaining portions brilliantly colored. The effect is dazzling in the extreme. The original white was, perhaps, somewhat bare, but there are very few rooms, however large and lofty, which will bear decoration in gold and colors. Here, all is gorgeous. Relief is only to be got by looking out of window. Like the ceiling, the carpet is a mass of color; it is of Elizabethan design, worked in gold and blue, scarlet and brown. The deep crimson of the velvet chairs and sofas, and the heavy gilding of the furniture, add to the general richness. The six chandeliers of Elizabethan pattern are also gilt, and even the fire-dogs are silvered. The white satin window-



THE GARDENS.

curtains are a slight relief, but it is the relief of richness by richness. Here, luxurious, but inappropriate, is one of Earl William's marble chimneypieces. In the central niche above it is a life-size statue of James I. Around the room runs a dado formed of encaustic tiles, which bear monograms, the Cecil motto, "Sero sed serio," and the device of the Garter. Some of the finest portraits which the house contains hang here; a beautiful Sir Joshua, the portrait of Mary Amelia, Lady Salisbury, the grandmother of the present Marquess; Richmond's portrait of the present Lady Salisbury and her eldest son, Lord Cranbourne, and so forth. In a glass case are Queen Elizabeth's hat, and the yellow silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham, said to be the first pair of silk hose brought to England; with James I.'s watch and walking-stick, and Lord Salisbury's jewel and badge as a Knight of the Garter. The great folding-doors are of polished oak, and the panels are picked out and ornamented in gold.

The Library, in the western wing, is reached from the Winter Drawing-room, through the Long Gallery. As all libraries should be, it is plain and sober, the brown wainscoting and the varied bindings of the books pleasantly relieving the coved ceiling emblazoned with coats-of-arms. Over the chimneypiece is a portrait bust, in mosaic of Italian marbles, of Lord-treasurer Cecil. It was the work of an Italian sculptor, who received his commission in 1608 from Sir Henry Wotton, at that time English ambassador at Venice. The tall oaken presses contain a large and fine collection of books, ancient and modern, in various languages, alphabetically arranged; while in barred and locked divisions between the shelves repose the long series of volumes of the famous Cecil Papers. Within these volumes are the most glowing and pregnant materials for the history of England, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the middle of the reign of James I. There is told, with the graphic touches of historians writing the history which they themselves have made, the story of England during the most wonderful of centuries. These 13,000 letters, penned by the principal actors in the events of that hundred years, detail, with all the authority of personal narratives, the crimes and conspiracies, the loves and hates, the hopes and fears, of scores of the men and women who are the great names in the history of the times: Edward VI., Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Catherine de Medicis, Henri Quatre, Wolsey, Bacon, Essex, Raleigh, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Thomas Overbury, and scores besides. The mere catalogue of the collection fills scores of folio pages in one of the reports of the Royal Commission upon Historical Manuscripts. The sad story of Arabella Stuart, the true tales of the Gunpowder Plot and the Raleigh Conspiracy, the mighty romance of the preparations for the Armada, are to be found in this pleasant room, looking out upon the trim and formal privy garden of the early seventeenth century. In the library there are also some early illuminations. Among them are William of Malmesbury's and Roger de Hoveden's English Chronicles, and a very beautiful manuscript with an illuminated miniature of Henry VII. The more recent manuscripts of historical, rather than palæographical, interest, include a treatise on councils by Archbishop Cranmer; Sir Robert Cecil's draft of the proclamation declaring the accession of James VI. to the English Crown; the "forty-two articles" of Edward VI., with his autograph; the original depositions in the divorce proceedings against the "Flanders mare"—plain, austere Anne of Cleves; Norfolk's letter-book, containing copies of his letters upon the affairs of Mary Stuart; together with a mass of most interesting papers relating to every phase of European history in the Elizabethan time.

From the Library access is obtained to the rooms in the western wing. An elm staircase, very finely carved, leads to these rooms from the ground floor. This wing was, in 1835, almost entirely destroyed by a fire which originated in Lady Salisbury's dressing-room. The unfortunate lady, who had reached a considerable age, perished in the flames. The whole of the wing was carefully restored, and a portrait of the ill-fated Marchioness, in a heavily gilt oval frame, has been inserted in the carved woodwork of the chimneypiece in the room in which she met her terrible end. The portrait is that of a young and singularly beautiful girl. The restoration of the west wing occupied several years. In most of the rooms the old oak which was burned has been replaced by panelings of elm, yew, ash, walnut and lime. Some little oak was used, and this, as well as the ash and lime, was all grown upon the estate.

In the eastern wing are the Billiard-room, Morning-rooms, and other apartments in daily use. They contain some of the most famous of the Hatfield portraits: Raphael's "Laura," the most beautiful of all; Kneller's "Mrs. Wray"; a "Wellington," by Count D'Orsay; Van Dyck's "Earl and Countess of Northumberland," "Earl of Pembroke," and "Earl of Macclesfield," and so on. In the Yew-room, which is paneled in that wood, is Frederick Zucchero's famous symbolical portrait of Queen Elizabeth, which is known as "The Rainbow Picture." In her right hand the Virgin Queen holds a rainbow, and upon her left hand and arm is coiled a serpent. Her stiff, repellent dress is dotted with eyes and ears, and the background consists largely of peacocks' wings and feathers. Van Heere's bewitching portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, at the age of seventeen, hangs over the white marble chimneypiece in an adjoining room; with a "Henry, Duke of Suffolk," by Mark Garrard; a "Henri le Balafré," by Pourbus; a "Thomas Cecil," first Earl of Exeter, by Zucchero; a "Mildred Coke," the second wife of the great Lord Burghley, and the mother of the builder of Hatfield—a very beautiful portrait, by a painter unknown, of a woman wrinkled and blind from age; a "Robert, Earl of Salisbury," by Zucchero, in the insignia of the Garter; and a charming "Nell Gwynn," which looks like Lely. From the Morning-room opens the Summer Drawing-room, which is richly paneled, and has a marble and alabaster chimneypiece. The elaborately decorated organ, removed from the Chapel, occupies a conspicuous position. The oaken chairs are covered with painted Spanish leather, and are more magnificent than comfortable. The floor is inlaid with Dutch parqueterie. A long, carved ottoman, covered in painted leather, and a cabinet richly and ornately carved, are among the artistic "bits" which the room contains. Zucchero is in great force here, with portraits of Lord Burghley and his wife Mildred, and their son, the founder of the Hatfield Cecils. Here, also, is a portrait by Cornelius Jansen of the second Earl of Salisbury. The windows, in common with those of several of the state apartments and the principal private ones, have been glazed with large sheets of plate-glass.

The state bedrooms are in the eastern wing. The suite comprises King James's Room, the Cromwell Room, Queen Anne's Room, the Wellington Room, the Queen's Room, and Prince Albert's Room. The bedstead in the first is heavily carved, and the quilt is of cloth of gold. The ceiling is painted in compartments, containing shields repeating over and over again the lion of England and the goldien lilies of France. The ceilings of all the state bedrooms are similarly painted, having been thus decorated in preparation for the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1846. The Cromwell Room was used as the Queen's dressing-room during her stay at Hatfield. The elaborately carved and gilded bedstead was bought as having been used by Cromwell during the Protectorate, but this is probably his only connection with the house. The walls are hung with old Gobelins, and the room contains, as do several of the state bedchambers, a superbly carved oaken cabinet faced with Spanish leather. Hatfield is full of cabinets and carven furnishings of the English Renaissance, with many examples of Spanish and Flemish work of the same period. The Wellington Room was used in 1846 as the Queen's private sitting-room, and was made the Prince of Wales's dressing-room when he visited Hatfield in 1879. Here, as in most rooms of the house, the fender is a fine example of the chaser's art. The Hatfield fenders are chased with the arms, supporters, coronet, and crest of the marquisate.

At the foot of the Grand Staircase is the Winter Dining-room, over whose door is a marble bust of Lord Burghley. It is paneled in oak, and contains a number of portraits which are worthy of mention. One of these is Richmond's portrait of the present Lord Salisbury, in the robes of Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Another is Sir Joshua's "Miss Price"—a young girl frisking about with two lambs—who lived to be the grandmother of Lord Salisbury on the mother's side. Here, too, is Kneller's famous "Peter the Great," with Beechey's "George III."; a good "Henri IV,"; a "James I.," by Paul Vansomer, and a "Charles I.," attributed to the same artist, who, however, since he died in 1621, could scarcely have painted it; Lely's "Nell Gwynn," and Wilkie's "Wellington." Hatfield is exceedingly rich in historical and family portraits, but of other pictures there are very few. This absence of miscellaneous pictures helps the historic completeness of Lord Salisbury's house. It has undergone much refurbishing and some little alteration since Robert Cecil, as it neared completion, decided to call it Cecil-Hatfield; but it is still one of the completest and most characteristic of Elizabethan buildings. The anachronisms are very few, and if all the modern decorations be not of the most chaste, there is scarcely anything so glaring as to be positively out of place. Consistency is undesignedly helped, even by the paucity of pictures as distinguished from portraits; for many houses of Elizabeth's day which were rich in family portraits and groups contained not a landscape, and very rarely, save perhaps in a home of the ancient faith, a devotional picture. Tapestry had, as yet, scarcely had its day, and where there was no arras there was the sturdy oaken paneling which soon grew dark, and put on fleeting, fanciful pictures as the burning logs leaped and shimmered and wafted somewhat of that "odor sweet of cedar-log and sandal-wood" which the cheaper but less picturesque coal never gives out. There was thus no great need for other pictures than the portraits of the good man and the mistress of the house. Yet everything at Hatfield is not Elizabethan, for a portion of it, at least, is lighted by electricity.

The landscape gardening at Hatfield is a mixture of old and new. While the western windows look out upon the Privy Garden and the Maze, both of which are in the picturesquely rigid taste of the early Sixteenth Century, the southern ones look upon gay and smiling parterres of the patchwork-quilt order. The Privy Garden belonged to the old Hatfield Palace, and is very small and secluded. It is square, has a miniature lake in the centre, is inclosed by a trim privet hedge, and contains four mulberry-trees planted by James I. It has been preserved with scarcely any alteration from days when the Hatfield of the Cecils was not. Hard by are the remains of the palace, whose low and buttressed west front in red brick is well preserved.

Circular flower-beds, as geometrical as a Catherine-wheel, occupy the court facing the southern front of the house. They are as precise in their way as the yew and privet of the old garden, but much more unlovely. About half a mile from the house lies a pleasaunce called the Vineyard, but originally known as the Dell. The Vineyard, which was laid out at the building of Hatfield, occupies the two banks of the River Lea, which waters the park. It is a delightful specimen of Elizabethan gardening, prim, sober and sedate. Avenues of yew-trees cut into green towers, battlements and bastions, fortress it round, and cool and deeply-shaded walks fall slowly to a lawn of the softest and greenest turf, abutting upon the river. You have to ferry across the silent water to reach the opposite bank. This charming nook is the apotheosis of geometry and mathematics as applied to landscape gardening. The quaint and fantastic arrangement of the Elizabethan garden had the same influence upon the literature of the day as the national power and glory had upon its architecture. The Elizabethan garden is "rich and rare"; but it is not perfect, any more than the "arrangement" in parterres of a later age is. Robert Cecil took great pains to make his garden a rarity. The great of Europe contributed to its planting. His Most Catholic Majesty sent more than 500 fruit-trees; Madame La Broderie, the wife of the French Ambassador, sent, at the moderate cost to his lordship of £75, 30,000 vines; more vines, together with cherry-trees and licorice, came from others who loved or feared him enough to ask his acceptance of them. It is curious to know that this retreat was—it is pleasant and natural to discover—the production of the sparkling and airy imagination of a Frenchman.

The mind which created Hatfield House was a representative mind in almost every particular. Many-sidedness was a characteristic of the quick and eager spirits of the time, and this many-sidedness extended, in ample measure, to Robert Cecil. He was a great legislator, a cautious and profound statesman, a man of no small literary ability, and a graceful if not a very consistent architect. He did not live to enjoy the stately retirement of the carved and tapestried chambers of Cecil-Hatfield, and the calm and grateful seclusion of the Vineyard. An eld of slow decay was not for him. "Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death," he sighed, in his last moments; "but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved."

A RAPID penman can write thirty words to a minute. To do this, he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns to each minute; in an hour, 28,000; in a day of five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

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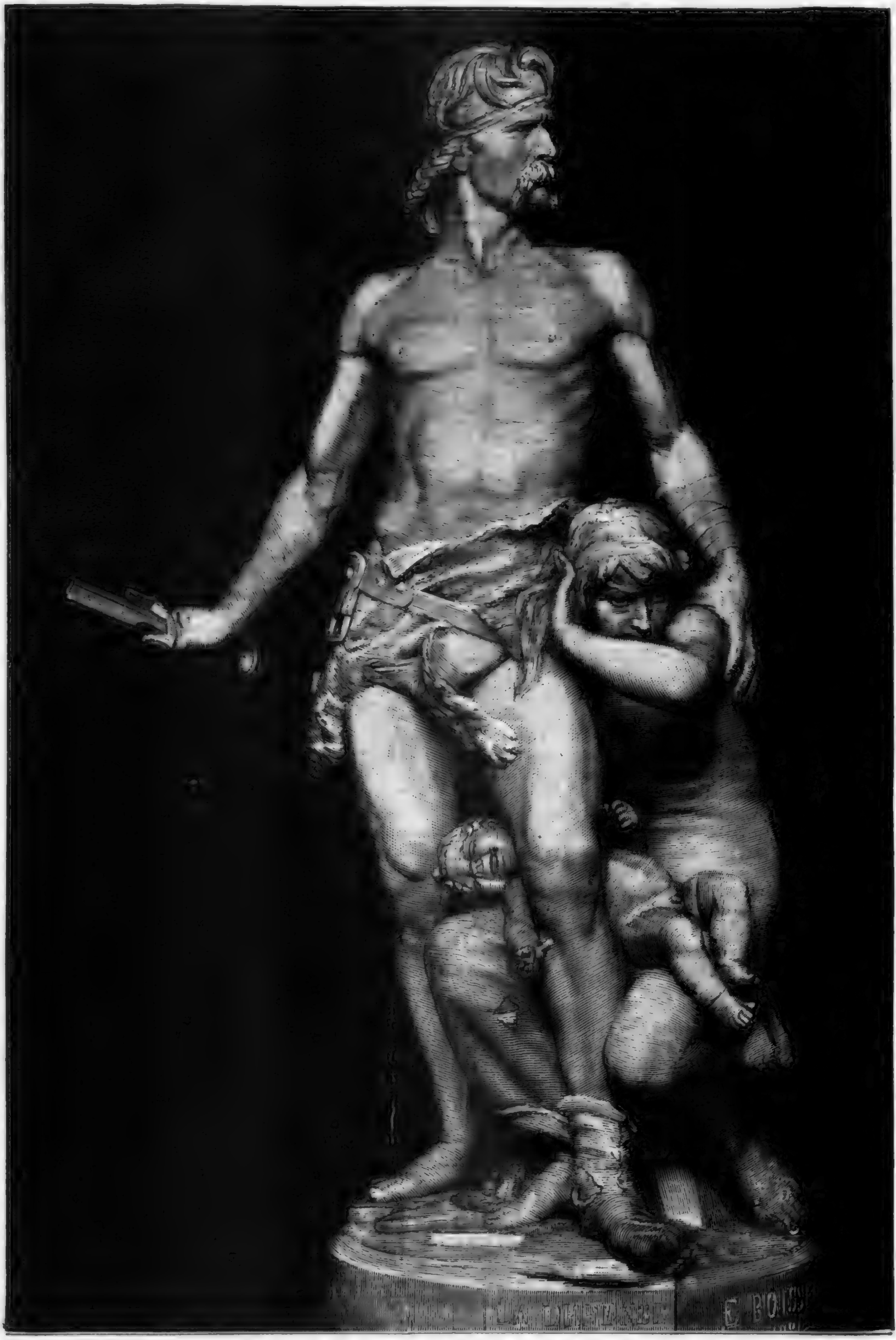
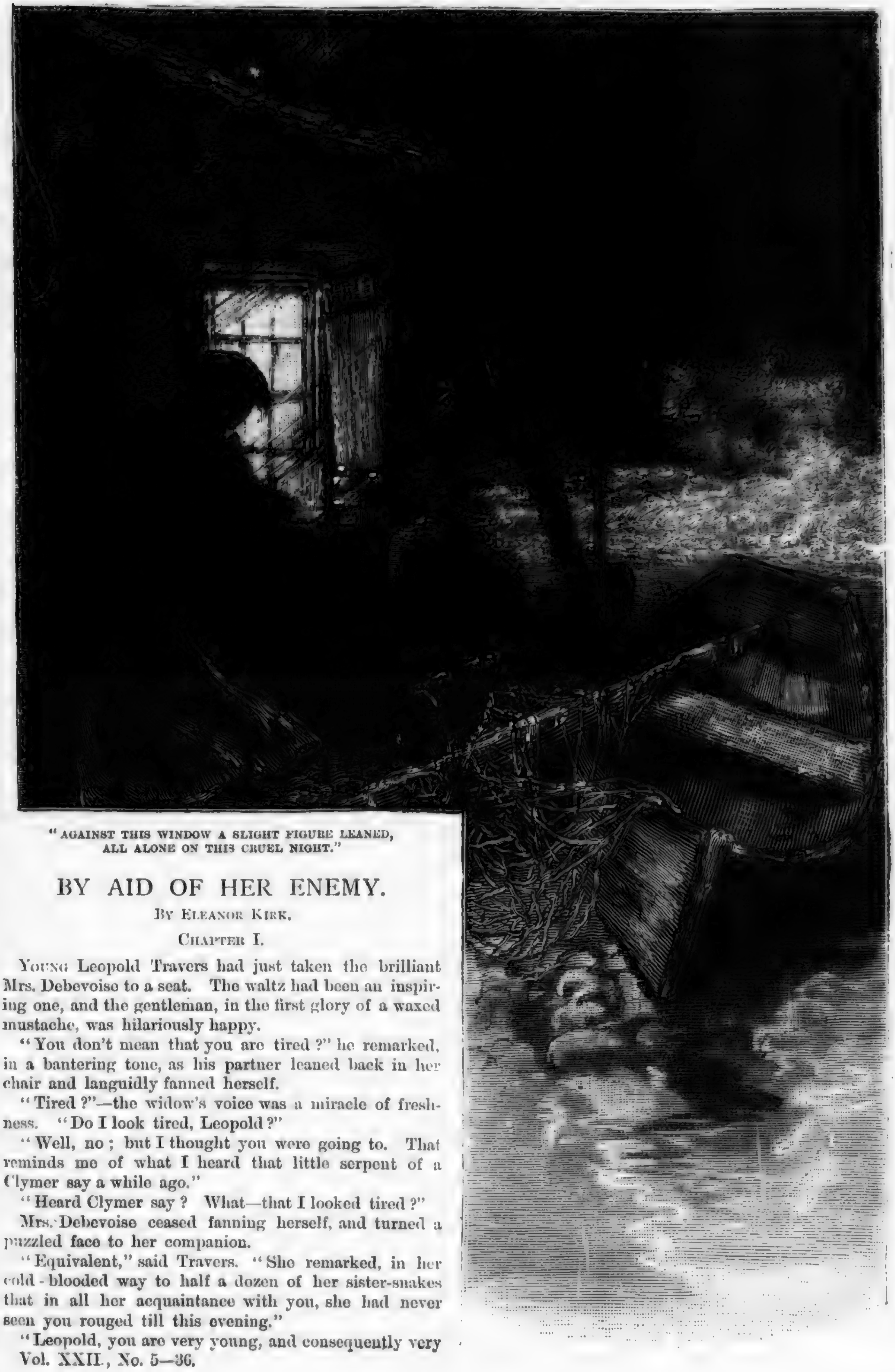


IN DEFENSE OF HEARTH AND HOME.—STATUE BY E. BOISSEAU.



"AGAINST THIS WINDOW A SLIGHT FIGURE LEANED, ALL ALONE ON THIS CRUEL NIGHT."

BY AID OF HER ENEMY.

By Eleanor Kirk.

Chapter I.

Young Leopold Travers had just taken the brilliant Mrs. Debevoise to a seat. The waltz had been an inspiring one, and the gentleman, in the first glory of a waxed mustache, was hilariously happy.

"You don't mean that you are tired?" he remarked, in a bantering tone, as his partner leaned back in her chair and languidly fanned herself.

"Tired?"—the widow's voice was a miracle of freshness. "Do I look tired, Leopold?"

"Well, no; but I thought you were going to. That reminds me of what I heard that little serpent of a Clymer say a while ago."

"Heard Clymer say? What—that I looked tired?"

Mrs. Debevoise ceased fanning herself, and turned a puzzled face to her companion.

"Equivalent," said Travers. "She remarked, in her cold-blooded way to half a dozen of her sister-snakes that in all her acquaintance with you, she had never seen you rouged till this evening."

"Leopold, you are very young, and consequently very

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unsophisticated!" the lady replied, with an attempt at seriousness; "and it is my duty to be a mother to you."

"One mother is quite enough, Mrs. Debevoise," the young man responded, with a light laugh, though his fair face reddened perceptibly; "and I am here to enjoy myself."

"So you shall, my child; but first give me your attention. Such a remark as you overheard should never be repeated. Suppose, Leopold, that Mrs. Clymer's statement were true?"

"But it isn't true!" young Travers interrupted, vehemently. "Don't you think I know rouge when I see it?"

"But for the sake of argument, my son. Don't you see how mortified I should have been to find my attempts at beautifying had proved so inartistic? Leopold, there are women in this world who would never forgive you such a violation of the first principles of good taste."

"If you have finished, Mrs. Debevoise, let us have one more little turn," said Leopold, attempting to turn the conversation.

"In one moment, my boy. When I'm an old woman, and you are just making your mark in the world——"

"Say, here comes Clymer," Travers interrupted again. "Let's go into the ballroom, quick!"

"No, we will remain here, if you please. But, as I was saying, Leopold, when that time does come, and you have obtained the position of 'Master of Hearts,' as you certainly will, remember who it was who gave you your first lessons."

"I sha'n't be likely to forget," her companion replied, with a pull of his blonde mustache. "You have made no end of fun of me, Mrs. Debevoise, but now that we are on the subjects of youth and age, allow me to compute the difference between your years and mine. You say you are twenty-eight, but I never believed it. I am twenty-two, going on three—not six years, madam. Does that give you a right to parentize over me to the extent you do?"

Mrs. Clymer, short, fair and fat, had stopped here and there on her way to the corner occupied by Travers and Mrs. Debevoise, and now came up smiling, and just a little out of breath.

Several other friends and admirers of the beautiful widow approached about the same time, and the conversation became general.

Mrs. Debevoise, in creamy satin, her shapely arms bare to the shoulder, her dark, heavy hair knotted simply at the back of her head, her beautiful brown eyes sparkling with honest humor as well as quick intelligence, looked the fairest woman in the world. Mrs. Debevoise was the only lady seated, and in her gorgeous shimmering attire seemed a queen receiving her subjects.

"I have been asking every one I met this evening whom I thought could possibly know," Mrs. Clymer remarked to the widow, "if they had heard anything of poor Clarke Beresford lately."

"Do you ask me?"

Mrs. Debevoise met the lady's gaze with a pair of frank, smiling eyes that totally concealed the aversion which possessed her.

"Why, yes; I thought you might know."

Mrs. Clymer seemed a trifle disconcerted.

The widow's gaze was too direct, and lingered a little longer than was quite agreeable.

"It seems to me as much as a hundred years since I heard that gentleman's name," Mrs. Debevoise remarked, thoughtfully. "It really couldn't seem more strange to me if I read it from a gravestone."

And the lady made an odd little *moué*, and shrugged her pretty shoulders so comically that everybody laughed.

"Well, if there hasn't any one heard anything, I *think* I have some other startling news," Mrs. Clymer, resumed with unction.

Mrs. Debevoise folded her slim hands and leaned back to listen, a vivid picture of repose and unruffled enjoyment.

"This is what I have heard"—and now Mrs. Clymer fastened her eyes again upon the radiant widow—"Clarke Beresford has lost his senses. I know it to be a fact."

These last words were very slowly enunciated, and the small eyes did not even wink, so intense was their gaze.

"Oh, how sad! What a pity! How did you hear?" said one and another.

"Why, Clarke Beresford was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life," Lillie Carmichael remarked. "Who was it he was in love with? Upon my word, I have forgotten. Isn't it dreadful, Mrs. Debevoise?"

"Positively awful!" this lady responded; "still, I suppose, there is compensation even in insanity."

Mrs. Clymer seemed to be off the track once more.

"Compensation!" she repeated. "I guess you are the only one who could ever see it."

"A physician who had made a specialty of insanity told me that the most cheerful people he was ever among were the insane. This was a new idea and I made bold to dispute it," Mrs. Debevoise went on, coolly and smilingly, "and so he offered to prove it to me. A half a day spent among his patients convinced me that he was right. Just as likely as not Mr. Beresford imagines himself a king, or a lord, or perhaps a great hero. The happiest man I ever saw was a man who supposed himself an Indian chief. If you could have seen his blanket and his feathers, and his beads and moccasins—all of home manufacture—you would have laughed as heartily as I did."

And now Mrs. Debevoise grew so animated, and was so vivid in her description, that all her subjects joined in her merriment.

"I believe that woman is cold-blooded enough to have killed her husband if she wanted him out of the way," Mrs. Clymer told a gentleman who had just offered his arm to conduct her to the ballroom.

"Is Mrs. Debevoise responsible for Mr. Beresford's condition?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, she treated him abominably. They were engaged to be married, and the day named for the wedding. Then old Debevoise came upon the scene, with his millions, and Mr. Beresford was left in the lurch."

"Why, I should never suppose Mrs. Debevoise to be *such* a woman. Did she get all the old man's money?"

"Two-thirds, that is all, but enough to support her in luxury all the days of her life. Clarke Beresford had only a few thousand dollars, and his profession—the law. What were these to her? Nothing!" And then Mrs. Clymer took her place in the Minuet Lancers just forming, and the obnoxious subject was, for a while, postponed.

"Leopold!"

The widow's voice was as sweet and bright as ever, and her eyes were dazzlingly brilliant.

"At your service, madam."

"You know I am an old lady with whims, do you not?"

"I know you are the sweetest woman in the world, and absolutely perfect," the young man responded, with his heart in his eyes.

"Leopold, my threat of banishment will certainly be put into execution."

There was a peculiar ring in the lady's even tones that produced an instantaneous effect.

"I will not offend again. What service can I do you, Mrs. Debevoise?" he added, humbly.

"You heard all that Mrs. Clymer said about that gentleman," the lady replied. "I used to be quite well acquainted with him, and I have a reason for wanting to find out where he is, in what asylum, or, or——"

There was a little catch in the sweet voice now, but a slight cough remedied that, but the sentence was never finished.

"It is probably a report only, or more likely an invention of the Clymers; still I should like to know *all* she would say about it. You have infinite tact, Leopold"—this with a merry laugh—"and if worst comes to worst, I am sure you can out-serpent the serpent, and if you find it necessary to abuse me, my boy, do it without the slightest compunction."

"Can't you find out some other way, Mrs. Debevoise?" Travers inquired, with a scowl.

"I want to know to-night, Leopold—to-night; but if you would rather not——"

"I will do my best," said Leopold, turning away.

"Do anything, my child, to get from that fiend all that I want to know. Do you hear me?"

"I should say I did," was the surprised answer. "Upon my word, I believe you hate her far worse than I do."

Mrs. Debevoise rose and walked lightly across the room to the deep embrasure of a window. Then she drew the heavy drapery about her, and then, ah, who would have recognized the gay, brilliant, fascinating woman in the convulsed and agonized creature whose self-control had at last deserted her. Only a scant moment to give to this luxury of despair. The widow was in demand again.

"Mrs. Debevoise, Mrs. Debevoise, where are you?"

A little hand put aside the drapery, but its owner did not turn. Her face was not quite natural yet, but one more effort of the will would make it so.

"Ah! enjoying the evening?" Colonel Endicott had come to claim his partner for the next waltz. "But will you not take cold?"

"I should take it if I could find it," the lady replied, so naturally that it surprised even herself, "for it is insufferably warm this evening."

"Are you ready for our waltz?"

For answer Mrs. Debevoise took her companion's arm and walked smilingly to the ballroom.

"There is no living woman who dances as you do," the colonel remarked, as the music ceased.

"The inference seems plain, colonel, that you sometimes dance with dead women."

The gentleman leaned and said something in a low key, but Mrs. Debevoise did not catch a single word, though she seemed all attention, for just at that moment young Travers, with a lady on his arm, drew near.

"On the coast of Maine, near York," he whispered. "A fisherman's shanty, all alone."

"Well, well!" the lady laughed, lightly, "if this keeps on I am sure to have softening of the brain."

This party took place in Boston, about the middle of October. The hostess was to sail for Paris immediately, and there was sufficient excuse for the early date.

Chapter II.

There was a stove, a table, two chairs, a few pieces of crockery, a few books, in this little shanty by the sea. It was evening, and the wind and rain came in cold, blinding gusts from the northeast.

There was a fire in the stove, and a man sat in front of it, his elbows on his knees, his chin resting on his hands. The ocean moaned, and the breakers thundered against the shore, but the solitary inmate did not stir from his abject attitude. At last a fiercer gust than the rest blew the cottage-door open. Then the man rose mechanically, and closed and bolted it.

He was tall and finely proportioned, but with a slight stoop of the shoulders, which must have been recently acquired, as it did not harmonize with the supple, graceful figure.

His eyes were large, dark and restless. The lower part of his face was completely covered with a brown, curly beard, which seemed to modify the fierce expression of his eyes.

He walked slowly and abstractedly from the door to the stove, added some more fuel to the fire, and then resumed his old attitude of crouching helplessness and indifference to all things.

A spy could have no better opportunity than was offered by this wild night. A person desirous of finding out something of the life and habits of this lonely man could certainly acquire the desired information without the slightest danger of ever being found out.

This cottage had two windows, one facing the sea, the other on the side most sheltered from the storm.

Against this window a slight figure leaned, all alone on this cruel night. There was no fear in this woman's soul. The awful sound of the sea, the wild agony of the breakers as they dashed against the beach was music in her ears.

A friend was there if she needed one, she told herself, with glistening eyes; but first she would tell her story, and this man, mad or sane, should listen to it.

A knock on the door roused the man from his reverie; another brought him to his feet, wilder and more haggard-looking as the unaccustomed sound broke on his ear.

Another knock, and the bolt flew back, and a woman, drenched, disheveled, speechless, glided past him into the shanty.

He closed the door mechanically, then turned to look at the intruder.

Margaret Debevoise had thrown off her wrappings, and now, with longing, shining eyes, her beautiful hair, tossed about by the wind, hanging in rippling masses over her neck and shoulders, her face full of courage and an unutterable something that no man but this one had ever seen there before, stood and faced him.

For one moment Clarke Beresford shaded his eyes with his hand. The unexpected vision seemed to dazzle and blind him. Then, without a word, he went over to where she stood and softly touched her face and her hair, and then drew back again with a strange, sad smile.

"Clarke!"

Oh, the infinite pathos and sweetness of this voice!

He did not answer.

"Clarke, I have come to-night to tell you a story."

"To tell me a story!" the man repeated, wonderingly. "And you are just as lovely as in the old, old days," he went on, dreamily; "and, great heavens! just as false!"

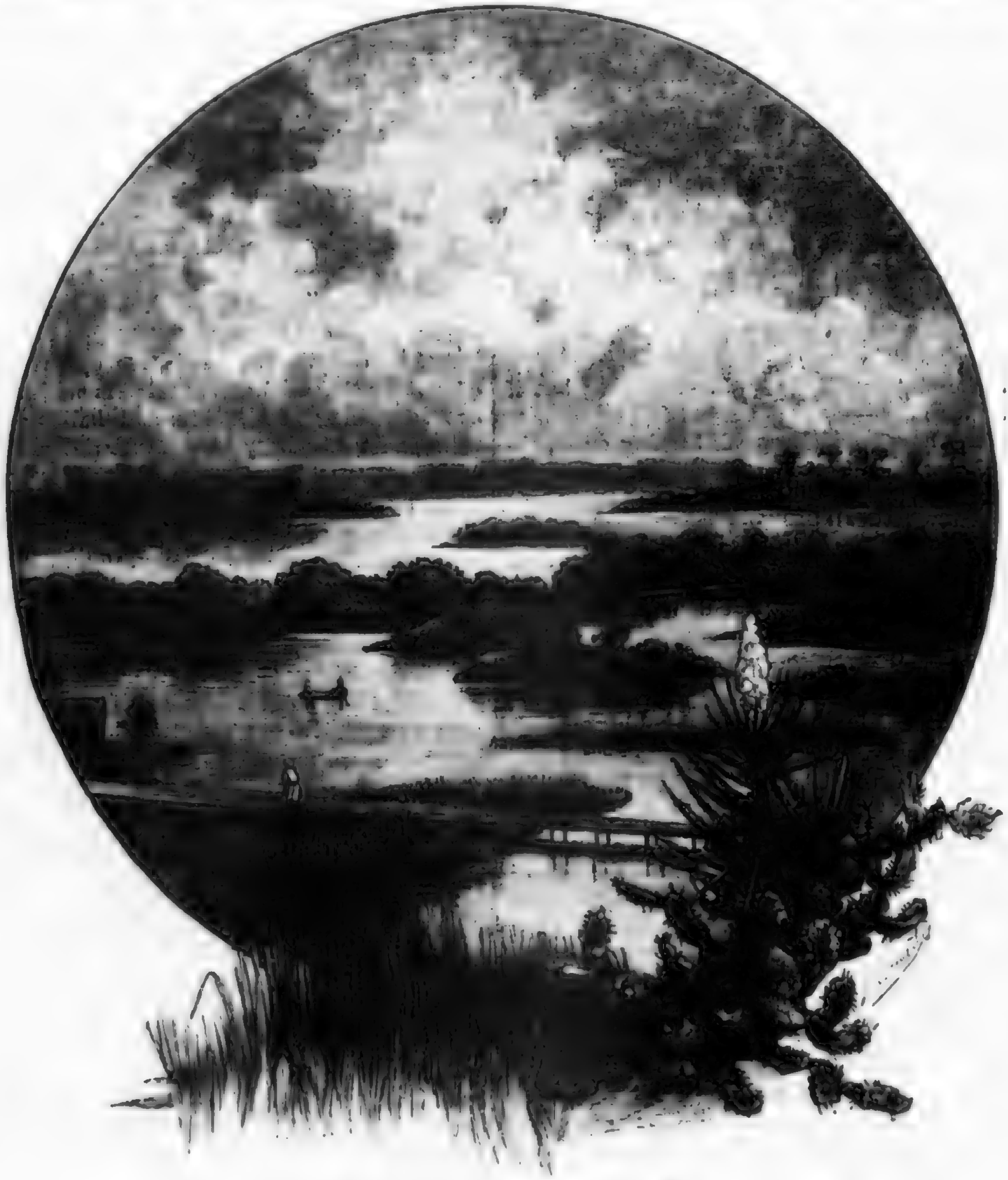
"Clarke Beresford, do you suppose I would come to you this lonely, desolate, awful night to tell you a falsehood? Great heavens! This is the night for truth, and you shall have it. Do you hear me? Clarke, whose writing is this?"

Mrs. Debevoise had taken a piece of paper from her bosom, and handed it to her companion.

"Mine, I should say;" but the man scarcely glanced at it.

"Oh, Clarke, for the love of Heaven read it—read it, I say!"

It did not seem possible for Beresford to take his eyes from the beautiful face before him. There seemed no wildness in them now, nothing but an absorbing love, a pitiful regret, a heart-hunger as insatiable at this moment as it had been for those long, bitter years.



CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA. SEE PAGE 566.

"Oh, how lovely you are!" he remarked, at last. "Why, Margaret, as I feel the tender light from your eyes flooding my soul as in the old, old days, it does not seem possible that you could plan a shipwreck. It doesn't seem possible, Margaret."

"Oh, Heaven be merciful!" the woman prayed, clasping her hands in agony. "Oh, Clarke, please, please, by the memory of our old love, please read this letter that I have brought you. That will tell you everything, everything, and then, dear, let come what will, I can bear it, Clarke, I can bear it!"

There was something terrible in this fixed gaze. It did not seem possible for him to withdraw his eyes. At last his companion could bear it no longer, and drew close to his side.

"Now read," she said, very humbly. "Now, Clarke, I will hold the paper for you."

Very slowly Beresford read aloud as follows:

"LONDON, *Sept. 18th*, 1870.

"The story of your flirtation with a man, whose name I cannot bring my pen to write, has just reached me. My heart breaks when I tell you that everything is over between us——"

Here Beresford looked up from the letter.

"But I never saw this before," he said.

"And yet you admit it to be your writing," Margaret interrupted, with a vehemence which was in striking contrast to the singular calmness of her companion.

"I could take my oath to it," he said.

"Then, if you can do that, it ought not to be strange to you that I believed it to be yours. Read on."

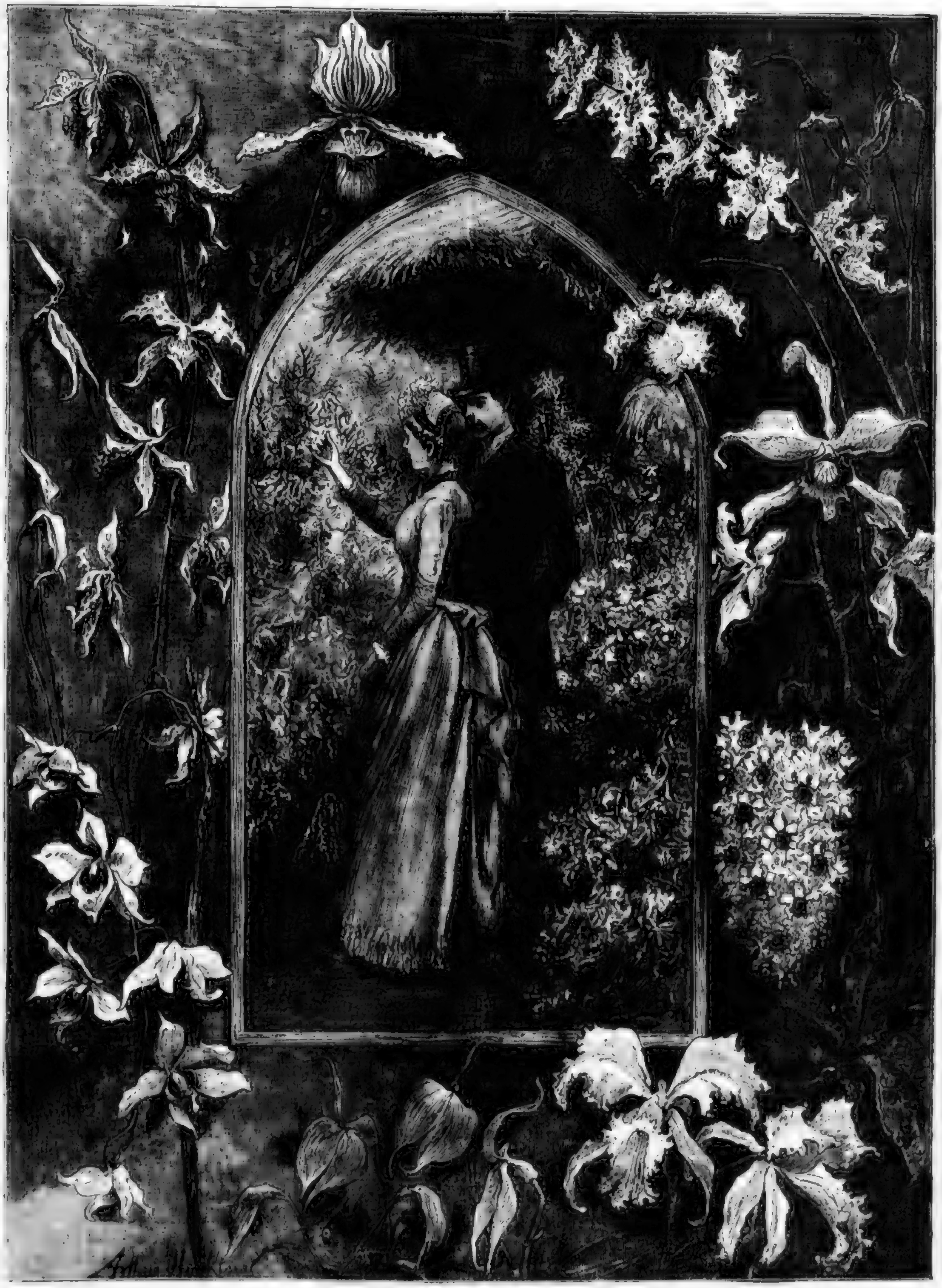
"If my proofs were not so abundant, I might call upon you to defend yourself," Beresford resumed; "but I know you to be as false as perdition, and as cruel as the grave.

"CLARKE BERESFORD."

"Great Heaven!"

Beresford dropped the paper, a look of horror in his eyes.

"Three weeks after the reception of this letter, Clarke," Margaret hurried on, "I married John Debevoise. We went to Italy. When there, I heard of the inquiries you had been making for me, and of your fearful illness. Then I knew that the letter must be a forgery. After that, Jennie Clymer's brother, who had made me miserable by his importunities, was detected in a very clever forgery. He was abroad at the time that I received this letter."



AN ORCHID-SHOW.

"Yes; he was with me. For a while he was in the habit of mailing my letters to you. I see it all."

How intensely calm was this man's tone!

"But, Margaret," he went on, "do you mean that you did not jilt me for—for the man you married, and that this—this letter was the cause of your marriage?"

"Clarke, by all that I hold sacred, I swear it. Two nights ago, Clarke, two nights ago—only it seems an eternity since then—I heard where you were, and I came as fast as I could. All this time I thought you were in Cairo."

The rain beat against the cottage, and the breakers dashed with more fury than ever against the shore; but this fierce elemental strife passed all unheeded.

"And are you not afraid, Margaret?"

"Afraid of nothing, Clarke, nothing above or below, so that I could look upon your face once more, and tell you the truth," Margaret replied, proudly. "I have lived on this thought for years."

"So faithful, and I believed you so false!" Beresford replied, still abstractedly. "Are you going now, Margaret?"

Mr. Beresford had moved away from her side, and now stood where he could once more feast his eyes on her radiant face.

"Clarke"—Mrs. Debevoise held out her hands imploringly—"Clarke, I have made up my mind. I can never go again until you go with me."

Clarke Beresford stood for a moment like a man stunned and helpless.

"Clarke, you can take your choice!" and now a singular smile lit up the sweet face. "I am all alone in world, dear, and if you still love me, if you still love me, Clarke——"

"You are all alone in the world?"

"Yes, Clarke, all alone."

"Then you are mine, Margaret! How thin you are!"

"Oh! my darling, can it be that you have just found that out?" and before Mrs. Debevoise was folded tight in a pair of loving arms, she laughed her old, merry laugh, and Clarke Beresford, kissing the tender, responsive mouth and eyes, smiled, too, a smile of ineffable joy.

An hour later, the reunited lovers sat in sweet converse in Mrs. Debevoise's cozy sitting-room. She had taken a cottage near by, and now, though the tempest roared, and the house shook from its foundations, they heeded it not, and daylight peeped in upon them still absorbed with their new-found happiness. Before noon of this day Clarke Beresford and Margaret Debevoise were married, in the presence of that lady's maid and man servant.

Leopold Travers drove up in hot haste a few moments after the ceremony.

"Oh, Mrs. Debevoise, I was so alarmed about you!" he remarked. "I heard you had rushed off down here, and I thought I would rush, too, for fear something awful would happen to you."

"Something awfully *nice* has happened," the lady replied, with a smile. "Clarke"—leading her companion to the next room, where her husband stood looking out of the window—"here is a young gentleman who likes me well enough to feel worried about me. See in Mr. Leopold Travers an adopted son of mine. Leopold, my husband, Mr. Clarke Beresford."

"Good Heaven!" said Leopold, under his breath.

"I am grateful, Mr. Travers," said Beresford, "for any care you have given my wife."

The two men shook hands with considerable heartiness.

"I shall be happy to share her adoption of you," Beresford added, with a glance of pride in Margaret's direction.

"But, Mrs. Debevoise—I beg pardon, Mrs. Beresford," said Leopold, with some confusion, as he prepared to go away again, "I thought Mr. Beresford was—was—well, was out of his head?"

"Only in loving me; but that was a lunacy easily cured," she replied. "Good-by, my boy. Clarke and I will be glad to see you at any time."

And now young Travers rode away, a sadder but a wiser man.

CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.

Cedar Keys is a collection of innumerable islands of all sizes, some of them only a few yards long, and covered with marsh grass, and the larger ones with a growth of low bushes. They are all encircled by shallow lagoons—some of which are spanned by bridges—and navigated by sailboats, rowboats and "dug-outs." The town of Cedar Keys is built upon the largest of these islands, and the only one which rises to any height above the water. To the north there is quite a bold bluff. The islands seem to be mere heaps of sand and shells, covered with low evergreen bushes, and with a few palmettos and small live-oaks; but there are beautiful views on every side, especially to the eastward, where, as far as the eye can reach, land and water alternate; while on the horizon is a fringe of pine trees growing on the mainland.

Cedar Keys is at the present time the most important point on the western coast of Florida. It has regular lines of steamers running to New Orleans, the West Indies and other places, and is the terminus of the Transit Railroad, which, until the completion of a road to Tampa, receives all the transportation of the western coast. Lumbering seem to be the principal business of the town, there being two large lumbering establishments there. There is, also, a cedar pencil factory. Sponge-gathering is an important business, not only here, but at other points along the western coast of Florida.

INSTINCT, POWER OF MEMORY AND DOCILITY OF THE HORSE.

Of the cleverness of the horse, how he remembers benefits and injuries, and how he oftentimes learns to anticipate his rider's will, many tales are told. "Perhaps no animal in man's employment more thoroughly understands what he is about than the 'stock horse' of New South Wales. From the earliest period of his breaking he is taught to wheel instantly when at full speed, on any ground; and from the innate sagacity which horses have in discerning their rider's object, one that has been 'after stock' for a year or two reaches such perfection in this point as almost to justify the ordinary recommendation of an Australian horsedealer, that 'he can turn upon a cabbage-leaf.' The best exemplification of this faculty is the process of driving, or as it is called, 'cutting out' a single bullock, to which he will not submit without a sharp tussle, from the instinctive dislike to separation which all the bush cattle exhibit. At first starting he trusts wholly to his speed, but, finding after a trial of two or three hundred yards, that his retreat to the herd is still intercepted, he doubles round in the rear of his pursuer, who, were he to continue his onward career, would thereby lose a great deal of ground; but such is the agility of the stock horse that he simultaneously wheels round, and stills keeps on the inside without losing an inch. This kind of thing is repeated again and again, till the baffled bullock is fain to take any course his tormentor may direct."

In submission to a master the horse is affected by kind treatment almost as much as the dog and elephant; for although habitually his actions show timidity, they are more an effect of good temper than fear; for where severity is unreasonably exercised, obedience, which is readily granted to kind treatment, becomes doubtful, and sooner or later breaks out in vicious resentment and opposition. A horse knows its own strength, and oppression has its limits. "In emulation to surpass a rival no more convincing instance can be cited than in the case of a racehorse finding his competitor beginning to head him in the course, seizing him by the fore-leg with such firm teeth, that both jockeys were obliged to dismount to part them. This was a horse of Mr. Quin's in 1753. Forester, another racer, caught his antagonist by the jaw to hold him back. Surely such animals should not be gored with the spur or cut with the whip to do their utmost."

But the sagacious animal expects that his master or rider shall be fully competent to perform his share of the business. A horse soon learns to despise a timid rider.

"The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who being present on the racecourse of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boarspear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the Eighth Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march; and at the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking his ancient station at the color-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drills and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat; and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died."

The pressure of the rider's limbs, the feel of the hand on the bridle, may even serve a horse instead of the sense of sight. Blind horses are by no means uncommon, and some of them do daily work without being much inconvenienced by the want of sight, if the rider or driver is patient and steady.

"I remember many years back my old acquaintance and infallible doctor, Mr. Minster, of Cheltenham, having a very fine old gray hunter, stone blind, and when visiting his patients he would often cross the country by the footpaths, leaping the stone stiles with ease and safety. Being one day with a dashing young farmer who was boasting of the feats *his* horse could perform, the doctor took the shine out of him on the instant by proposing a wager that *he* had a horse in his stable which could take a leap the farmer's horse could not.

"'Where shall we go to decide the bet?' said the farmer, who of course had said 'done.'

"'Only into the street,' replied the other.

"Consequently the doctor was mounted on the blind horse in a trice, when, giving him the office by the bit (and, as Horace says, *there lies the horse's ear*), he made him believe a stone stile was before him, and he took a spring that would have cleared the highest in the parish, to the no small discomfiture of the farmer."

And when well treated the horse is capable of great affection for the biped who rides or drives him; the animal will show a great deal of ingenuity in protecting his master from danger—witness the following "Instance of Docility!"

"A farmer was remarkable for two qualities—attachment to animals and getting tipsy. The horse he usually rode, or rather the one that usually walked by his side like a dog—for he seldom rode him—had been brought up by him from a foal. Once every week the owner went to a market some seven or eight miles distant from his home, and as invariably came home the worse for liquor, his potations in such cases being usually varied by sundry slumbers in the middle of the road. The horse was always by his side, and if anyone approached, a warning neigh gave notice to be wary; no accident to the master ever occurred.

"One night a farmer of the neighborhood was coming home when the well-known neigh informed him that J—— was asleep in the mud. Determined to test the sagacity of the horse he removed the tipsy man from the middle of the road to the close vicinity of a ditch half filled with water, placing him in a position so that he nearly touched the water. He then remounted his own horse, rode onward a short distance, when he tied his horse to a gate and returned to watch the result, which he found to be that the intoxicated man was lying far from the ditch where he had left him; having had his coat torn by the teeth of his own horse when dragging him out of danger of drowning. The tipsy farmer's horse, which had previously been very friendly toward the experimenter, could not afterward be brought to notice him otherwise than with aversion."

An instance of vindictive memory may follow here, showing how the horse remembers those who ill-treat him.

"I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse extremely gentle, and of such an easy, agreeable gait, that he took the greatest care of him, and held him at a great price. A friar was a friend to our neighbor; one who liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the City of Mexico, and take a dinner with the countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the capital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of this favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained to

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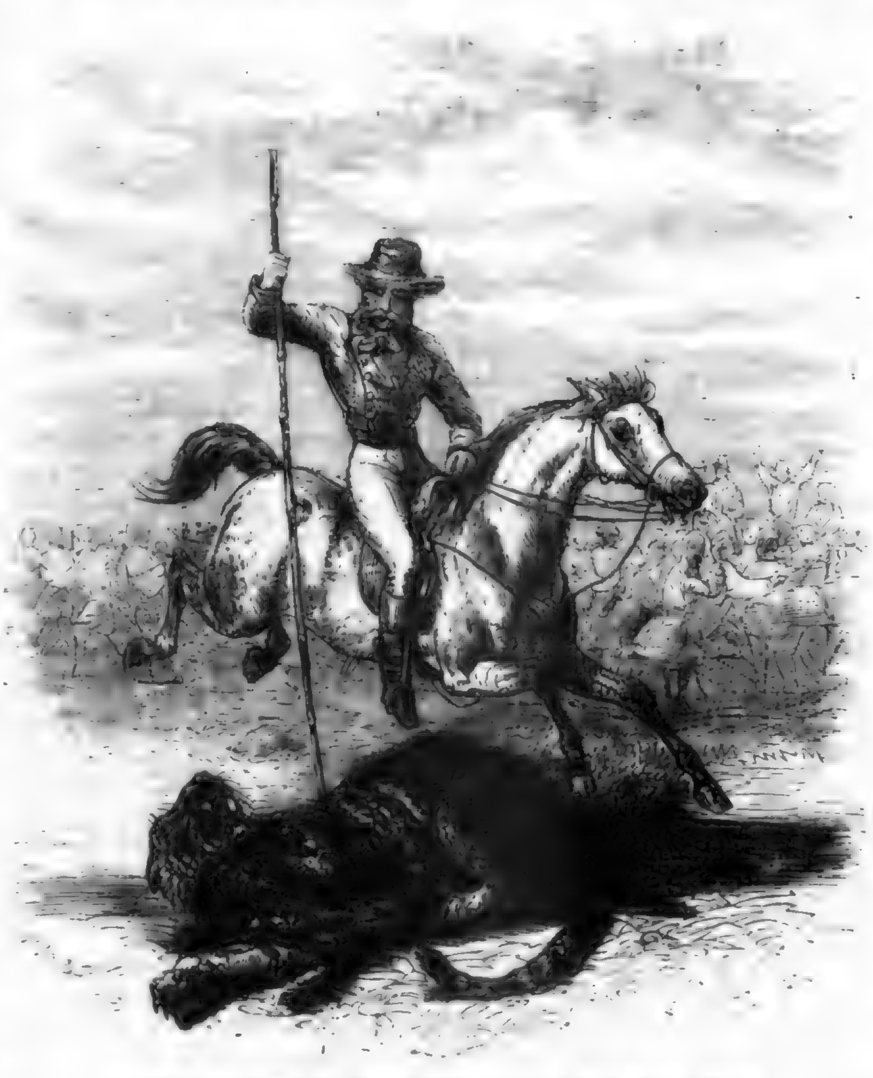
me one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days, and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in a friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin but that of too much gentleness. Going out, I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. 'Your remedy,' said he, 'has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him, he was so frightened, and wheeled round so quick, and flew away from him with so much terror, that one would have said he took him for the destroying angel.' The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend for his horse again."

In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as costumes.

"The late General Pater, of the East India Service, was a remarkably fat man. While stationed at Madras he purchased a charger, which, after a short trial betook himself to lying down whenever the general prepared to get upon his back. Every expedient was tried, without success, to cure him of the trick, and the laugh was so much against the general's corpulency that he found it convenient to dispose of his horse to a young officer quitting the settlement for a distant station up the country. Upward of two years had subsequently elapsed when, in execution of his official duties, General Pater left Madras to inspect one of the frontier cantonments. He traveled, as is the custom in India, in his palankeen. The morning after his arrival at the station the troops were drawn out, and, as he had brought no horses it was proper to provide for his being suitably mounted, though it was not very easy to find a charger equal to his weight. At length an officer resigned to him a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out, duly caparisoned, in front of the line. The general came forth from his tent, and proceeded to mount; but the instant the horse saw him advance he flung himself flat upon the sand, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce him to rise. *It was the general's old charger*, who from the moment of quitting his service had never once practiced the artifice until this second meeting. The general, who was an exceedingly good-humored man, joined heartily in the universal shout that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair."



INSTINCT, POWER OF MEMORY AND DOCILITY OF THE HORSE.

The tricks of horses to procure little luxuries and indulgences are very clever.

"An orchard had been repeatedly stripped of its best and ripest fruit, and the marauders had laid their plans so cunningly that the strictest vigilance could not detect them. At last the depredators were discovered to be a mare and her colt which were turned out to graze among the trees. The mare was seen to go up to one of the apple-trees, and to throw herself against the trunk so violently that a shower of ripe apples came tumbling down. She and her offspring then ate the fallen apples, and the same process was repeated at another tree. Another mare had discovered the secret of the water-butt, and, whenever she was thirsty, was accustomed to go to the butt, turn the tap with her teeth, drink until her thirst was satisfied, and then to close the tap again. I have heard of two animals which performed this feat; but one of them was not clever enough to turn the tap back again, and used to let all the water run to waste."

RINGS.

Who first invented or made rings, and the original object thereof, it is quite impossible to discover. And who the person was that first wore a ring, it is useless to guess; for the custom of wearing rings on the fingers and toes is of such remote date that the origin is entirely lost in the obscurity of antiquity.

The primary reason for wearing rings is decidedly suggested by the fact that they were used as an emblem of authority. They were anciently used as seals, by which orders were signed, and the delivery of a ring was a sign that the giver endowed the person who received it with all the power he himself possessed. Thus Pharaoh, when

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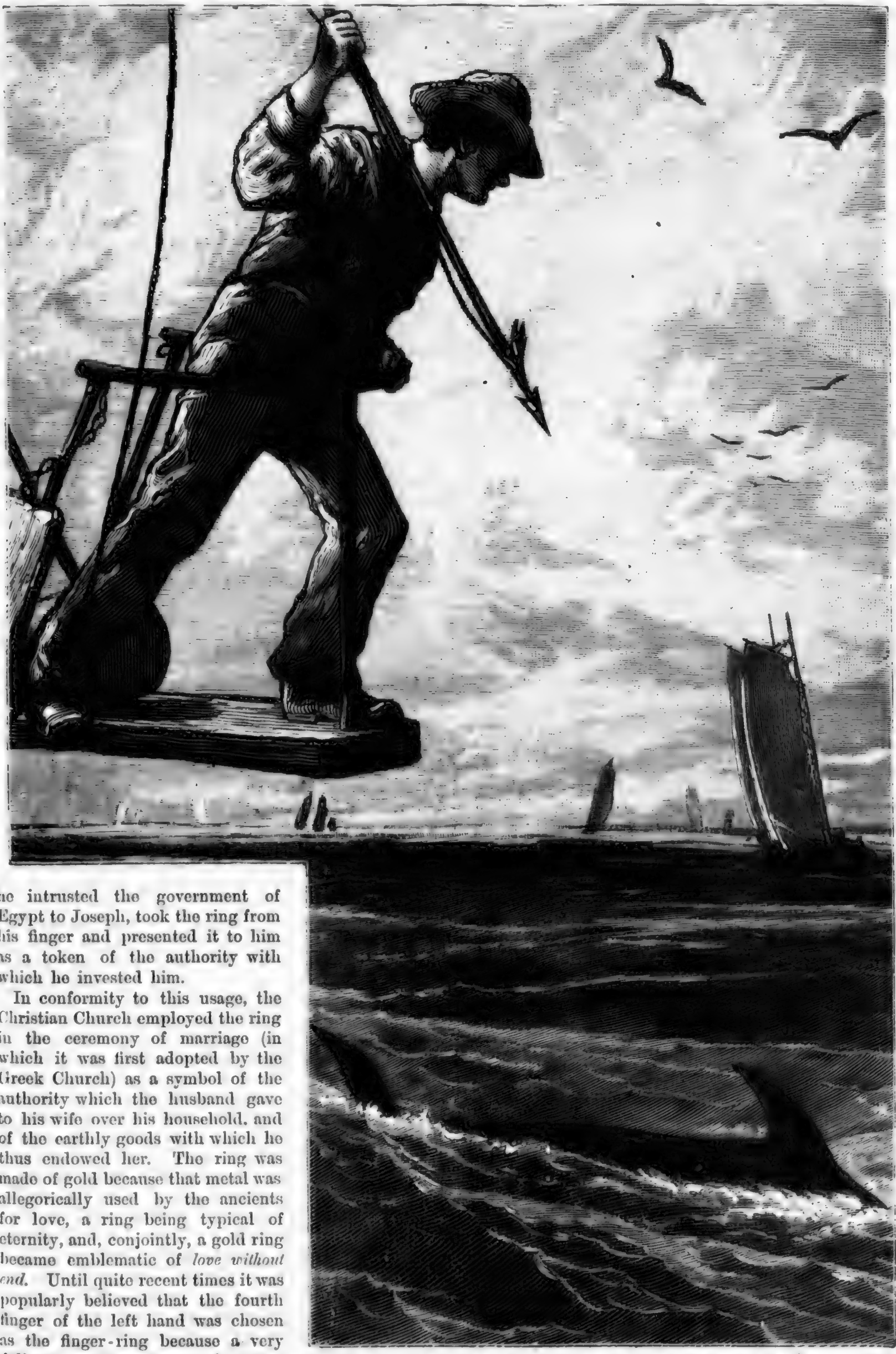

AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.—HARPOONING A SWORDFISH FROM THE PULPIT. SEE PAGE 571.

he intrusted the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and presented it to him as a token of the authority with which he invested him.

In conformity to this usage, the Christian Church employed the ring in the ceremony of marriage (in which it was first adopted by the Greek Church) as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave to his wife over his household, and of the earthly goods with which he thus endowed her. The ring was made of gold because that metal was allegorically used by the ancients for love, a ring being typical of eternity, and, conjointly, a gold ring became emblematic of *love without end.* Until quite recent times it was popularly believed that the fourth finger of the left hand was chosen as the finger-ring because a very delicate nerve was supposed to communicate direct with the heart.

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Unfortunately for sentiment, medical science has laughed the notion to scorn, as being altogether inaccurate. In the Greek and Roman Church, the thumb and first two fingers represent the Trinity. The third finger is the husband's, to whom the woman owes allegiance. The left hand is chosen to show that the woman is to be subject to the man.

Authorities seem to agree that India was the first country to set the example of wearing rings; which example was quickly imitated by the Egyptians, from whom it descended to the Etruscans, and in course of time to the Greeks, and finally to the Romans, who by their mighty conquests of the countries of the world were not only feared, but looked up to and copied. Thus the wearing of rings became universal, both in the civilized and barbaric continents of the globe. Under the consuls, rings were at first manufactured from iron, and worn only by soldiers upon the third finger of the left hand, which was soon denominated the ring finger. Increasing wealth, with its attendant luxury and pride, soon, however, discarded such a commonplace and dull metal as an ornament, and so all kinds of material were pressed into use, and gold rings became so very general that it is related that after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans were routed, Hannibal sent to the senators at Carthage a bushel of gold rings, of which he had despoiled the slain and prisoners.

The Roman senators also wore gold rings, and Florus, the Latin historian, affirms that after the celebrated engagement above referred to, the senate had no other gold but their rings. The plebeians also took to wearing rings, but only of iron; those of gold being occasionally granted them as marks of special favor and for bravery, etc. Under the emperors, the common soldiers, and even freedmen, wore gold rings, although they were originally prohibited unless personally presented by the emperor. Petitions soliciting this privilege became, in course of time, so numerous, that Justinian, tiring of the importunity, ultimately permitted all who thought proper to bestow them. Hence, gilt and other rings became popular, many of which have been found in later ages, and are still to be seen in various collections at different museums.

It was only natural that sighing swains and lovelorn lasses should seize upon such a convenient token as a dainty ring set with stones as a sign-manual of their love. In many of the old plays we find reference to these love-tokens, and nothing could more explicitly convey the courting of a gallant in Shakespeare's time than the following lines from "Midsummer-Night's Dream." *Egeus* accuses *Lysander* of having "witched the bosom of his child," and continues:

> "Thou hast given her rhymes,
> And interchanged love-tokens with my child.
> Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
> With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
> And stolen the impression of her fantasy
> With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits."

As love-tokens, however, the most frequently adopted, and dispatched as messengers of the tender passion, was the double-hooped ring (one half worn by the lover, the other half by the lady), called the *gemmow* or *gimmal*. It is supposed that it was invented by our Gallic neighbors, whose admiration of the fair sex is unlimited. Shakespeare and other poets mention this kind of ring repeatedly, and the origin of the word has vexed his commentators very sadly; probably it is from the Latin *gemellus*, a twin.

Early in the present century a *gimmal* ring was dug up close to London; it appears to have been made either during the reign of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. This is how it was described at the time it was discovered: "It was of fine gold, and most beautiful workmanship; constructed of twin or double hoops, playing within each other; each hoop had one side flat, the other convex; each was twisted once round, and surmounted by a band issuing from an embossed fancy wrist or sleeve; the course of the twist in each hoop was made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surface of the hoops they immediately united into one ring. On the lower band, or that in which the palm was uppermost, was represented a heart, and as the hoops were closed the bands slid into contact, forming with the ornamented wrists a head to the whole; the device thus presenting a triple emblem of fidelity, love and union." In all conscience a most pleasing and ingenious affair.

There are fable rings galore, blessed with innumerable virtues and charms, and several ring tales abound; the most important, perhaps, being Robert Browning's idyllic epic, "The Ring and the Book," founded on a celebrated case in Italian history of 1698. Historical and legendary ring posies are far too numerous to be mentioned here, though full of interest, and we shall only quote a precept from Madame de la Tam, on the etiquette of rings: "If a lady or gentleman is willing to marry, but not engaged, a ring should be worn on the index finger of the left hand; if engaged, on the second finger; if married, on the third finger; but if either has no desire to marry, on the little finger."

FAIR VALUATION.

One day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab, and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moïse" on a single string.

"How much do I owe you?" he inquired of the driver.

"For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs."

"What! Ten francs! You are certainly jesting."

"I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty cabman, he said, handing him at the same time a liberal fare:

"I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

The Cingalese will not kill any living creature, being Buddhists, and all who belong to the fisherman's caste call themselves Christian. The most devout of them, however, have no objection to seeing wild animals shot by anybody else, and they treat their domestic animals with the greatest brutality.

Too True.—A boy about twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

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AN OLD FISH-POND.

By A. Dobson.

Green growths of mosses drop and bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood birds dip and drink.

Slow efts about the edges sleep;
Swift-darting water-flies
Shoot on the surface; down the deep
Fast following bubbles rise.

Look down. What groves that scarcely sway
What "wood obscure" profound!
What jungle!—where some beast of prey
Might choose his vantage-ground!

* * * * * *

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?
Who knows what tale? Belike,
Those "antres vast" and shadows hide
Some patriarchal Pike.

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkle-jawed,
To whom the sky, the earth,
Have but for aim to look on, awed,
And see him wax in girth;—

Hard ruler there by right of might;
An ageless autocrat,
Whose "good old rule" is "Appetite,
And subjects fresh and fat";

While they—poor souls!—in wan despair
Still watch for signs in him;
And dying, hand from heir to heir
The day undawned and dim,

When the pond's terror too must go;
Or, creeping in by stealth,
Some bolder brood, with common blow,
Shall found a Commonwealth.

* * * * *

Or say—perchance the liker this!—
That these themselves are gone;
That Amurath *in minimis*—
Still hungry—lingers on,

With dwindling trunk and wolfish jaw
Revolving sullen things;
But most the blind, unequal law
That rules the food of kings;

The blot that makes the cosmic All
A mere time-honored cheat;—
That bids the Great to eat the Small,
Yet lack the Small to eat!

* * * * * *

Who knows! Meanwhile the mosses bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isle of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink.

AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.

A NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRY.

By C. F. Holder.

We were bound out from Biddeford on the little swordsman *Laughing Dolly*, a fore and aft schooner, trim as a privateer, with long, rakish masts and lines like a duck; she dashed over the waves under her crowd of canvas, throwing the spray right and left, riding the waves and beating them down, and as dry, as the skipper said, "as Deacon Muggridge's sarmons." A veritable yacht was the *Laughing Dolly*, the only characteristic that suggested her trade being an iron stanchion that rose waist-high at the tip of the jibboom, carrying a belt, or rester, like the back of a chair, called by the men the pulpit. In this the harpooner leaned when striking the fish. Along the boom was lashed the harpoon itself, a formidable spear with six or eight radiating barbs, called, from the supposed resemblance, the lily, and fitting by a socket into a long pine handle. From the lily-iron ran a rope that was coiled in a tub on deck, the end of its two hundred fathoms being spliced to a gayly-painted keg, that, standing hard by, was to be thrown over to tire out the fish when struck. In other respects the swordfishermen did not differ from the trim, yacht-like mackerelmen that throng the bays and harbors of the New England coast.

We were fast leaving the rocky shore behind. Boon Island Light loomed up far to the south, and the white sands of Old Orchard Beach were fast sinking below the horizon. The crew were scattered about the deck, lying in the sun, with the exception of the lookout in the cross-trees, whose duty was to have an eye to the fins of sword-fish.

"So'dfishin' ain't all fun," said the red-faced skipper, who was holding on to the wheel with one leg over the spokes. "There comes a time what makes things look master foggy an' unsartin. Haow so? Why, just this. Afore I took up so'dfishin' for a livin', I used to trawl it off shore. Ever see a trawl? Wall, it's a line a mile or mebby a mile an' a half long, with abaout three thousand hooks onto it, and a sinker and float at each end. Yaou hev the hull thing coiled up in a basket, and sink one end and sail away, payin' aout as ye go; and when the hull lot's over yaou lay on an' by for two hours or so, and then haul her in. Ye see, ye cover over two miles o' ground, an' if there's any cod or haddock abaout ye're sure to get 'em.

"Wal, as I was goin' to say, I was aout one mornin', I reckon afore sunrise, an' was payin' aout my trawl, when the first thing I knew, blim! came somethin' what give the bot a tip, and I felt somethin' strike my foot, an' a kind o' hot feelin' up along my leg, an' lookin' daown, there was a so'dfish—so'd a-stickin' aout o' my ile-skins jest at the knee. Wal, if I didn't buckle on to that so'd it's a caution, an' it was pull, haul, yank an' tug for half an hour. But I got the painter araound it with a couple o' turns, an' hailed a mate that was fishin' close by, an' we broke off the so'd an' got the critter aboard. Ye see, the cuss had took me or the bot for a whale or blackfish, an' come rammin' up like a shot; the so'd goin' complete through the bottom o' the dory, strikin' jest alongside my boot, passin' up through the leg o' my ile-skin pants, an' comin' aout at the the knee. I tell ye I never was so took back afore except once, an' that was off Nantucket, a year or so ago, when a so'dfish kem near cleanin' us all aout. We got into him all right, an' nothin' else bein' in sight, me an' the boys jumped into the dory, an' soon had the keg aboard; but as soon as we touched the rope to take in slack, he started off, an' you'd a thought we'd got foul of a whale. It was an hour afore we got the fish alongside, the schooner keepin' along, but we were

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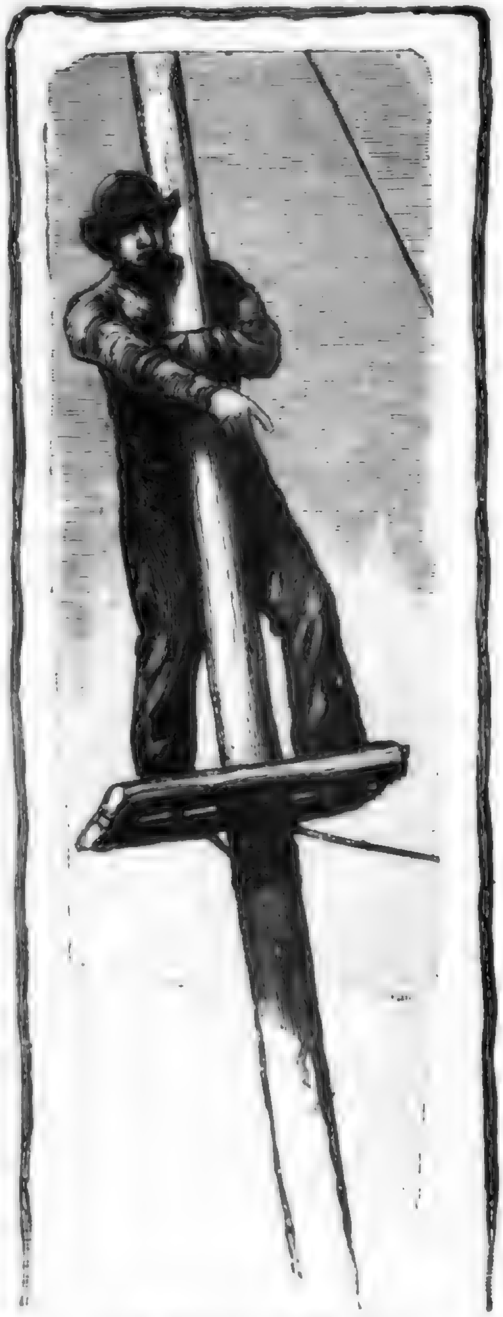
afraid o' passin' the rope, thinkin' it might pull aout the iron. Wal, we gradually hauled in, an' I stood up, holdin' an oar up ready to hit the brute on the head, when it gave a kind o' a lunge or side cut, takin' the oar right between my hands, an' knockin' me head over heels down in the bottom o' the bot. In the confusion, the man in the bow slacked the rope, and the next minute, crunch came the fish, and up its so'd kem through the plankin', stickin' about a foot into the bot, not three feet from me. I had sense enough to grab it, an' while I hung on, an' lashed it with the painter, the boys pulled alongside, an' we got him aboard. He measured fourteen foot—a pretty big fellow.

In fair weather they lie mostly on the surface, an' whether they're asleep or jest sunnin' themselves, it's hard to tell. It's a great sight to see 'em in among the bony fish; they go jest like a cavalryman, strikin' up an' down, right an' left, killin' hundreds o' 'em, an' I've seen 'em keep a-doin' it, which shows they kind o' like the fun it. I see once——"

But here there came a cry from aloft, and in a moment all hands were on their feet.

"Where away?" shouted the skipper, jumping into the rigging, and following the direction of the topman's arm we soon saw about one hundred yards distant, cutting through the water and flashing in the sun, the sharp fin of a great fish.


THE LOOKOUT.—"FISH, HO!"

"Luff a little," cried the skipper, to the man who had taken the wheel, and the vessel hauled on the wind and toward the fish we were evidently to meet shortly if each held its course.

The swordfish was making fair time, and as we neared it, the sharp outlines could be plainly seen as it dashed away like a privateer in search of its prey.

"Luff a little," whispered the mate, who now took the deck while the skipper walked out on to the jibboom, unlashed the iron, and took his place in the pulpit, ready for the fray. The line was cleared, and one of the hands took the gayly-colored keg and stood ready to toss it over. Gradually the schooner and fish drew nearer, and finally, by a sign from the mate, the helmsman put the wheel hard down, and the vessel rushed up into the wind, bringing the great fish fairly across the bows.

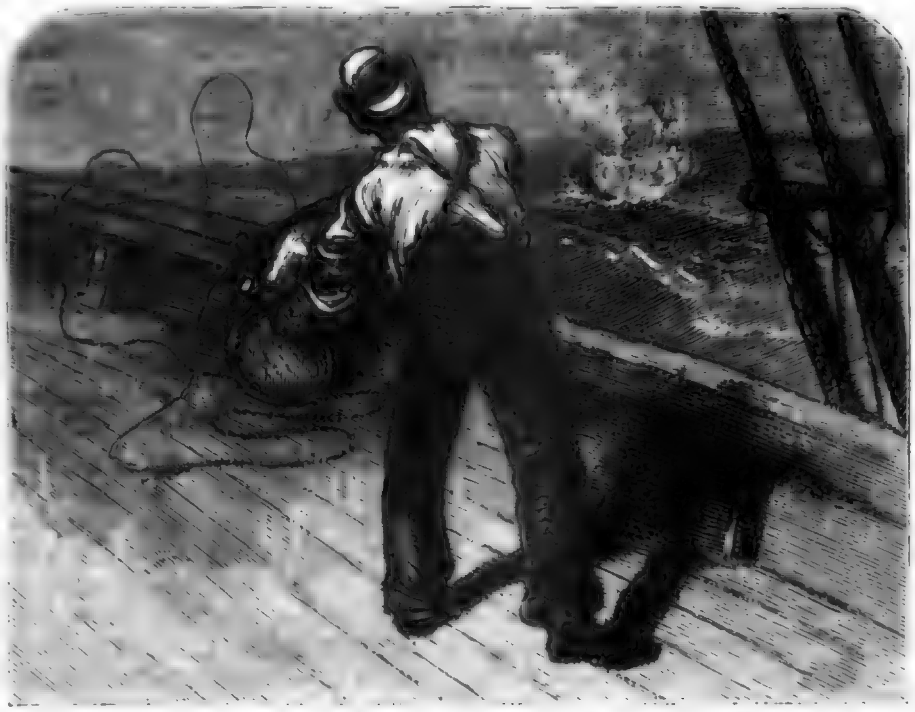
For a moment the skipper's arms were raised; a gleam of steel, a rush of rope, and the metallic lily was buried in the fish, that, hurling its scythe-like tail in the air, covered the harpooner with spray as it dashed away. Another harpoon being lashed on the pulpit, the skipper stepped aboard.

The schooner had now fallen off upon her course and was following the fish, the line hissing out of the tub, and making the wooden side fairly smoke, and the hands dance a wild fandango about it in their efforts to keep it from fouling the rigging.

"Stand clear!" shouted the man with the keg, and with a final hiss the last coil leaped from the tub, the keg going over with a jerk, and rushing away over the sea to tire out the gamy fish.

The vessel now set a big balloon jib in hot pursuit, but another hail from aloft changed the course, and soon the *Laughing Dolly* was falling away sharp to cross the path of another fish; that, however, was found to be asleep.

"I never could make aout," said the skipper, making way for the mate who was to try his hand, "whether they're asleep or what; but most every so'dfish we get, is lyin' still on the surface, and I reckon, if fish *do* sleep, they're a-doin' it."


"'STAND CLEAR!' SHOUTED THE MAN WITH THE KEG."

In a few moments the big balloon-jib was flapping and thundering in the wind; sail was shortened, and we were well aboard the second fish, the harpoon soon sent hissing into the luckless victim, and soon two kegs were in sight to be followed.

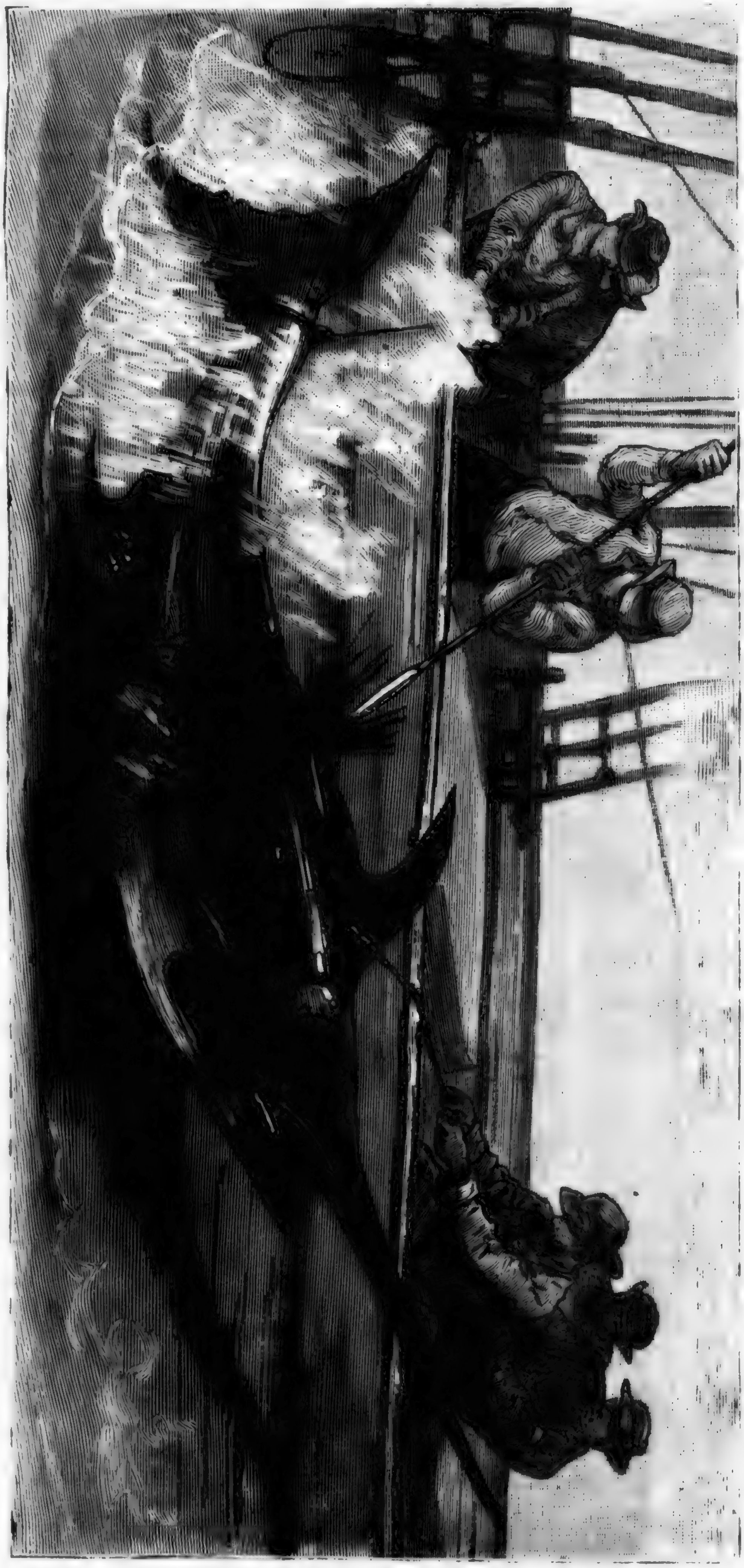
"I've had half a dozen over at one time," said the skipper, "an' I tell ye it makes a man look alive to keep his glimmers on 'em."

A hail from the top now told that we were gaining on the first fish, and it was soon evident from the deck that the powers of the gamy fish were on the wane, and in half an hour the barrel, now stationary, was alongside. The dory that was tossing astern was hauled alongside, and into it tumbled two of the hands, and the writer as volunteer, and, casting off, we pulled for the keg.

"Look aout!" yelled the man in the bow, as he grasped the keg and tossed it into the boat, taking a turn with the line.

But the warning was too late. The fish, feeling the haul, started off, throwing the writer down among the oars and bailers, and, amid the shouts of the lookers-on, we rushed away as if shot out of a gun, huddled in the stern that was high in the air, the bow being buried in foam by the maddened fish.

Under this spurt the schooner was left far astern, and as the speed diminished the men laid hold of the rope, and endeavored to take in the slack. Every movement, however, caused a renewal of the terrific burst of speed; but, as there is an end to all things, we finally gained slowly on the fish, and before long had it alongside and lashed. The writer incautiously looked over the side and attempted to grasp the creature's tail, when, with a tremendous effort, the fish doubled up, cutting a vicious blow over the boat that would have been hard to parry, but the men skillfully caught the sword and lashed it while we awaited the arrival of the schooner, that in the meantime had secured the other fish. Once alongside, a block and tackle were rigged, and the struggling yet helpless monster,

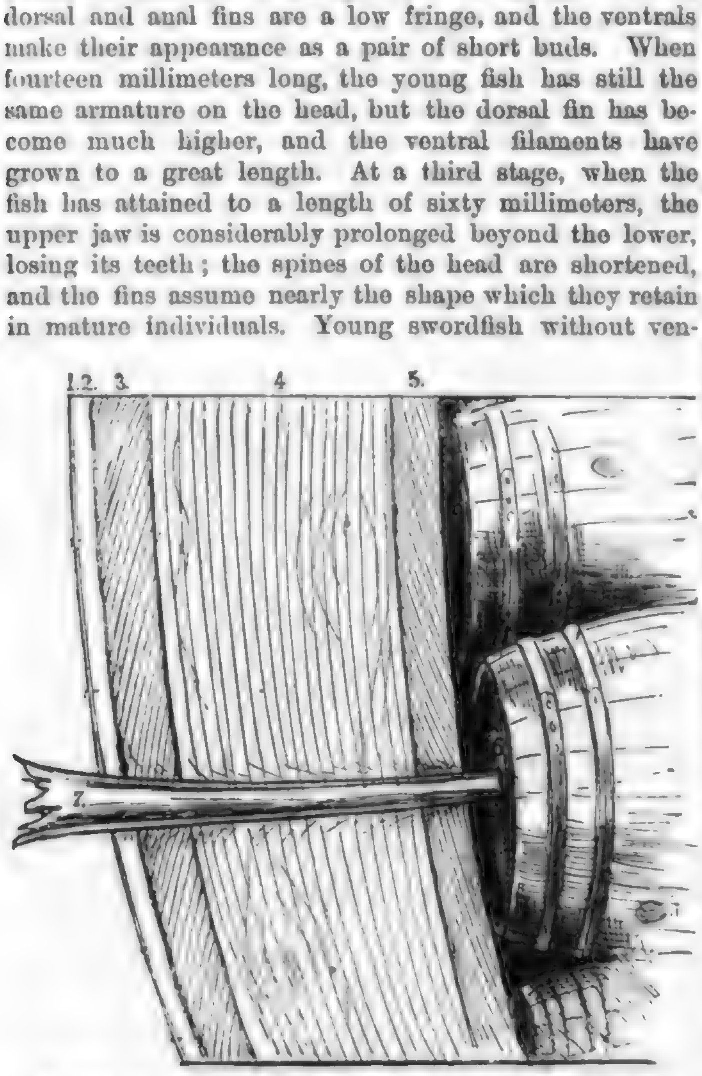


SPEARING THE FISH.

that was fourteen feet long and must have weighed seven hundred pounds, was hoisted aboard, and the vessel was soon on her course for other fields to conquer.

"If yaou ever get hold of their so'd, yaou've got 'em," said the skipper, as we watched the dismemberment of the swordsman. "I've seen 'em sleepin'—if they *do* sleep—and grabbed hold of the so'd and held 'em and brought 'em in shore. Bite? Not often; but I've seen 'em bite at a line; but it's rare. They like to run into a school of bony fish or mackerel and do their own killin'. Some folks say they don't use their so'ds to kill fish, but I've seen 'em do it, an' what's more, I've caught a heap o' fish with their so'd broke off agin the bottom, ships an' whales, and every one of 'em was so poor they didn't amaount to nothin'. No, I never see a young one, and what's more, they don't come araound the coast. I've got a standin' offer of a hundred dollars for the first so'd-fish under a foot long; but it's a safe one, as I say they don't breed here."

This is one of the most interesting facts concerning the swordfish. They do not breed on our shores, evidently crossing the ocean for that purpose, like the tunny and several others. The young have never been nearer our coast than the mid-Atlantic, and then would scarcely be recognized as swordfish, so unlike the parent are they in form. In the young of the genus *Histiophorus* the supra-orbital margin is ciliated; the parietal and præoperculum are prolonged into long spines; the dorsal and anal fins are a low fringe, and the ventrals make their appearance as a pair of short buds. When fourteen millimeters long, the young fish has still the same armature on the head, but the dorsal fin has become much higher, and the ventral filaments have grown to a great length. At a third stage, when the fish has attained to a length of sixty millimeters, the upper jaw is considerably prolonged beyond the lower, losing its teeth; the spines of the head are shortened, and the fins assume nearly the shape which they retain in mature individuals. Young swordfish without ventral fins (*Xiphias*) undergo similar changes, and, besides, their skin is covered with small rough excrescences longitudinally arranged, which continue to be visible after the young fish has in other respects assumed the form of the mature.



SECTION OF HULL OF SHIP "NEPTUNE," OF PLYMOUTH, MASS., SHOWING WOOD AND COPPER PENETRATED BY A SWORDFISH.

1. Copper Sheathing. 2. Inch Board Under-sheathing. 3. Three-inch Hard Wood Plank. 4. Twelve Inches Solid White Oak. 5. Two and one-half Inches Hard Oak Ceiling. 6. Head of Oil Barrel. 7. Sword of Fish, that was broken off immediately by the struggles of the Fish.

The adult fish of the genus *Xiphias* is extremely common upon our eastern shores, and attains a length of fifteen or sixteen feet, and a weight of over one thousand pounds, their fishery forming an important industry from Maine to Long Island, and hundreds of men and vessels being employed. The fish finds a ready market, the meat somewhat resembling mackerel, to which family they are indeed allied. The sword is a prolongation of the upper jaw, and used to cut up its prey, a proceeding they would be unable to accomplish without this, as they have no teeth for the purpose.

From the earliest times swordfishing is mentioned, the sport being described by Strabo and many authorities and naturalists of the early days. Ælian described it as entering rivers, and Southey records one that pierced and killed a man while bathing in the Severn near Worcester.

In the Indian Ocean, Red Sea and Malay Archipelago are found various species of the genus *Histiophorus;* as, *H. Americanus; H. Orientalis; H. pulchellus* and *immaculatus.* Many of these also occur on our own coast. One species in the Indian Ocean attains, it is said, a length of nearly thirty feet, and is a most aggressive antagonist. The dorsal fin is often ten feet in height, and proportionately long; and when the fish is rushing along at the surface it presents a wonderful spectacle, trembling and sparkling in the sunlight, displaying wondrous colors of blue and golden yellow. From a distance it is easily taken for a sail, and, in fact, the fish has given rise to many tales of phantom-ships in the East, and from its sudden appearance and disappearance often caused a panic among the superstitious seamen and natives. So powerful are they that one has been known to pass completely through a large canoe, ripping up its timbers and hurling the occupants into the water, returning to the attack with renewed vigor.

Although the stories that are current concerning vessels that have been struck by swordfish are generally doubted, they are in the main correct, and every year a number of vessels are damaged in this way, and often placed in great danger. The reason for these attacks probably lies in the fact that the swordsmen take the hulls of vessels for living enemies, as, perhaps, the grampus or some of the toothed whales, and this belief is carried out by instances where such attacks have been seen, showing that there is undoubtedly an enmity between some of these monsters of the sea.

The spearfish, known scientifically as the *Tetrapturus albidus*, also has been known to attack vessels and do much damage. Some of the most remarkable instances have been reported to Professor G. Brown Gorde, and placed on record at the Smithsonian. In the Philadelphia Academy of Science and the Boston Natural History Society can be seen sections of some of the vessels thus injured. One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the whaleship *Neptune*, that put into Plymouth, Mass., in 1827. When unloading her barrels of oil, in the head of one was found, sticking half an inch, the tip end of the weapon of a swordfish that had penetrated the hull, and so nicely had it lodged that not a drop of oil had escaped. To accomplish this the sword first penetrated the copper sheathing, then an inch board under-sheathing, then a three-inch plank of hard wood, through a solid white oak timber one foot in thickness, into a two and a half inch hard oak ceiling, and finally into the head of the oil-barrel. The reader can estimate the force required to do all this, and the amount of powder it would take to drive a ball into the same position.

The late Frank Buckland was called on to testify in court as to the power of one of these fishes in the case of the ship *Dreadnaught*. She was classed A1 at Lloyds, and had been insured for £3,000 against all the risks of the seas. She sailed in March, 1864, from Colombo for London. Three days later the crew, while fishing, hooked a swordfish, that, however, broke the line, and a few moments after leaped half out of the water, with the object, it should seem, of taking a look at his persecutor, the *Dreadnaught*. He undoubtedly satisfied himself that the enemy was some abnormally large cetacean, which it was his natural duty to attack forthwith. Whether this be so or not, the attack was made, and early the next morning the captain was awakened with the unwelcome intelligence that the vessel had sprung a leak. She was taken back to Colombo, and thence to Cochin, where she was hove down. Near the keel was found a round hole an inch in diameter, running completely through the copper sheathing and planking.

As attacks by swordfish are included among sea risks, the insurance company was willing to pay the damages claimed by the owners of the ship if it could only be proved that the hole had really been made by a swordfish. No instance had ever been recorded in which a swordfish had been able to withdraw his sword after attacking a ship. A defense was founded on the possibility that the hole had been made in some other way. Professor Owen and Mr. Buckland both gave their evidence, but neither of them could state quite positively whether a swordfish which had passed its beak through three inches of stout planking could withdraw without the loss of its sword. Mr. Buckland said that fish have no power of "backing," and expressed his belief that he could hold a swordfish by the beak; but, then, he admitted that the fish had considerable lateral power, and might so "wriggle its sword out of a hole." So the insurance company had to pay nearly six hundred pounds, because an ill-tempered fish objected to be hooked, and took its revenge by running full tilt against copper sheathing and oak planking.

Nor are these accidents to vessels all confined to foreign waters. In 1871 the swordfisherman *Red Hot* was struck and sent to the bottom by a swordfish off New Bedford, Mass. She was afterward raised and used by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian, in the service of the Fish Commission.

An account is given of the Gloucester schooner *Wyoming* that was attacked by a swordfish in the night-time while on a trip to George's Banks. He assailed the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of her planks some two feet, and after making fearful struggles to extricate himself, broke his sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. It was fortunate that he did not succeed in drawing out his sword, as the aperture would undoubtedly have made a leak sufficient to have sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly, requiring pretty lively pumping to keep her free.

Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, struck a swordfish a few years ago, from a thirty-feet boat, forty miles southwest of No Man's Land, and, throwing overboard the keg, he tacked, and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it, the man at the masthead called out, "Why, here he is, right alongside." The fish was then some ten feet from the boat and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about two feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar, an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been "stove" by swordfish on our coast, but nearly always after the fish had been struck.

The Mystic fishermen have their quota of tales about the swordfish, and the smack *Evergreen*, from that place, was nearly sunk by one of these monsters. In October she started on a voyage to Key West, in company with another fishing-vessel. When off Cape Hatteras, the wind blew heavily from the northeast, and the smack was under double-reefed sails. At ten o'clock in the evening they were struck by a "woho," which shocked the vessel all over. The smack was leaking badly, and they signaled to the other vessel to keep close by them. The next morning they found the leak and both smacks kept off to Charleston. On arrival they took out the ballast, hove her out, and found that the sword had gone through the planking, timber and ceiling. The plank was two inches thick, the timber two inches, and the ceiling one and a half inches, white oak. The sword projected two inches through the ceiling, on the inside of the "after run." It struck close by a butt on the outside, which caused the leak. They took out and replaced a piece of the plank, and proceeded on their voyage.

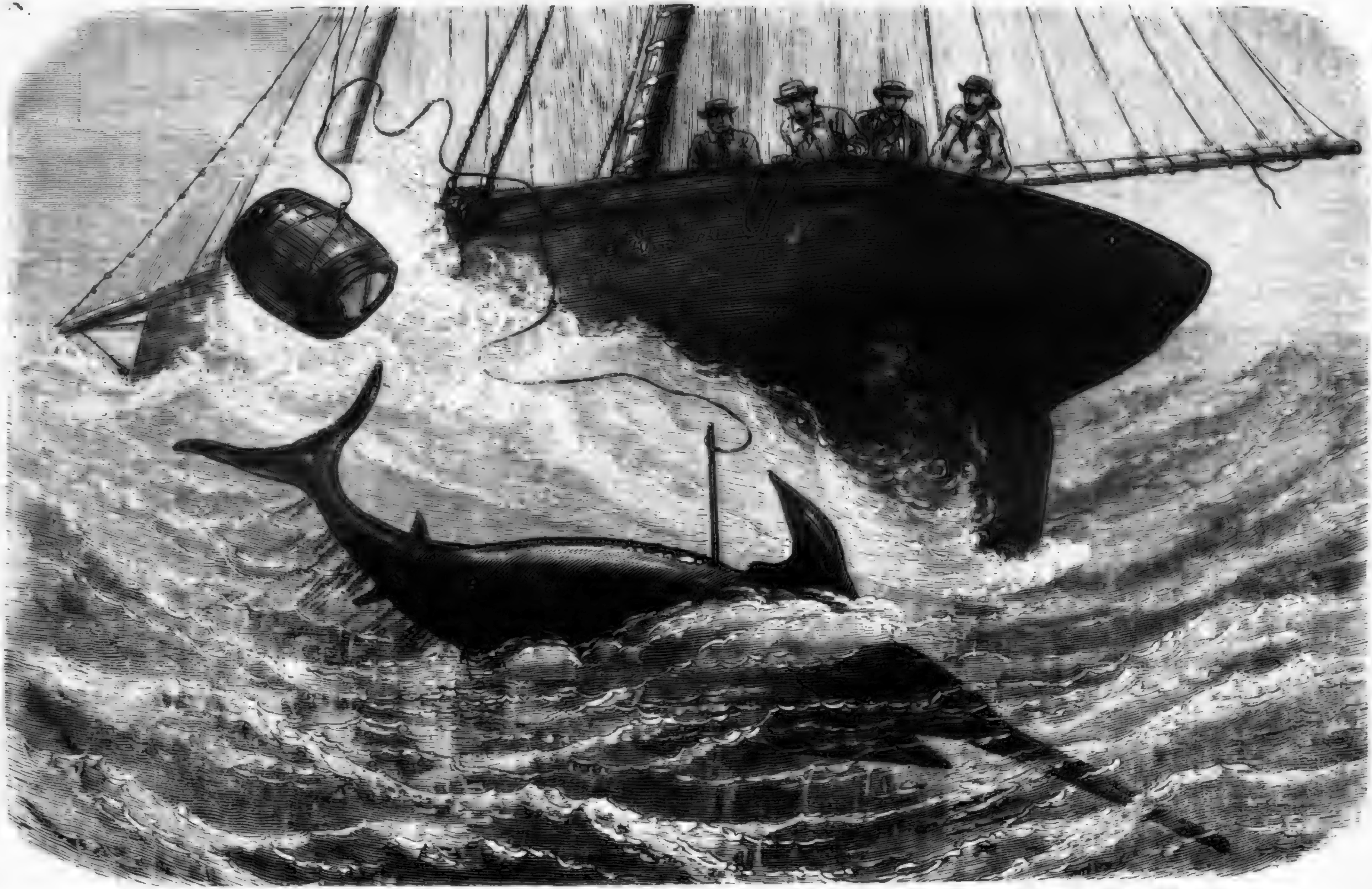
Every year such attacks are made and recorded in the local papers, and if all were collected it would show the swordfish to be one of the most dangerous as well as valuable of the finny tribe.

In the course of the day the *Laughing Dolly* secured five more swordfish, and as we had reached well down toward the Isles of Shoals, the skipper bore away for Gloucester to find a market for his fish.

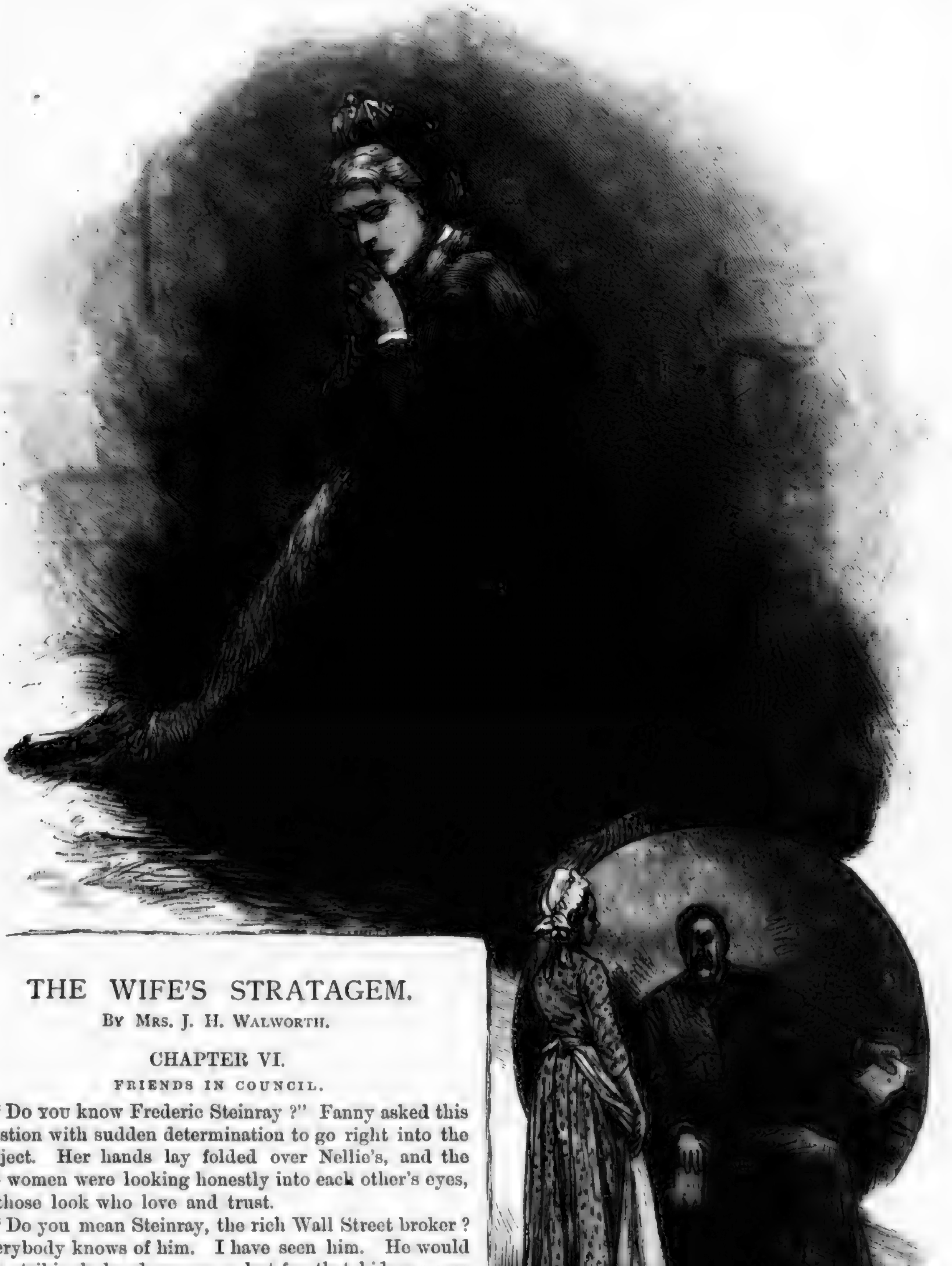
"WEED" AND "PLANT."

"A WEED has been defined as a plant, the use of which is not yet discovered. If the definition be correct there are few weeds. For the researches of others besides human investigators must be taken into account . . . . Why should men be so provincial as to pronounce anything worthless merely because *they* can do nothing with it? The clover is not without value although the robin and the oriole may agree to think so. We know better; and so do the rabbits and the humble bees. The wise respect their own quality wherever they see it, and are thankful for a good hint from no matter what quarter. Here is a worthy neighbor of mine whom I hear every Summer complaining of the chicory plants which disfigure the roadside in front of her windows . . . . But I never pass the spot in August (I do not pass it at all after that) without seeing that hers is only one side of the story. My approach is sure to startle a few goldfinches (and they, too, are most estimable neighbors), to whom these scraggy herbs are quite as useful as my excellent lady's apple-trees and pear-trees are to her. I watch them as they circle about in musical undulations, and then drop down again to finish their repast; and I perceive that, in spite of its unsightliness, the chicory is not a weed—its use has been discovered."

TO-MORROW is the fatal time when all is to be rectified.



AN OCEAN SWORDSMAN.—"THE KEG GOING OVER WITH A JERK, AND RUSHING AWAY OVER THE SEA TO TIRE OUT THE GAMY FISH."—SEE PAGE 571.



THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.—"SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES FOR A MOMENT OF PRAYER." . . . "'DID YOU RING, SIR?' SHE ASKED, STANDING DEMURELY BEFORE HIM. HE WAS AS STERN AS A JUDGE ABOUT TO PASS SENTENCE OF DEATH."

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

"Do you know Frederic Steinray?" Fanny asked this question with sudden determination to go right into the subject. Her hands lay folded over Nellie's, and the two women were looking honestly into each other's eyes, as those look who love and trust.

"Do you mean Steinray, the rich Wall Street broker? Everybody knows of him. I have seen him. He would be a strikingly handsome man, but for that hideous scar across his cheek. Does any woman know him? I have heard that he is the most implacable woman-hater extant."

"He is—but—I know him. He dined with us last night."

"What! Then you've made a conquest of him! Score one for the handsome Mrs. Wimple!" She was unconsciously paraphrasing the woman-hater's own words. "I have heard it said that he has never sought a woman's presence since his early manhood. No one knows how he got that hideous disfigurement. At least, no one that I know."

"I know," said Mrs. Wimple, in a low voice that was almost a shudder, and the white lids drooped over her eyes.

"You?—you know?"

"Yes; I gave it him," she whispered, huskily.

"Fanny Wimple, are you crazy?" Miss Raymond unclasped her arms and drew far back on the hassock to sit bolt upright and stare at her friend wonderingly in the face.

"No; not crazy, Nellie, but the unhappiest woman that ever lived. Let me tell you about it. In my girlhood, that man insulted me. He tried to force a kiss from me. He thought the farmer's daughter was fair game for the dashing city boarder. In my fury, without thinking of anything but self-defense, I struck him with my heavy raw-hide riding-whip and laid the flesh open. I did not know there was so much strength in this puny arm, but that blow has recoiled on myself."

"I don't wonder," said Nellie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "that he has eschewed kissing ever since. But what about the recoil?"

"He is going to ruin my husband, and all to be revenged on me."

"But, Fanny, in the name of common sense, how can one man ruin another just to spite a woman? Is your husband a piece of putty for this man to punch into shape, or out of shape, at his own wrathful will?"

"No; but Horace has fallen into trouble of some sort, and Steinray has gotten him into his power; how, I cannot tell you. Oh, Nellie, you've always had such a cool, clever head, tell me how to manage this horrible business?"

"With all due deference to the mouse that liberated the lion, my dear, I really cannot see that there is anything for you to do. You know, women are so much more hampered than mice. A mouse has so much larger liberty than a woman."

"I will tell you what I have done. I went to him this morning and told him that I demanded proof of an assertion he made to me last night, that he had it in his power not only to ruin, but disgrace, my husband. He has convinced me that he made no idle threat."

"Why don't you tell your husband? Directness is always safe."

"I dare not!" said Fanny, in a low voice.

"Dare not?"

"Dare not, for more reasons than one. It would crush Horace to the earth to discover that I knew anything to his discredit. Men are not like women. If a woman loves a man she'll keep on loving him the darker his lot grows. She will follow him to the convict's cell if need be, but Horace would never forgive me the simple knowledge of his disgrace. The other and the more binding reason is, that Frederic Steinray says—and oh, Nellie, he means it, too—that the moment I let Horace know of his danger, I seal his doom. I am obliged to be quiescent. He told me, I suppose, only to prolong my agony."

"Why don't you tell your brother?" asked Nellie, in that calmly practical way which was her only way.

"Tell Dick? I'd die before I would give him the privilege of looking down on Horace. I have telegraphed him to come to me. And he must raise the money for me. But he shall not know of Horace's condition, or of his peril."

"Excuse me, dear, but, then, why do you tell me?"

"Because, if there is anything in woman's wit, you will be able to tell me how to pierce the armor of this cruel cynic, and save my husband. Oh, Nellie, you were Horace's friend before you were mine. For his sake, not my own, tell me what to do?"

Miss Raymond rose abruptly from her seat on the low stool and walked suddenly away from Fanny toward the alcove, where she stood half hidden by the long lace curtains. She made a pretty picture there, with her soft blue cashmere morning-dress, trimmed with billows of white lace; with her black hair caught carelessly up in a golden arrow; with her great brown eyes fastened meditatively on the yellow throat of her canary, who was pouring out a perfect cascade of song in thankfulness for the bright sunshine that gilded his prison-bars afresh. She came back presently with a grave face.

"You must give me time to think, Fanny," she said. "Your statement is certainly a startling one. Yes, I was Horace Wimple's friend long years ago; but not as you fancy. I never loved him, nor he me. I know the world has imagined differently. But when you and he first came together at my house I could honestly forward your love-making, and encourage you to accept him finally, for I knew him to be a gentleman. I still know him to be that. That he may have become involved in Wall Street is not unlikely. Perhaps he has been a little weak, but nothing worse. No," she added, with a far-away look in her brown eyes, "I have not yet met my fate. He must be very strong, very strong—my conqueror! Now, then," as the silvery-voiced clock on her mantel-shelf struck the half-past eleven, "I am due at Amelia Bedford's lunch at one, and here am I in gown and slippers yet. If you won't mind sitting still while I make what I call one of my lightning-express toilets, I will drive you home. I think my grays will carry you more comfortably than the municipal teams."

"I will wait. Perhaps you will think of some plan before we separate. Oh! if I am not indeed the helpless butterfly my poor husband compared me to, I must find some way to ward off this blow."

"Did Horace ever compare you to a butterfly?" Nellie asked, bustling about in the cause of personal adornment with stirring activity. "That is so like the very best of men. I sometimes think they mean to be complimentary when they pick out a type of absolute helplessness to liken us unto. He must be more just than that, my conqueror."

"I know a man," said Fanny, fastening her eyes admiringly upon her beautiful friend, "who would fill your ideas of the moral and mental man to perfection. He is strong and tender, sweet and brave, gentle and adamantine, true and loyal!"

"Admirable!" said Nellie, gazing into her mirror and pinning her lace collar with a flashing diamond pin. "How about the physical man? I am not so spiritually minded as to yield myself a victim to any man, be he the living exponent of all the moral excellencies conceivable, unless he is good to look upon."

"He is a Viking and an Adonis in one."

"Adorable! Bring him to me, and let me fling myself and fortune at his feet," said Nellie, gayly, as she stood equipped for the drive all save the buttoning of her long kid gloves.

"You would not give him a second thought," said Mrs. Wimple, rising and gathering her mantle up over her shoulders.

"And pray why not?"

"Because he does not belong to the gilded youth of the age. It is only Dick, my farmer brother. I was describing him simply *pour passer le temps.*"

"Unless you will bring him to see me how can you judge of the sort of impression we would make on each other. You are looking for him. Bring him around."

"Yes, he will come immediately in response to my telegram. Dear old Dick, it will hurt him to sell the farm; but it must be done. No, I will not bring him around."

"My dear child, don't dispose of things in such a summary fashion. I sha'n't have you off my mind all to-day. I have asked you to give me time to think up some plan for circumventing this rabid woman-hater. If you really think as much of my cool and clear head as you profess to, give it an opportunity to show what it can evolve. I will come to you with the result. Do try to look less tragic."

And with this understanding Mrs. Wimple was finally deposited at her own door, and Miss Raymond was driven off to the luncheon of Miss Amelia Bedford, where she arrived late enough to receive the rapturous welcome of all the other invited guests.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK ENCOUNTERS SISTER ELIZA.

In her impatience to communicate her perplexities to her brother, Mrs. Wimple ordered the carriage at three o'clock and drove to the Grand Central Depot, resolved on being there for the first train upon which he could possibly arrive, according to her calculations; but either she over-estimated the distance between her city home and the old farm up in Westchester County, or underestimated the speed of telegraph, railroad train and Dick's loving anxiety, for scarcely had she been whirled out of sight of her house, before a stalwart young farmer, dressed in a shaggy business suit of pepper and salt, sprang lightly up the broad stone steps of the Wimple mansion, rang the bell, and requested to see "the lady of the house."

After coolly surveying him from head to foot, Mrs. Wimple's excessively genteel footman informed him that the madam was gone for a drive.

"I'll wait for her, then," said Dick, placidly putting the genteel servitor aside, and, walking past him, he entered the first door he came to. It was a handsome room, and he sauntered leisurely about it with his hands in his pockets, examining the vast accumulations of *bric-à-brac* and many tokens of luxury.

Fan's fixed up pretty genteel," he said, musingly. "Wimple's done the handsome thing by her in way of a cage. Let me see, three years; no, by George, it's most four years since he robbed the old nest of its song-bird. It was hard on father to give her up. Hard on me, too. Fan was our sunshine; but we never let on. She's been happy. She's bound to be, you know. Every woman's happy when she's got everything she wants." His peregrinations here brought him in front of a long mirror. He started and surveyed himself discontentedly. "By George," he exclaimed, aloud, "this furniture ain't becoming to me. I wonder if Fan'll think I look like a country Jake!"

He did not observe Mrs. Prior's catlike entrance; did not know she was standing just within the *portières* holding a small hearth-broom rigidly by her side, while she surveyed Dick with even more deliberation and disapproval than the footman had. She caught his self-condemnatory words and answered them with a toss of the head which might have been translated into an assertion that, whatever views Mrs. Wimple might entertain, Mrs. Prior's were altogether adverse.

"Young man," she said at last, with sharp intonation, advancing further into the room.

Dick faced suddenly about, and making one of his very best bows, said, quaintly:

"Servant, madam."

"Servant, indeed," Mrs. Prior was thinking to herself: "I should say that was just what he was cut out for," while to Dick: "Did you ask to see me?"

She looked sourly at the young man's sturdy boots, and advancing, furtively dashed the hearth-broom, with which she was always armed, across a dingy spot on the light carpet, suspiciously near Dick's feet.

Dick moved amiably to another spot as he answered:

"No, madam; I asked to see the lady of the house."

"Well," said Mrs. Prior, folding her hands about the handle of the broom, held suspended in front of her, "under some circumstances that expression becomes ambiguous. If you meant by the lady of the house the individual who keeps the house and bears the burdens, the servant was right in informing me of your presence. If you meant by the lady of the house the one who does the dressing and the ornamental observances, he made a mistake. I suppose, perhaps, he mistook you for a marketman."

She advanced and viciously brightened another dull spot on the carpet close to Dick's heels.

Mrs. Prior had never forgiven her brother's selection of a wife from the rural districts, and shrewdly suspecting this to be another member of the family, for whom she reserved her most acrimonious side, she was careless of any amount of offense given. She was bent on nipping any socialistic tendencies this sturdy young farmer might be developing.

Dick laughed and moved hastily aside as he answered:

"You make sweeping assertions, madame. Is it city style to invite marketmen into the parlor? Come to think of it, though, I invited myself in. Will the lady who keeps the house and bears the burdens, be so kind as to inform the lady who does the ornamental, that her brother, Dick Martin, is here?"

He raised his hat ceremoniously. I am ashamed to acknowledge that all this time it had been placidly resting on Dick's short, crisp, brown curls.

"Oh! I knew you, Mr. Martin. I supposed it was you from a general family likeness to your sister. Mrs. Wimple is out. She most generally is out. She will be glad to see you."

Another fleck of mud close to Dick's heels here received her individual attention.

To Dick Martin's broad breezy nature, in which no small spite could possibly find lodgment, Mrs. Prior's fussy tidiness was simply inexpressibly funny. He never thought of making a personal grievance out of it. He smilingly followed her energetic movements with his great, honest blue eyes, saying at last, apologetically, with a flashing smile:

"I'm afraid I've given you some trouble, madam."

"I'm used to it," said Mrs. Prior, plaintively, while Dick thought within himself that this, perhaps, was what Fan meant in that excited telegram when she said something was "running her crazy."

Mrs. Prior suddenly jerked up a rug, and spreading it in front of a sofa, said:

"Sit down, Mr. Martin, sit down. Your sister is out, as usual; but I might as well improve the occasion to have a little plain talk with you."

Dick seated himself, planting his feet conspicuously on the rug, wondering within himself what degree of plainness Mrs. Prior's talk could achieve.

XUM

"I hope Fan's not poorly?" he said, a trifle anxiously, as she condescendingly seated herself on the sofa by his side.

"Not which, Mr. Martin?" she asked, ostentatiously affecting deafness. He was a rustic, you know! Insufferably so!

"Not poorly? Not off her feed, as we farmers say? Not sick?"

"Oh! no, not at all. Your sister is fond of the open air, that is all, and as she really has nothing to do in the house but mope, she might as well be riding as not."

"Nothing to do but mope! Why, that don't sound a bit like our Fan. She used to be up with the sun, a-stirring round at something or other, a-pulling flowers, or a-fixing bouquets, or gathering eggs, or skimming the cream for breakfast. Oh, she was a daisy of a girl before pa sent her off to this here hotbed to be pushed into bloom. 'Finish off,' I believe you call it. Fan ain't the only girl that's been finished off to her own hurt in this great headquarters for humbug. But she's happy. Oh, yes, she's been happy. I haven't had any occasion to come to her house to see her, but she used to find her way to us in Summer, and I know Wimple's been good to our Fanny, so what's she moping about?"

Mrs. Prior looked at him so solemnly that he could feel the goose-flesh creeping over his arms.

"Young man," she said, "if there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is my moral courage, that sort of courage that enables a person to tell the truth in spite of the world. Poor, dear Prior used to say I possessed that virtue to an almost dangerous degree."

"Poor, dear Prior's head was——"

Dick stopped, in dismay. How could he finish his flippant sentence with that basilisk gaze fixed upon him?

"What were you about to observe?" Mrs. Prior asked, icily.

"I was about to observe," says Dick, offering an amendment, "that the lamented Mr. Prior, whoever he may have been, was, doubtless, a close observer of human nature."

"You are right; he was. Mr. Prior was my husband. Your sister's husband is my brother. Perhaps the connection has not been of importance enough in her estimation to be mentioned."

"Nothing but forgetfulness on my part, my dear madam. Doubtless Fanny has never failed to do you justice on all occasions." Dick felt self-convicted of ambiguity.

"I was about to say," Mrs. Prior resumed, majestically waiving that point, "that I believe you are Mrs. Wimple's only living relative."

"Yes, 'm, I'm all that Fan's got beside Wimple. Ma died when we was both little shavers, and pa, well, poor pa was always a sort of say-nothing fellow, but he never was the same man after Fan left us. He missed his song-bird, you know. The sun didn't seem to shine the same on the old farm after Wimple took her from us. But Fan wouldn't look at any of the farmer boys after she'd lived here a year. So pa let Wimple take her without ever giving a sign of how hard he was hit. Pa's gone, too, now, and Fan don't come to the old farm, regular as she used to. It wouldn't be worth while, seeing there's only me left. I'm only Dick."

"Well, as I was about to say, Mr. Dick, on the whole I believe I am glad you are here. Fanny really should be talked to by some one she will listen to."

"Then it ain't all right with Fan?" he said, more anxiously still. "Fanny never was one of the obstreperous sort. You say she ought to be talked to by somebody she'll listen to. Why, what's wrong?" Then, with a sudden flush of shame mounting from his cheeks up to the broad forehead that lay white and smooth under his brown hair, Dick said, quickly, "But, hold on, this is beastly. If there's anything awry in my sister's heart or home, I prefer hearing it from her, and I will not hear it from anybody else."

"As you please," said Mrs. Prior, rising with offended dignity. "That there is something wrong, I assert positively. Whether your sister will be willing to make a clear statement, remains to be seen."

With this cruelly vague statement, Mrs. Prior swept from the room by one door, only a second before Mrs. Wimple hastily entered by another, and flew rapturously into her brother's arms.

"You precious old Dick! I knew you would come when I wrote that I wanted you."

Dick stroked her cheek fondly, as he answered, "Of course you did, honey! Hasn't Dick been doing just whatever you told him to do, ever since the days when you used to harness him to your little wagon and drive him down to the creek for a load of pebbles?"

Fanny laughed, and drew him with her to a sofa. Her face was aglow with happiness at Dick's near proximity. Dick, so big and tender and true and wise! She was so sure that he could and would straighten out the snarl they had all gotten into, that she could afford to dally with fond memories.

"Oh, those dear, happy days! And my dear little old wagon! I suppose you've made kindling wood of it long ago, haven't you, Dick?"

Dick looked at her reproachfully.

"Kindling wood, indeed! Now, Fan, as if you didn't know that everything you ever prized, pa and me placed above gold!"

"I—— Dick, dear!" Mrs. Wimple winced at his bad grammar, and wondered if it would be possible for Nellie Raymond to appreciate his true nobility combined with his perfect physical beauty, in spite of bad grammar. Nellie was so fastidious about men.

"I?" Dick echoed, a trifle puzzled.

"Yes; pa and I. Not pa and me! Oh, Dick!"

"Well, I know better, of course, Fan; but when a fellow spends his life raisin' stock and cradlin' wheat, grammar and fine shoes don't assume their proper proportions, which reminds me——"

He stooped and carefully adjusted the rug under his feet.

"Why, what is the meaning of that?" Mrs. Wimple asked, following his actions with surprised eyes.

Dick laughed, explosively, then said:

"Oh, nothing worth mentioning. There was an old party in here who tried to winnow me out, only her machine wasn't quite big enough. Now, song-bird, I think Dick has found the cat in the meal-tub!"

"Found what, Dick?"

"Well, I can account for the milk in the cocoanut."

"Can do what, Dick?"

She was determined not to understand him until he put it in purer English.

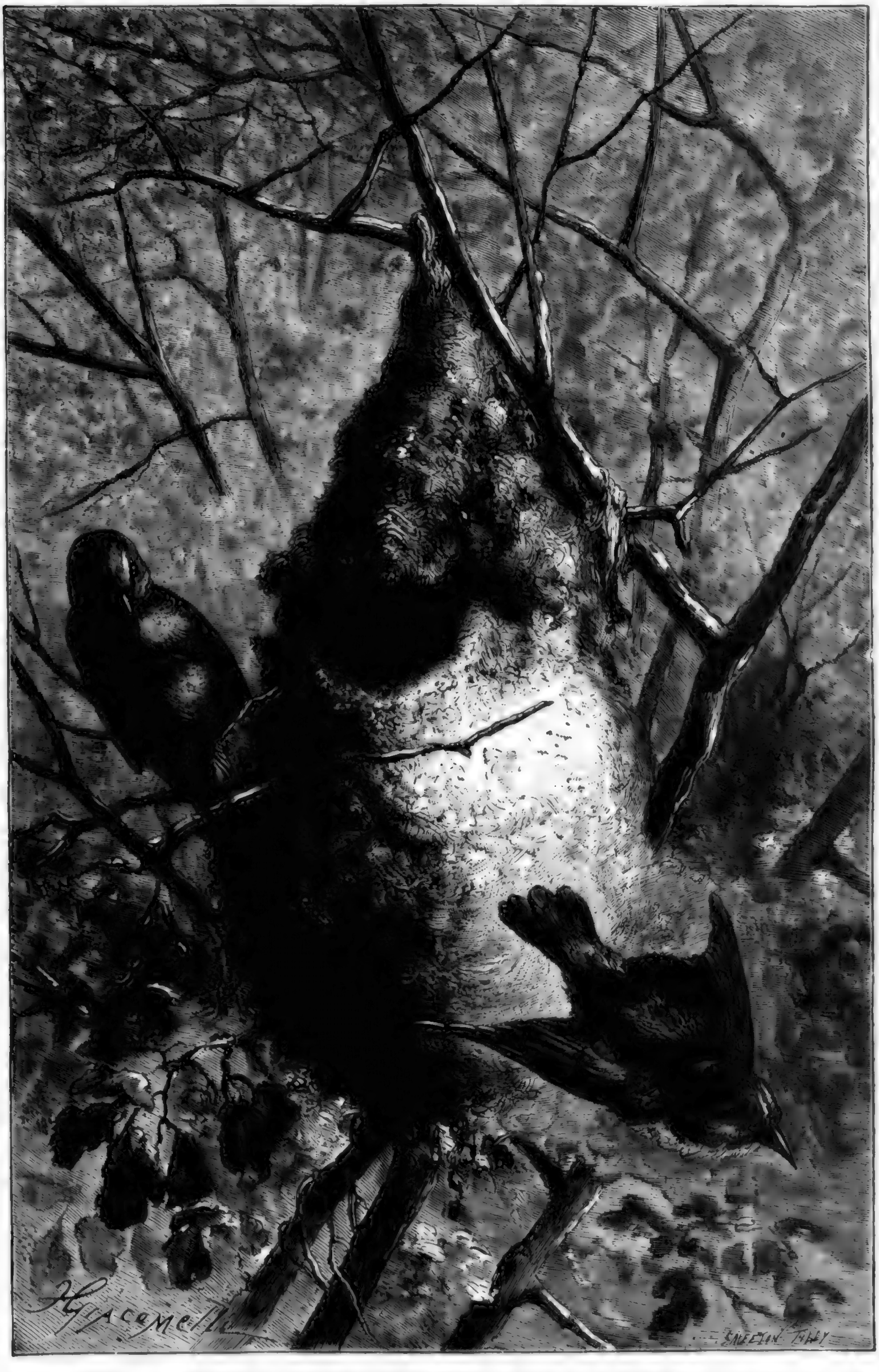
"Oh, hang it all, I perceive where the hitch is."

"I am still in the dark."

"Didn't you write me you were in a peck of trouble, Fan?"

"Yes, I did; and, oh, Dick——"

"Well, little sis, all I've got to say is that you drew it mildly. I should call it a bushel, or the very largest denomination known to dry measure."


H. Giacomelli

THE DICÆA MIGNON AND ITS NEST.—DRAWN BY GIACOMELLI.

Mrs. Wimple looked at him in alarm.

"Why, what do you know about my trouble, Dick?"

"Chronic case of sister-in-law, hey, honey?"

Fanny laughed so merrily and naturally at this that Dick's worst fears were relieved, and he rubbed his hands gleefully.

"That's good! You've got a new pucker in the corners of your mouth, pet. I was afraid it might be an anti-laugh pucker. You know poor pa used to say he'd rather hear you laugh than Jenny Lind sing. I was afraid you'd forgotten how."

Then it came over Mrs. Wimple, with a rush, that she was sitting there laughing and chatting with Dick about trivial matters, while Horace, the dearest object in life to her, was in peril, how great or how imminent she did not know. He would be arriving home to dinner presently, and Dick must know all about it before he came. There would be no opportunity for conference afterward. The nervous strain she had been under all day; the tense anxiety concerning the manner of statement she must make to Dick to secure her end; all coming upon her at the moment when Dick had made allusion to the tender, love-begirt days of her girlhood, was too much for her overstrained nerves, and from musical laughter she passed first into gusty sobs, then into a torrent of tears that Dick was powerless to quench, and before which he sat bewildered, distressed and yearning to pick her up in his great strong arms and to carry her away from all this glitter and luxury back to the dear old farm where he now lived alone among the memories of the loved and departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

INSTEAD, he got up and walked over to the great bay-window, where was a profusion of tropical plants in pots, and stood there ruthlessly prodding holes into a big banana-leaf with his long forefinger.

If this was any trouble between Fanny and her husband, how powerless he was to advise or to remedy! He never would interfere. Fan might beg him on her knees.

While she was wondering wofully how she could help Horace without betraying him.

"Dick!" she called to him, plaintively.

He was back by her side in a moment.

"Well, dearie."

"Oh, brother, you must help me! I have no one on earth to call on but you."

"To do what, my darling? Do be a little less obscure."

Poor Fanny, how could she help being obscure when she dare not tell him the truth in its entirety? She must make a demand for money without letting Dick know that ruin and disgrace hung over her husband. There was no use compromising.

"Dick," she said, suddenly, "I want some money."

He smiled broadly in his great relief, and thrust his hand promptly into the capacious pocket of his trousers.

"Why, bless my soul, darling, is that all? Five, ten, fifteen, twenty—name your figures, Fan, or help yourself, rather."

He extended a bulky pocket-book toward her.

She put out her hand, repellently.

"Put back your pocket-book, Dick; I want thousands. I want, oh, Dick, I don't know how much I do want, it's so much!"

She covered her face with her trembling hands, and fell to sobbing violently. Dick took her hands down and looked sternly in her face, as he asked:

"Fanny, what does this mean? It begins to have an ugly look! Tell me, child, and, whatever it may be, don't be afraid to tell Dick the truth! Dick, who has been standing between you and trouble all your life! When I thought you had gotten into a little tangle over a bonnet-bill, or an unpaid dressmaker, I was glad enough to think I could help you out, for I know women sometimes feel foolish about owning up such things to their husbands; but when you come to talk of thousands, and say, with a white, scared face—your face is white and scared, Fanny—that you don't know how much you want, it looks ugly, Fan, monstrous ugly! What am I to think, little sister? what can I think?"

She was looking at him now with stony composure. She had herself, finally, well in hand.

"I don't know what you are to think, Dick, only I must have the money! I must have it—not less than six thousand dollars! Do you understand, Dick, must have it; even if you have to sell the old farm to raise it for me?"

He seized her hands in both his, and searched for the truth in her eyes with all the agony of his honest soul showing in his own:

"Must have it, Fanny?"

"Must have it," she answered, resolutely; but her eyes dropped before his steadfast gaze.

He flung her hands from him with an angry gesture, and yet his words were pleading.

"Child, what have you done? Fanny, my pure, sweet sister, what have you been doing that you dare not go to your husband with this strange demand? He is wealthy and—he is good to you, is he not, Fan?"

"As good as an angel."

"And you love him?"

"Better than I do myself. Oh! my husband," she moaned, bitterly to herself; "does not the bitter humiliation of this moment prove it?"

"And yet you dare not go to him with this trouble?"

"Dare not! Cannot! Will not! Dick, you must sell my interest in the farm at once, brother, and bring me the money."

"Sell the farm, Fanny, or even one acre of it? Sell the old home, where you and I were born; where father and mother and their fathers all lie buried? Sell the old home, where you queened it right royally over old and young when you were a happy country girl yourself? Sell the old farm, that is as dear to me as this strong right arm, that has helped to till the soil, boy and man, for thirty peaceful years? Sell the old farm, where, even now, in the lonely evening-times, when I sit on the old stoop in the big, hide-bottomed chair that father used to sit in, I can look out on the little burying-ground under the weeping-willows, and see the white headstones that mark their resting-place standing side by side? And I've planted two rose trees there with my own hands, Fanny, since father died, and I said in my heart some of these days they'll lay me to rest under one of them, and sister Fanny under the other. The thought nor the act didn't come of gloom, dear, and I asked God to let me go first, only I just took it for granted that we'd all lie there together some of these days. It did seem to me, you know, as if there wasn't any other place we could rest in. They are white roses, Fan, and they are growing beautifully, darling. I pruned them only last week. Sell the farm! You're asking me to trade in my heart's blood, girl, and in father's and mother's ashes. I'll never do it—no, never!"

"Not even to save—me—from—disgrace, Dick ?"

The words came from her lips in gasps.

"Disgrace ! Disgrace, sister ! Save you from disgrace !"

"Save me."

"Disgrace and Martin were never coupled before," he said, with bitter emphasis.

He walked away from her once more.

"You will get me the money ? Oh ! brother, say that you will !"

He faced toward her, but stood coldly aloof with arms folded.

"When you tell me the whole truth I will consider it. I know this place has many and fearful temptations. I know that women do strange and bold things in the giddy circles of fashionable life here. I've even heard of their gambling in Wall Street, just like the men who go mad or turn fool as soon as they breathe its foul, tainted air. Is that your trouble, Fanny ? Will you not tell your brother ? Have you used money that your husband gave you for other purposes in such a mad, wild way ? My poor child, are you so far gone ?"

Fanny's head dropped upon her breast. He took her stubborn silence for assent. Then his patience was exhausted, and in his most unrelenting tones he said, taking up his hat as he spoke :

"Then you have lost your brother ! I will see you through this trouble, after which you and I lose sight of each other for ever."

He stood for a moment with his hand on the door-handle to give her yet another moment for reflection and confession. It was a long moment of agony to them both. No words came from her tightly compressed lips. She would not even look at him. He heaved a sigh that smote upon her heart sorely, then turned and walked slowly out of the room and out of the house. Very slowly ! He hoped yet he might hear her call him back ; but she did not. She heard the heavy front door swing behind him, and knew that Dick would be as good as his word. He would bring her the money, but he would never forgive her !

"I have saved my husband but lost my brother," she moaned, rocking to and fro in her misery and her helplessness. Then she lay back upon the sofa, so cold and white and still that she might have passed for ever from this troublesome world for all outward sign of vitality. How long she had lain there thus motionless she did not know. When she roused herself the gas in the library, which opened into the back drawing-room where she and Dick had held their stormy interview, was burning brightly. Her own room lay in the gloom of gathering nightfall. In the mirror opposite the sofa where she sat, she saw her husband bending over an open desk. He was throwing the papers about recklessly. His face was pale, and his whole manner betokened intense excitement. She got up and went toward him eagerly. He started when he saw her gliding through the folding-doors, but soon regained his composure.

"You here ?" he said, coldly, and turned back to the desk. Whenever before had Horace failed of giving her a kiss in greeting ?

"You are home early to dinner," she said, grown suddenly timorous under this harshness. "Shall I hurry Thomas ?"

"Thanks, no ; Sister Eliza has attended to my wants. I came up from my office simply to search for some very important papers that have disappeared most mysteriously. I shall not be here long enough for dinner."

"The discovery of your papers in my desk would be almost as mysterious as their disappearance from yours," said his wife, trying to smile over the chaotic disorder he had produced among her papers.

But there was no answering smile in his face. Instead, it was black with gloom. Coming near enough to him to lay her hand on his shoulder, Fanny said, tenderly :

"Husband ! you are in trouble. Is it right to shut me out of it ? Am I not entitled to share it ?"

"Who says I am in trouble ?" he asked, almost savagely ; "who dares say that I am ?"

He was looking at her now harshly and coldly.

"Your face says that you are. My heart dares tell me that you are. Horace, cannot you trust your wife ? Are you afraid of a 'butterfly '? My own, she could not harm you, and she would not fly away from you." He turned and continued recklessly scattering the papers about in the desk. She laid her hand upon his impatiently. "Horace, that is my desk. How could your papers possibly get there ?"

"I scarcely know myself," he said, looking her in the face for a fleet second ; "but treachery may lurk in a woman's cabinet as well as in her heart."

"Treachery !"

She repeated the word after him mechanically.

"Yes, treachery ! Child, child, to think that the last arrow left for me in misfortune's quiver should be dipped in the poison of deceit, and sped by your beloved hand ! I am sorry you came in here. I wanted time to think. I did not want to see you just yet."

"Horace ! Horace ! don't look at me in that way ! Tell me what you mean, my husband. Time to think of what ?"

But he was already out of the room. Gone from her, not slowly and reluctantly, as Dick had gone only an hour or two before, but with the fierce rapidity of a man pursued by some thought that drove him forward in spite of himself. And for the first time in all their married life he was deaf to her voice as she pleaded with him to come back and not to leave her in anger !

CHAPTER IX.

A CRISIS.

She busied herself mechanically with the disordered papers in her desk, too much bewildered and stunned by this new phase of trouble to feel any acute sense of injury or personal resentment.

Horace's great trouble, whatever it might be, had obliterated for a little while all sense of reason. Only for a little while, she said to herself, smiling sadly as she thought of the relief that was to come to him through Dick. He will take back all the strange and unjust things he said to me when his affairs are all straightened out. Poor dear, he has spoiled me so with his goodness that his first harsh word stings like a poisoned arrow."

Her eyes filled with sudden, blinding tears, and she turned the key in the desk, resolved to defer the task of arranging it until to-morrow.

She listened with acutest anxiety for her husband's return at the usual hour that afternoon ; but he did not come. Dinner was announced, but still no Horace. She sat down to table with no more congenial company than Mrs. Prior, who always assumed her most judicial aspect when she and Fanny were left *tête-à-tête*. It was as if she felt specially called on then to guard against any outbreak of frivolity or silliness that might be imminent.

Nourishing in her own unforgiving soul a deathless grudge against the beautiful girl who had won her brother's heart, and been installed mistress in the house where by right of priority she was entitled to the first place, she left nothing undone to place her narrow and unreasonable prejudices conspicuously before her victim, and no amount of gentle consideration or patient endurance on Fanny's part seemed to effect a change.

"Mr. Wimple will not be home to dinner," she said, cautiously, with an air of giving her sister-in-law information, though there was always with her a rankling consciousness that she could never tell Sister Eliza anything about the household affairs not previously known by her.

"I am aware of it," says Mrs. Prior, taking her first mouthful of soup with audible haste.

She never encouraged conversation on Fanny's part. She herself was not one of the sort of women who could not exist half an hour without talking.

"I am afraid," Mrs. Wimple ventured again, taking advantage of the butler's temporary absence from the room, "that Horace is in serious trouble of some sort."

After all, she reasoned within her perplexed soul, this hard, cold woman was Horace's sister, and a great deal older than herself. If they might only discuss his trouble amicably together she might extract a crumb of comfort out of it.

"I am aware of that also," says Mrs. Prior, using her napkin with the spiteful energy that characterized all her actions.

"Has he talked to you about it, Sister Eliza?"

"'It'! What it?" Mrs. Prior asks, tartly.

"His trouble."

"Poor fellow, no. If he were to begin he would scarcely know where to stop."

"I'm sure it's only lately he has given any evidence of gloom or distress of any sort."

"Perhaps it is only lately you have taken any notice of it," said Mrs. Prior, in her most cutting manner.

"I noticed as soon as I saw Horace that he was a changed man."

"A changed man!"

Fanny looked at her in alarm.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Nothing!"

Mrs. Prior's teeth closed on the word like a steel trap.

"But, Sister Eliza, I insist upon your being less vague."

"Oh! well, if you insist I suppose I must. But far be it from me either to act the spy or the traitor in my own brother's house—the house where I was born, and lived peacefully and happily until poor dear Prior persuaded me to leave it."

"Spy! Traitor!"

Fanny picked these two words out of this rambling sentence and repeated them with a questioning air.

"I did say 'spy' and 'traitor,'" said Mrs. Prior, fixing her cold gray eyes relentlessly on the sweet pale face opposite her; "but I must confess they were rather harsh words to use when a body feels impelled to tell the truth, and the whole truth, to a body's only brother for his own peace of mind's sake. I hope I will always find the moral courage to do that, Fanny."

"To do what, Sister Eliza?" Mrs. Wimple put a hand up to her head with a gesture of bewilderment. The day had been almost too full of agitation for her. What was this hard-faced, hard-eyed, hard-voiced woman driving at? "What can you mean?"

"Nothing," Sister Eliza said again, explosively, and the appearance of the dessert closed the discussion. Nor did Fanny care to resume it after their return to the drawing-room. She would gladly have taken refuge in her private apartments, and there, secure from intrusion, have cried herself into a more serene frame of mind. But Horace should not come back and find Sister Eliza alone waiting to welcome him! He should not think she had gone sulking off to bed because of a few ugly words that had all come from a misunderstanding. Of course she might look for him now at any moment. In all their married life he had never been away from her, unless out of the city, for a whole evening. She wondered, with a little inward thrill of triumph, how many New York wives could say so much. So while Mrs. Prior settled down to her inevitable crochet-work, Fanny hovered restlessly about the room, now taking up a book, only to turn over the leaves and close it again; now studying the figures on the tall embroidered screen with an absorption of interest they had never excited when the charm of novelty was theirs, finally settling down to the piano, where she played on and on and on, now dreamily and softly, now passionately and brilliantly, now merrily and daintily.

"Upon my word, Fanny Wimple, you are certainly the most heartless woman a man ever intrusted his life to."

These cruel words came to her while her fingers were dallying with a soft, slow *adagio*, while her heart was aching with its load of anxiety for Horace, and her ears were eagerly strained to catch the first sound of his dear footfall in the hall.

It was just barely possible that Sister Eliza might be indulging in a pithless jest! She revolved toward her on the piano-stool, and, with her white hands folded penitentially before her, said, with well-assumed indifference:

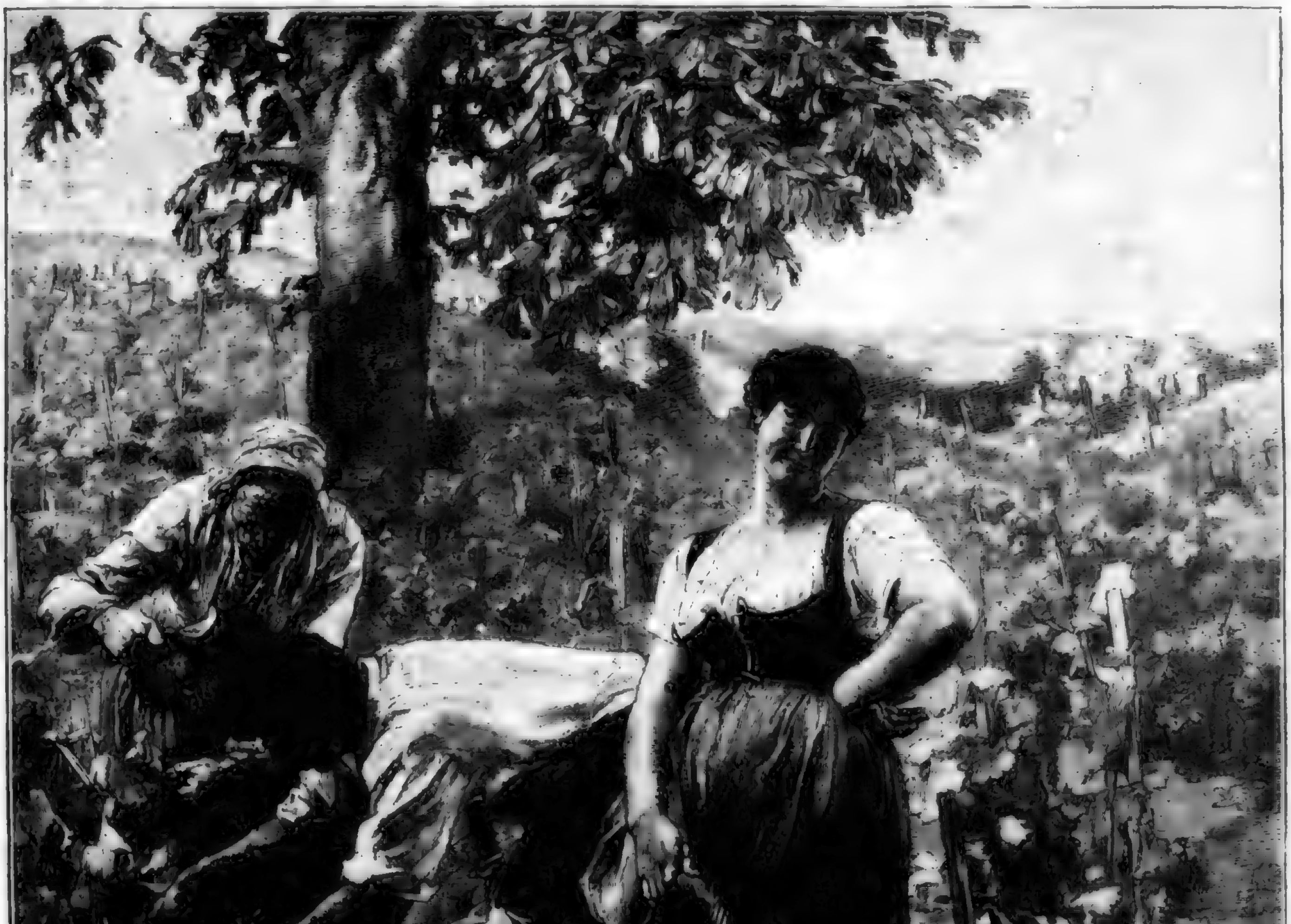
"What is the indictment now, sister mine?"

"Oh! it's not for me to enter indictments; all I've got to say, however, is, that if I had nearly run a man crazy, I'd think I'd done enough for one day without running the risk of having him come home worn out and worried to find me playing jigs on the piano."

Mrs. Wimple stared at her in speechless surprise while these meaningless words fell from her thin lips like cold, hard hailstones; nor did she move while Mrs. Prior, whose hour for retiring was irrevocably fixed for ten o'clock, got up, and, with a curt good-night, left the room.

Then Fanny got up and softly closed the piano. Perhaps, after all, Sister Eliza was right. Maybe Horace had come in, and, hearing the piano, had gone on to his own rooms in offense. And yet he had so often said he loved to find her playing, it seemed to ward off loneliness. She ran across the hall to their chamber. No, he was not in. She came back to the drawing-room, resolved to stay there all night, if need be. He could not be much longer now. How still and lonely the room looked. How loudly the clock ticked. She wondered what wives did whose husbands went to clubs and such awful places. What a spoiled creature she was that she could not endure one evening of loneliness. With her hands tightly folded over her breast she paced restlessly to and fro, catching glimpses of her own face, so white and serious that it looked unfamiliar to her as she passed and repassed the many mirrors in the big room. It was with a sense of absolute physical exhaustion that she finally dropped into a large easy chair, and, laying her tired head upon its upholstered back, closed her weary eyes, resolutely determined to remain very wide awake until Horace should come home.

Against the crimson plush of the chair her soft white cheek looked almost infantile with the flush that came to it as refreshing slumber soon overtook her. Folded peacefully on her lap, her little jeweled hands lay crossed upon each other. Her waving yellow hair, that she always kept so daintily arranged, had blown about as it listed during this wearisome evening, and now curled about her forehead in charming recklessness. It was upon this pretty picture of unconscious beauty that Horace Wimple finally stole, a little while after the clock had struck eleven. He had entered the house softly. Of course the women were in bed hours before? Whose carelessness had left the gas turned up in the drawing-room? To remedy this neglect on Andrew's part he entered the drawing-room, and there discovered Fanny. Fanny, peacefully sleeping, happily oblivious of all the torture and injustice that had been her portion that day. His heart yearned over her! His first impulse was to gather her up in his arms and bear her, still unconscious, to their room. He bent over her with this half-formed



THE GRAPE HARVEST.—PAINTING BY LEON LHERMITE.

XUM

resolve, when there came to him with biting emphasis the memory of words that his sister had spoken to him that morning—words that had stunned him like so many blows. And harsh and cold though Eliza might be, he had never known her deviate from the truth.

"I tell you, Horace, I heard her with my own ears tell her brother that she must have thousands of dollars, even if he had to sell the farm to raise it for her. And I heard him tell her with my own ears that he would never have anything more to do with her. I heard him use the words 'Wall Street' and 'gambling.' I consider it my duty to tell you these things, and it is for you to act upon them as you please. My own conviction is that things are radically wrong."

That was all, but it had been enough to send him away from his young wife with his heart full of burning indignation at her duplicity. He had purposely staid away, trying to form some plan of action toward her. He had formed one, and had come home resolutely bent on acting upon it. Was he to be disarmed and foiled of his intention to wring the truth from her, simply because he found her looking as lovely and innocent as an angel freshly strayed from heaven in her sleeping helplessness? Their lips should never meet in caress again, until the truth was all told.

He stepped backward from her chair and folded his arms. An audible groan escaped him. The sound broke the spell of slumber that held his wife but lightly. She opened her eyes to face him, as he looked sternly down upon her.

"Horace! Horace, don't look at me in that way! Tell me what it all means, my husband!" Her hands were stretched out to him imploringly, but he would not touch them. Instead, he spoke in a coldly deliberate way, that showed better than volumes of reproach how deeply the iron had entered his soul.

"I am many years your senior, Fanny. In fact, when I went down to the old farm to ask your father for his child, that was his only objection to our marriage. I was too old. But love knows no calendar. You laughed his objections to scorn. I believe you did love me then, Fanny."

"Then? Not one tenth as dearly as I do at this moment, my husband, my poor, unhappy husband, when you need me most!"

She made an impulsive movement forward. He waved her back, sternly.

"Stand back, if you please. I am coming presently to some questions. If you can answer them satisfactorily, then all will be well with us."

She answered him with a coldness begotten of his own. She stood before him with crest erect and eyes looking fearlessly into his.

"Go on. I am ready for the inquisition."

"From the hour of our marriage up to the present most miserable one have I failed in every effort to make you happy?" he asked.

"Not once."

"Have I stinted you in expenditure?"

"Never."

"Or curtailed your liberty?"

"Never."

"Or given you any excuse for treachery and deceit?"

"Who dares couple such words with my name?"

"Your most unhappy husband does."

"Oh, Horace, Horace! there is some hideous mistake here!" she cried, in her agony.

"God grant you may be able to prove it so, Fanny. Was your brother Richard here this morning?"

Suspecting what was coming, she flushed to the temples and gave other unmistakable signs of agitation, but answered, firmly:

"Yes."

"And is gone again?"

"Yes; gone again."

"Did he leave you in wrath?"

"I see I have been the object of espionage. Yes; he left me in wrath. Sister Eliza reports accurately."

"I had hoped my wife would have been able to put her to confusion. Did you, or did you not, tell your brother that you must have money—thousands—even if he had to sell the old farm?"

"I told him so," she answered, defiantly.

"Did you, or did you not, refuse to tell him what you wanted with that money?"

"I refused to tell him."

"I, your husband, demand to know."

"I cannot tell you."

The words fell from her lips slowly and distinctly. Each separate syllable found in her tortured soul an echo in Richard Steinray's threat: "The moment you permit your husband to know of our previous acquaintance, that moment you consign him to public disgrace!" She must free Horace first, and then defy the man who held him in such an iron grip. Let him think what he would meantime.

Her husband came a step closer to her. His voice was hoarse with suppressed passion.

"Cannot! Beware how you persist. There are some things no man will submit to. What folly have you been guilty of? To what base use have you put your large liberty? I, your husband, demand to know." She stood dumbly before him, her hands clasped together, her fair head drooping like a flower on a broken stem. He seized her soft hands roughly. His voice was husky with rage. "Once more I ask you, what did you want with that money? Speak!" She remained mute. He hurled her hands from him with a despairing gesture. He pointed to the clock, which was on the stroke of twelve. "Hear, then, my final decision: Before those hands shall meet again for the stroke of midnight"—he paused with outstretched arm while the hammer struck off the hour of midnight with solemn deliberation—"full and unreserved confession—or—final and irreparable separation." She sank to her knees with a moan.

"Horace, take back your words. Trust me yet a little while. Trust me, oh! my husband."

"Trust you! Trust you with the shadow of a black secret standing between you and me, blotting out the very sunshine from the heavens! Believe in you! Never again!"

Stretching her arms outward and upward to him as she knelt there before him, so conscious of her own integrity that there was no sense of humiliation possible, she said, with ineffable sweetness in face and voice:

"Yet a little while and all will be well. Believe that much at least."

But he was not to be appeased. He was entitled to her confidence. He must have it, or they must place insuperable barriers between the old lovelit days and the new mystery-beclouded life.

"Make now your choice! Confession and full pardon. Persistence and separation."

She rose to her feet and turned from him without another word. She traversed the long drawing-room with faltering steps. The agony of the moment was almost too great to be borne. She turned upon the threshold and cast a despairing look back at him.

"You gave ready credence to your sister's accusation against me, Horace, cannot you not give as ready a credence to my simple assurance that all will yet be well."

"It can never be well with us again unless, before this hour returns you have cleared up the mystery."

"I cannot do it so soon, Horace."

"Then, by Heaven, we are wasting words. You know my decision. I shall not swerve from it if life itself should be at stake."

"Perhaps something more precious than life is at stake," she said, slowly.

"Something more precious than life is at stake," he answered, bitterly; "my honor. I shall protect that, at any rate."

"Without my help, husband? Oh! can we two fall asunder this way, Horace."

"We two have fallen asunder," he said. Then, turning from her, he disappeared within the library, and she heard him turn the key on the other side.

He had locked himself in against her! Locked her out of his sight, out of his heart! Left her desolate. With a sob that was almost a shriek she fled through the cold, dark halls to the refuge of her own chamber.

CHAPTER X.

MIDNIGHT.

"Before those hands shall meet again for the stroke of midnight, full and unreserved confession, or final and irreparable separation!"

Those monstrous words of her husband's; words that had fallen from his lips with cruel and distinct slowness; words that had been emphasized by the solemn strokes of the clock as it told off the fatal hour, followed the unhappy woman to the chamber where she fled for refuge; rang in her ears when she flung herself prone upon the bed and buried her sobs in the pillows; came back to her with merciless promptness when, after an hour or two of troubled sleep, she opened her eyes once more to a day that could by no possibility hold anything but perplexity and weariness for her. Horace had looked so inflexible. His voice had such an inexorable sound. If he had felt any softening toward her, he would have come to her before going away for the day. But he had not. The day dragged itself to a close without a ray of comfort coming to her. No one remembered her in her wretchedness, but Mollie, simple, true-hearted, rough-tongued Mollie. Not a word from Dick. Not a word from Nellie. Not a word from Horace. The day was gone. Her husband had not returned to dinner. Before twelve o'clock he would come to her again and ask for the confession she could not give. To tell him the truth, would be but to hasten the hour of Frederick Steinray's revenge. To refuse again, was simply to write his curse.

Before the clock struck midnight again she had formed a desperate resolve, and carried it into execution with an inflexibility that one would not have looked for from a thing so soft and clinging and tender as she. She had ample opportunity for maturing her plan, and ample solitude in which to execute it without fear of detection. Mrs. Prior, either remorseful or frightened at the magnitude of the mischief she had wrought, studiously avoided her sister-in-law throughout the whole of that miserable day. This was as Fanny herself would have had it. It left her free to plan, and arrange and act. If Horace would not retreat from the monstrous position he had assumed, she would put it out of his power to carry it into execution. He could not punish a hidden wife. He could not curse her invisible form. If it was through her that Frederic Steinray sought to injure her husband, her disappearance would render null and void his plans of revenge.

It wanted but a few moments of midnight when she entered the library once more, dressed in a plain black dress, bonneted and wrapped, carrying in her hand a small traveling-bag. Opening her escritoire, she hurriedly wrote a note, sealed and directed it to her husband, placed it in a conspicuous place on the mantelshelf, then she dropped upon her knees for a moment of prayer. This solemn second over, she rose to her feet and stood in an attitude of waiting. Not for Horace. Not for Dick. Not for friendly help from any one. Only for Mollie, faithful and true and tender-hearted!

"I have asked God to forgive him, for he knows not what he does," she said, aloud. "Perhaps, when he sees my vacant chair to-morrow at the table, when he misses my form in this dear little library where we have spent so many happy hours together, his heart will soften and his wrath will melt. He cannot then reproach me with wrong-doing of his own imagining. No; not his. My poor, unhappy Horace, not yours. There is a serpent in our Eden."

"And his name is Sister Eliza," said Mollie, just inside the door, with ungrammatical spitefulness, as she shook her fist at vacancy. "But oh, don't I hate her!"

Mollie, too, was equipped for outdoor exercise, and carried in her hand a larger bag than the one Mrs. Wimple held. Fanny turned at sound of Mollie's emphatic interruption.

"My faithful Mollie! Come close, Mollie."

Mollie advanced, sniffling audibly.

"Here I am, you poor, darling, persecuted saint, you!"

"Mollie," Mrs. Wimple asked, abruptly, "could any one make you believe me guilty of a wrong act; something very bad, I mean? Deceit, treachery, that sort of thing!"

"If a regiment of angels was to swear against you, my darling, I'd give 'em every one the lie."

"And yet—— Oh, my husband!" She stopped. Not before Mollie should one accusing word fall from her lips. She resumed, in a calmer voice: "Mollie, you have been a good and faithful servant to me ever since I came here, a bride. I am compelled to confide in you. My husband is in great trouble, Mollie, and by going away from here, where I shall be at liberty to carry out a plan I have to help him, I may outwit his enemies. You say you will take me to your mother's house?"

"Indeed and I will, my darling mistress; and if you don't find style and ilegance there you'll find peace and plenty. And if a man do but wink his eye at you between here and there, I'll—I'll——" Mollie here doubled up a very large and very red fist into a formidable weapon; but words proved inadequate.

Mrs. Wimple held out to her the letter she had written on first entering the room.

"Take this to my room, Mollie, and lay it on the cushion on my dressing-table. Horace! Ah! my poor husband, how he will suffer when he finds it."

Mollie took the letter and turned from her, muttering:

"To tell you the truth, that's about the only streak o' sunshine I see in to-morrow's sky."

"My absence will suspend every catastrophe," said Fanny, as Mollie disappeared behind the *portière*. "Frederic Steinray will not care to wreak his vengeance on a woman who may be dead! My brother will not nurse his wrath against a sister whose fate is shrouded in mystery.'

She drew on her gloves and turned to join Mollie, who came back just then, and seemed resolved upon finishing her interrupted sentence.

"Yes'm, I really do enjoy the prospec' of the weepin' and wailin' and gnashin' of teeth that'll go on here to-morrer, when they find you've took things in your own hands and ain't goin' to be trampled under foot no longer by Mistress Moral Courage nor nobody else."

"Hush, girl! She is iron-bound. She actually believes she has done her duty. Appearances are against me, Mollie; but——"

"Appearances be hanged! beggin' your pardon, m'am, for interruptin' of you. But did you ever hear of a woman turning against her husband for appearances? Did you, now, Miss Fanny?"

"He has not turned against me, Mollie, and you must not talk so. It is his great love for me that makes him so intolerant. He does not want me to have a thought he does not share."

"Oh! my goodness gracious me, if a woman's even got to think aloud for the benefit of her husband, I thank my stars no man ever done himself the unkindness to ask me to marry him, for I'm afraid I would have been fool 'nough to have took him at his word. And the man that gets the benefit of all Mollie Shaw's thoughts is goin' to have the conceit took out of him, sure!" Mrs. Wimple held up a hand to stay her. The clock struck eleven! The night was wearing on. "Time we was off," said Mollie, briskly. "Let me see, first, if Mrs. Moral Courage is asleep! If a cat walks across the floor when she's awake, she'll go down four flights of stairs to find out what that cat's after."

"Stealing from my home like a thief in the night! Hiding like a criminal, when I have done no wrong! Oh! my heart—my heart will surely break!" She moved wistfully about the familiar room. Standing on tip-toe to reach a small framed picture of her husband, she took it from its hook and hastily thrust it into her satchel. "This I must have; and this"—taking a book from the table—"Horace gave it to me on my last birthday. My beautiful home, never dearer to me than at this moment, when I am obeying what seems to me the voice of conscience, walking feebly in the only path I see." Then Mollie came back, and, drawing her mistress's wraps tenderly about her shoulders, drew the little trembling hand protectingly within her own strong arm, and started resolutely forward.

To Mollie, this move on Mrs. Wimple's part was nothing more than a proper display of spirit. Of course, things would all come right in a few days, and when they did get her back, she viciously added, "Folks would know they didn't have no worm to deal with."

When the clock once more struck midnight, Mrs. Wimple and Mollie were traversing a part of the city unfamiliar to the mistress's eyes, seated side by side in a closely crowded street-car, and Horace Wimple was entering his library-door, pale, haggard, but resolute.

He had hoped to find his wife there waiting for him—waiting to clear up this mystery that had already cost them both so dearly. She could not, would not, surely, defy him any longer. He had given her the very fullest allowance of the time he had promised her he would wait. He warmed his chilled heart with the prospect of making his pardon, for this, his darling's first transgression, the sweetest, fullest pardon that ever was granted. And after he had taken her in his arms, he would, in his turn, ask her pardon for the pain she had compelled him to inflict. Ah, had not the greater share of the agony been his?—his alone?

But there was no penitent wife waiting for him! There was no lovely suppliant ready to throw herself into his yearning arms, to plead for the pardon he so longed to speak! Instead, the midnight stroke of the clock sounded preternaturally loud and distinct, as it fell on the hushed and silent air of the vacant room. Must he follow her to her chamber, and there insist upon this point? She had fled there in cowardice. He followed, resolutely. He turned the door-knob of his wife's chamber with a faltering hand. It was dark within. He stood for a moment irresolute. He fancied he could hear her breathing yonder from the richly canopied bed. He closed the door and walked slowly back to the library. If it was possible for her to sleep at such time, to-morrow would be time enough to speak the irrevocable words. It would be persecution to arouse her simply to speak words of doom. He breathed as does a reprieved criminal. To-morrow—ah, perhaps to-morrow—she would, of her own accord, bridge the awful chasm; span it with the radiant arch of truth!

CHAPTER XI.

REVULSION.

It was with eager expectancy in heart and face that Horace Wimple entered his handsome library the next morning, a little earlier than usual. It was there Fanny always gave him his morning greeting. It was there she always wound her white arms about his neck and pressed her sweet lips to his with the first caress of the day. His second sunrise, he had called it in happy frivolity. It was there he would find her this morning, ready—ah, Heaven grant it!—to chase away all the clouds that had gathered so mysteriously and obscured the sunshine for them both. He was pale almost to haggardness, for the suspense and torture of the past two days had been excessive. A wave of disappointment swept over him as he entered the library and found it tenantless.

"Not up yet?" he said, aloud, more in bitterness than in surprise. She must be careless, indeed, of the pain she was inflicting, or else recklessly defiant. She does not believe yet that I meant what I said," he muttered, as he turned away in the direction of his wife's sleeping-room. He knew she was no sluggard, and she could not be sleeping at this hour. She was purposely avoiding him.

He was not absent from the room but a moment or two. When he came back he held in his hand the note his wife had left for him. He had not opened it yet. He was trembling like a man smitten with sudden palsy. So far, he had mastered but the one monstrous fact—his wife had fled her home. Her bed had not been slept in. Would the note in his hand reveal the terrible story of a suicide? Women just as young and soft and dainty and well-beloved as his Fanny had been known to seek this final escape from a coil of their own winding! Had he driven her to it by his inexorable demand for a confession? Then he was her murderer! As much her murderer as if the hand that held her last written words in a tremulous grasp had buried a dagger in the soft white flesh of her precious body, never so precious as now.

He staggered to a chair with a groan. It was many minutes before he could muster the courage to read her note. When he did, his worst apprehensions were relieved. It told no tale of meditated suicide. It avowed no guilt. It simply showed its writer's fixed and unalterable determination to maintain an attitude of secrecy toward her husband.

His face grew first calm, then hard and harder yet as he read the short communication over for the third time. With sudden resolve he touched the bell on the table at his elbow.

THE CHERRIES.—PAINTING BY EMILE BAYARD.

Mollie responded to it with such suspicious promptness that she must have been hovering somewhere near. Perhaps near enough to have extracted her full share of satisfaction out of her master's evident suffering.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked, standing demurely before him.

He was as stern and calm as a judge about to pass sentence of death on a convicted criminal when he answered Mollie's inquiry.

"Yes, I rang. Mollie, you have been attached to my house for many years——"

"Yes, sir," Mollie interrupted, glibly, "ever since I was about as high as the brass fender yonder, sir."

"And in all these years I have never heard you accused of being a gossip."

"Thank you, sir. I don't think you're sayin' none too much for me, sir. I was raised to know better."

"Where my private affairs are concerned I believe you can be trusted."

"I hope so, sir."

He averted his face, which movement on his part was taken advantage of by Mollie to make a grimace expressive of her delight.

"When and where did you see your mistress last, Mollie?"

"Why, sir! when and where should I have seen her but in this very room last night, to be sure?" which return question Mollie mentally characterized as a "nice bit of skatin' on thin ice."

"You have not seen her this morning?"

"No, sir, I always waits for her to ring for me, sir."

He rose to his feet with a groan, and with his hands clasped behind his back, his head dropped, he made several turns of the long room, Mollie standing with folded hands waiting her orders.

"She will not ring this morning, Mollie. She is gone! Gone, and I have no clew to her whereabouts."

Mollie rushed toward her mistress's room in well-assumed alarm. She must have an opportunity to get one good grin unobserved. She was back again in a trice, with a face as sober as his own.

"Gone!" she echoed, in an awe-struck voice. "Gone as sure as a gun's iron! And small blame to her," she added, stifling the words in her apron, which might or might not have been applied just then to stanch the tears that ought to have flowed at such an agonizing discovery.

"Go and tell Mrs. Prior I wish to see her here in the library."

"I will, sir," said Mollie, throwing a deceitful commiseration into her voice as she gladly started for the door, immensely relieved at the shortness of the examination.

"And, Mollie!"

"Yes, sir!" She paused with the door-knob in hand.

"Beware how you gossip about my affairs."

"I ain't goin' to gossip about nothin' that concerns that sweet saint. You can trust me that far," said Mollie, sweeping from his presence with an offended air.

"Sweet saint!" Horace Wimple repeated the words, lingeringly. "Oh, it is hard to associate the idea of evil with that pure, sweet image! Fanny, Fanny, darling of my life! why could you not have opened your heart to me? I would have forgiven much, so much, everything but secrecy and deceit, for my love is infinite!"

He was still pacing the room restlessly, when Mrs. Prior entered with that bustling importance that was characteristic of all her motions and was the exponent of her own self-valuation. She had a long-handled duster in her hand, and presented a suggestion of universal and all-pervading activity.

"Did you send for me, Horace?"

He turned his face toward her. It was so cold and white and drawn, that she started toward him in genuine alarm. This brother, whose home and happiness she was making wreck of, was the idol of Mrs. Prior's narrow, selfish soul.

"Horace you are sick! You need a doctor."

"I am sick, but I need no doctor you can bring. I am soulsick, heartsick, brainsick. Yes, I sent for you, Sister Eliza." He walked over to the table where his wife's letter lay, took it up and extended it toward his sister. Read that letter, please."

Mrs. Prior glanced at the open sheet he thrust in her hand, and read aloud: "'My precious husband——'" She glanced up in astonishment, turned the letter over, picked the empty envelope up from the table, and exclaimed, in a puzzled voice: "A letter from Fanny to you. Why, why; is Fanny gone anywhere?"

Her brother turned upon her in a fierce outbreak of his long-pent wrath.

"Gone?—yes; she is gone! Driven from her home by you and by me. Oh, fool, fool that I have been. Tormented and absorbed in my sordid money anxieties, I took no time to investigate the cruel charges you brought against her, before bringing them to bear upon her. My punishment has followed fast. Read that letter, and then go yonder; go into the deserted chamber, and, kneeling, there ask God to forgive you and me too if He can!"

"Go into your wife's room?—No, sir. I was never invited there while she was in it, and I'll certainly not intrude during her absence. She's gone off in a pet just to give you a scare. I never have been asked into that room. I suppose if I was less of a foe to dust and cobwebs——"

"Silence!"

Mrs. Prior clapped her hands to her ears as the explosive command smote the air.

"Gracious goodness, Horace Wimple, such a yell as that is enough to jar the very windows out of their frames, much less the nerves of a woman who has never recovered the shock of an idolized husband's death. I know that the dust and the cobwebs in that room must——"

"Silence, I say! I have let you throw in my eyes dust of the devil's own grinding, and weave cobwebs about my brains to my own undoing. Read that letter, and answer it for me if you can. Answer for it you must!"

"Mercy, Horace! You'd better kill me and be done with it. I'm sure I'd be better off in my grave with my poor, dear Prior, than I'm likely to be with you, if this is the way you're going on."

"I am waiting for you to read that letter, Sister Eliza," her brother said, more quietly.

And she read it until she came to a certain passage, which made her exclaim, exultantly:

"I did not think it was in her." Then she read aloud, triumphantly: "'Your sister has told you nothing but the truth.'"

"Selfish egotist! Is that all you extract from that letter?" her brother asked, bitterly.

"No," she answered, volubly, "I see plenty more, but I am certainly very much obliged to her for that sentence. It ought to convince you that I have not slandered your wife. And if I have not slandered your wife, I have told the truth about her. And if what I told you was the truth, you ought to have known it, and if there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is the possession of enough moral courage to tell the truth if it kills me. And I'm sure I'd just as soon be killed as to be treated this way by the brother that I've been both mother and sister to," which declaration Mrs. Prior watered copiously throughout by tears which seldom ever bedewed her hard, gray eyes.

"Peace, sister! Let there be peace between us. It is her wish. My darling begs in that letter that you and I shall dwell together in peace."

This evidence of Horace's "infatuation" for the young wife, whom she had shown him to be so entirely unworthy of trust, angered Mrs. Prior, and the heat of passion readily quenched her tears. His infatuation, as she persisted in calling it, was positively incomprehensible.

"Horace?"

"Well," he said, not turning to her, but poring or the fourth time over his wife's letter.

"If you are going to regard me as the author of all your woes, instead of the wife who acknowledges there in black and white that she has fled your presence because she dares not tell you the truth, you had better let me leave the house at once."

"Would you stab her in the back again?" he asked, with an ugly look in his eyes.

"If doing my duty necessitates stabbing, I hope I shall always find the moral courage to—*stab*," said Mrs. Prior, with vicious emphasis.

"I make no doubt that you will." He turned coldly from her to ring the bell once more. "Mollie," he said, as that embodiment of treachery and constancy once more appeared on the scene, "before I return from my office to-night, see to it that all of Mrs. Wimple's personal belongings are stored in these two rooms, the library and her chamber."

"Horace!" Mrs. Prior began, indignantly, "I am the——"

"Silence!" Then to Mollie: "When your task is complete lock the doors and place the keys upon the desk in my study."

"Yes, sir," said Mollie, keeping her eyes cast down for fear the exuberant satisfaction therein might create suspicion.

"Horace," Mrs. Wimple again interrupted, "if you are going to humble me before the very servants you'd better order me out of the house at once."

"I humble you before no one. Mollie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Prior is the head of my house. Conduct yourself accordingly."

"Indeed, sir, and I will."

"And now let it be understood in this household that there is no Mrs. Wimple. Sister Eliza, I lay this command upon you as well as upon every other inmate of this house. I have no wife."

He turned from them and walked slowly toward the door. Mrs. Prior arrested him with the words:

"If I did not have the approval of my conscience this would be a black hour for me, Horace. But the time will come when you will thank me for what I've done. Thank Heaven I have moral courage to sustain myself on. He answered only by an impatient gesture as he passed through the door. "Poor darling," said Mrs. Prior, bustling after him; "it will be just like him to forget that he hasn't swallowed a mouthful of food this day," and she, too, took her departure.

Mollie looked after her with all the venom her good-natured countenance was capable of expressing.

"The time will come when you'll both find out you ain't fit to button her sweet boots; no, nor to unbutton 'em either. Oh! don't I hate 'em, though, and don't I rejoice in every pang he's sufferin', and don't I wish I had moral courage enough to punch their heads, though. One thing I'm truly grateful for. That man framed his questions so ambiguous like that it wasn't a bit hard on my conscience to answer him. It's a great comfort to be able to tell the truth; but it's a luxury everybody can't afford."

With which choice bit of moral philosophy Mollie disappeared in the direction of the linen-closets, and returning laden down with Holland covering for the library furniture, applied herself vigorously to the task Mr. Wimple had imposed on her.

An occasional, only partially suppressed chuckle escaped Mollie's lips, which showed her to be by no means in sympathy with the funereal gloom that seemed to have settled down permanently on the handsome home of the Wimples.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE HIDING.

LOVE was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone.
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of our sun;
Dark it was around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in wan November,
We recall the happy Spring,
While, bewildered, we remember
When the woods began to sing,
All alive with leaf and wing,
Leafless lay the silent grove;
But he came again, my love!

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays,
Who wore the look of one we lost
In the faraway dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move,
Yet he came again, my love!

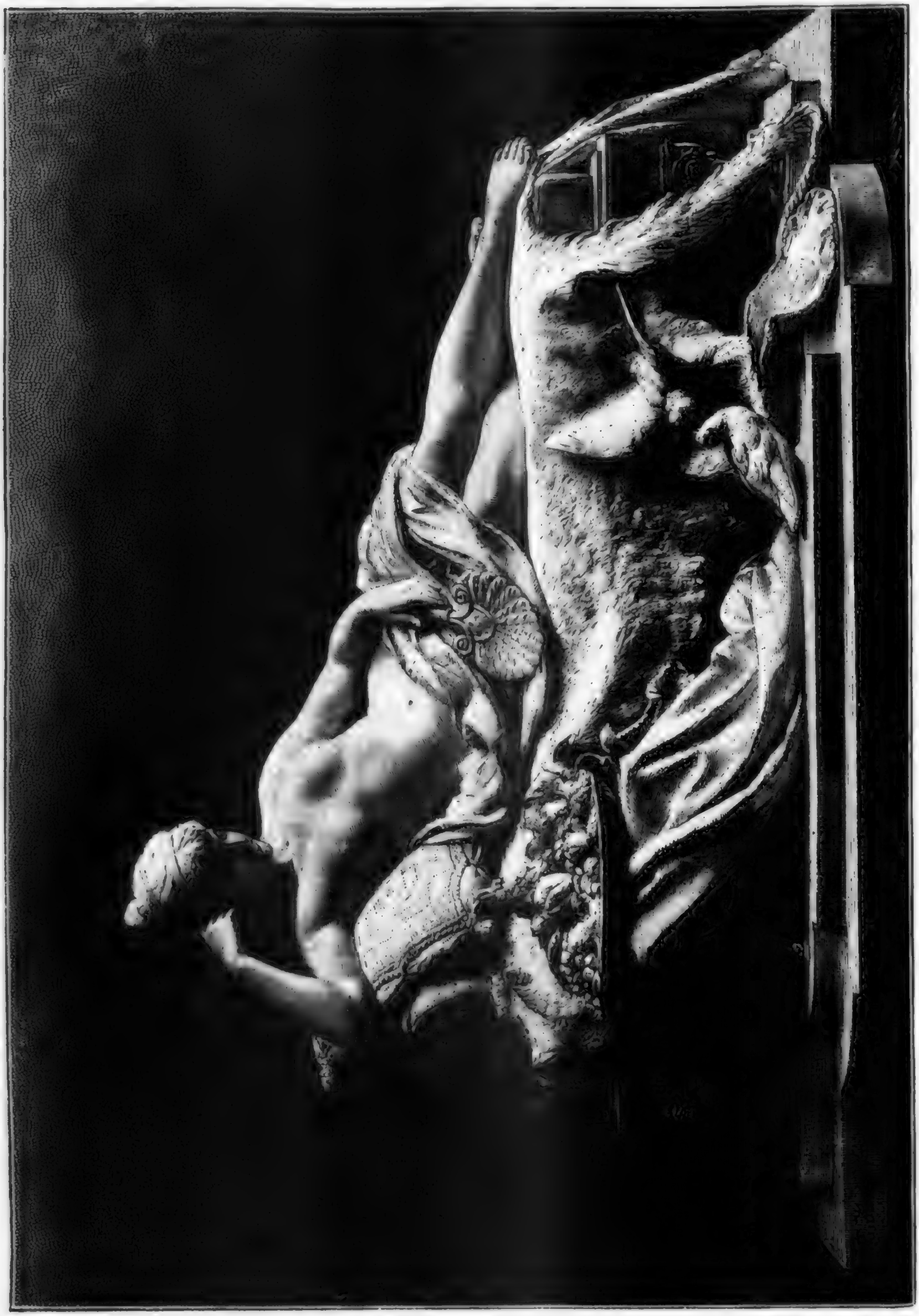
Love went to sleep, but not for ever,
And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
Hearts who once indeed were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
But he came again, my love!

BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN.

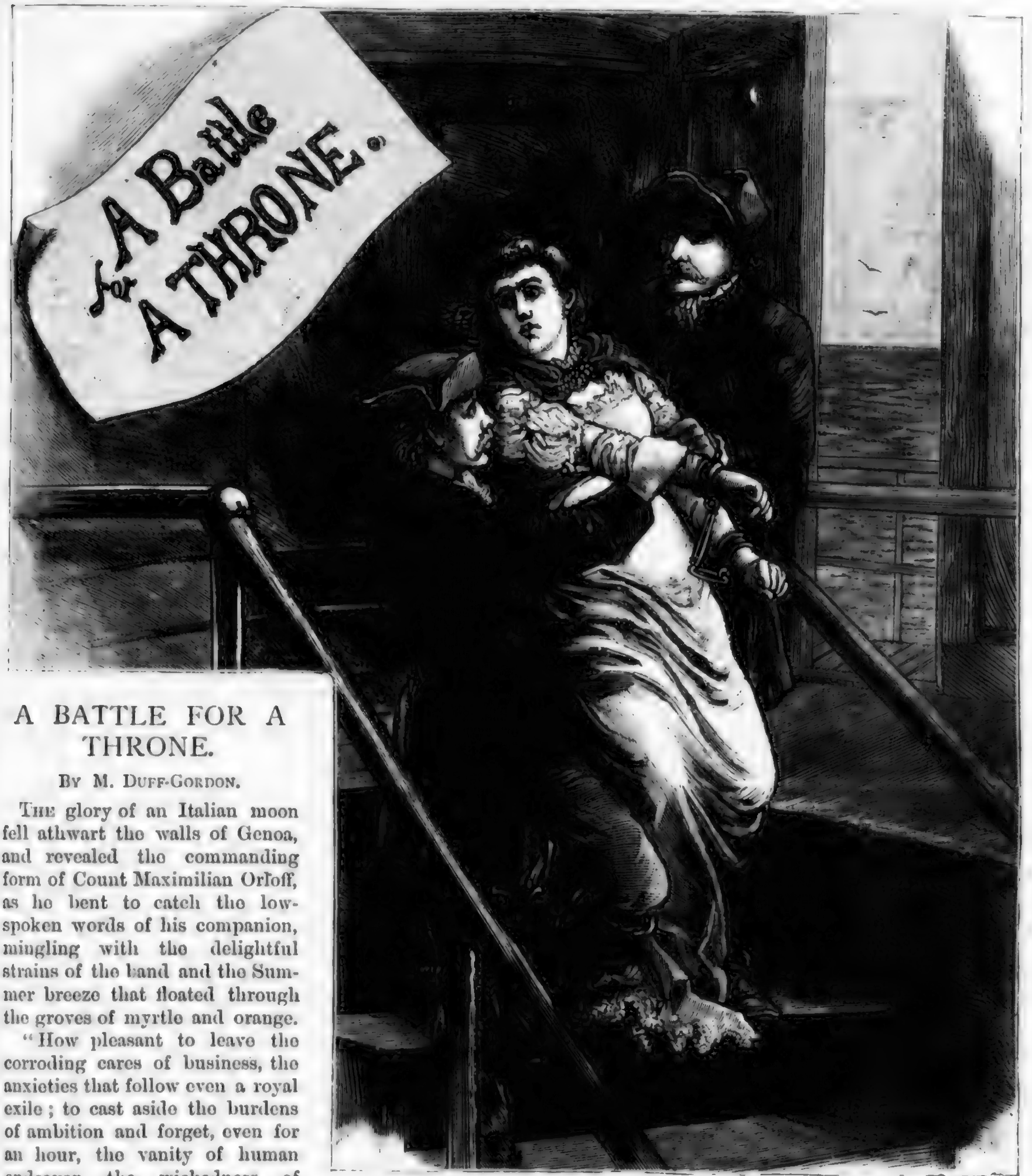
IN the University of Glasgow there are two distinguished professors, one of whom occupies a lecture-room which is situated exactly over that of the other. The professor who is nearest to the sky is given to flights of oratory which seldom fail to "bring down the house," in a metaphorical sense. On a recent occasion the worthy professor quite excelled himself in this direction, and the result was that the over-demonstrative students, completely carried away by his impassioned eloquence and their own youthful enthusiasm, threatened, by the storm of applause which arose when at length the peroration was ended, "to bring the house down" literally also. The professor on the ground-floor was silenced for the moment by the noisy clamor of hands and feet overhead, and as he glanced helplessly around on his more sedate class he noticed that small fragments from the ceiling, loosened by the storm, began to descend, like the silent advance-guard of the snow in Winter. A gleam of humor shot up into the grim face of the baffled preceptor as he dryly remarked to the wearers of the dusty coats around, "I am afraid, gentlemen, our premises will scarcely support Professor ——'s conclusions."

THAT which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson that he talked his Greek fluently when he could no longer articulate in English.

XUM



ASPASIA.— *FROM THE STATUE BY ERNEST HERTER.*


A Battle for A THRONE.

"IN THAT AWFUL MOMENT HER ANGER TRIUMPHED, AND WITH HER FETTERED HAND SHE STRUCK AT THEM."

A BATTLE FOR A THRONE.

By M. Duff-Gordon.

The glory of an Italian moon fell athwart the walls of Genoa, and revealed the commanding form of Count Maximilian Orloff, as he bent to catch the low-spoken words of his companion, mingling with the delightful strains of the band and the Summer breeze that floated through the groves of myrtle and orange.

"How pleasant to leave the corroding cares of business, the anxieties that follow even a royal exile; to cast aside the burdens of ambition and forget, even for an hour, the vanity of human endeavor, the wickedness of human nature, and believe that they have ceased to mar the loveliness of earth! How happy if to-morrow could repeat this scene, this unfeigned joy, nor return with its routine of duties and shadows!"

"Then," he replied, with studied grace and sincerity, "how doubly beauteous this scene to me, since I behold not only the same vision of earth and sky, but that being whose charms transcend all others; who not only teaches me to banish human cares and doubts, but lures me to cherish a hope that, alas! like yonder twinkling star, may be far and for ever beyond my reach!"

"Ah, if I could but trust you—if I could see your soul clear-mirrored, as fair as yonder bay!"

"Then it would come to you as you tide to your feet, and lay the homage of a lifetime there; it would sigh to you as softly as the south wind wafted over the palms and citron; it would seek you as the light of this midnight moon, enfolding and cherishing you in its tender embrace. Already it has sought you in exile, made me flee the strong, pure air of my colder land and languish here beside you. It has separated me from the voice of kin and home affections, from the gracious smiles and favors of a mighty autocrat."

She looked at him standing there, a veritable god in his figure and beauty.

After a moment of silence, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, and sorrowfully turned away, murmuring not a word, till she recalled him.

"Whither away?"

"A soldier knows his duty, your Highness; and if in this fond hour a love that has existed ever since we first met has found expression and my secret been revealed, I awake from its confession to meditate upon its presumption, and prepare for an absence—a banishment, as it were—from every joy of heaven and earth; for naught but my unswerving faith in the Great King can sustain me and enable me to see in the hereafter that better land where the line between ruler and subject is not drawn, and heart can lovingly respond unto heart."

"Why have you deemed it wise to conceal the knowledge of your love from me until now?" she asked.

"Because," said Orloff, kneeling, "'tis hard for a soldier to surrender!"

"If I had made the human heart a study only to trample upon its tenderest chords, and crush all the divine harmony of life, like the cold and haughty Catherine, I might have divined the passion ere now."

"And your Highness might well have doubted me, since it has been my effort to conceal beneath a calm exterior the storm that raged below."

"What if that storm finds echo in my own heart, and I kneel at the same confessional?"

A sudden cloud of regret and surprise swept over his brow, as, in an affected tone of bitterness, he said:

"Your Highness must be aware that a sovereign cannot wed her subject; and still, in all the unutterable sadness embraced in that fact, there comes the bliss of being loved in return. Oh, it is worth all the ermine and gold and glory of the Czars. With your love the lowliest fisherman's hut upon the shores were worth all their leagues of land and their legions, a memory lighting up all my future with a glow brighter than the glitter of a throne."

She heard the deep tones of his voice, musical with love and sad with the pathos of regret, and yet strong in his efforts at self-renunciation; she heard the notes of the band float over the silver silence of the waters; she saw the mighty throne, so rightfully hers, and the great of the land burning as suitors for her hand, and she heard the cry of the woman's heart rise and triumph above it all, while her modesty found excuse in these words:

"My remote ancestors did not disdain to give their maidens in marriage to their own noble subjects, and, had the same principles remained, we should not now behold in an insolent alien the tyrant and ruler of our beloved Russia."

"Would it be right in me to thus interfere with your policy and prospects?"

"My prospects lie in the hands of the Great King, of whom you spoke; my policy is shaped by His Divine dictates; and, following the impulse of my soul, I leave all my future in His hands."

* * * * * * *

Not many days subsequent to this conversation, the rumor of the approaching marriage of the illustrious couple created a great sensation throughout the Continent, many of her partisans violently opposing, while the influence of Orloff in his country increased.

Deceiving her with the announcement that his brothers had opened a private correspondence with him, he went so far as to tell her that a large fleet, under the command of his friend, Admiral Tchilchagoff, was actually destined to find him, and recognize, in her, upon arrival in Genoa, the only lawful sovereign; thus she silenced her more cautious and wary advisers by these confidential assurances, and dwelt, in all the ardor of her nature and the fervor of her love, upon the growing and widespread popularity which her engagement with a Russian had created in her favor, both at home and abroad.

That the reader may more clearly enter into the details and spirit of an historical incident that must ever darken with ineffaceable crimson the scroll of Russian history, it will be necessary to retrace our steps and recall a few events antedating our story.

After the murder of the Emperor Peter III., the title of his able and politic widow, Catherine II., was disputed by an hereditary claimant of the throne in the person of Alexandrina, Princess of Lithuania.

Gifted, young and beautiful, her cause found many followers who held firm faith in its justice, and thus rendered her a constant terror to the peace and safety of the court; and while her supporters in Russia labored to effect a revolution in her favor, she retired to the City of Genoa, Italy, where she held her court and was recognized as the real Empress of Russia by many disaffected nobles who had fled their native land.

Amongst these, her most trusted friend Count Maximilian Orloff, a younger brother of Gregorio and Alexis Orloff, at that time Chief Ministers of the Russian Cabinet and members of *that* famous family whose names are so closely identified with the fame and power of the Czars.

Remarkable for his size and physical beauty, as well as his accomplishments, this young man would have proven a dangerous rival and an irresistible lover at any court; but how much greater seemed his charms in the eyes of that exiled princess who saw in him a willing wanderer for her sake, and recalled, in every accent of his voice, the familiar language of her own race, the memories of her own childhood, under skies more cold and gray than those of Italia.

Added to this was the rumor that most of all flattered her woman's vanity, the wily and haughty Catherine herself had felt the wondrous spell of his power and looked on him with favor; and he easily succeeded in making the princess believe that one cause of his voluntary exile was the natural revulsion of his feelings toward her rival.

Thus, doubly entertaining and fascinating, he was not only her devoted cavalier but chief counselor, and society was not at a loss to imagine that a purer and tenderer emotion than patriotism and ambition had something to do with his preference for a young and pretty maiden as ruler, to a middle-aged and by no means handsome woman.

Such was the state of affairs existing when our story opens.

Autumn had come, bringing all its tender grace to the heavens, and its harvest and vintage to the fields, and its subdued peacefulness and beauty to that land so favored above all others.

Amongst all the happy hearts about them, none seemed happier and lighter than Orloff and his royal bride; and upon an afternoon full of as surpassing loveliness as that upon which we first saw them, the Russian fleet anchored in the bay.

Later on, a man, apparently disguised, issued from the house of the Russian Cons[illegible]y a private door, and sought a place on the ramparts near the very spot where love and treachery had met and mingled.

The figure was none other than that of Count Orloff, who, upon seeing his wife approaching, concealed himself behind a cannon, while, in a tone of stifled emotion, he communed with himself:

"I cannot bear the thought of what *may* happen! Surely, one woman's heart must feel sympathy for another; and, all things considered, the worst can but mean a brief imprisonment. Nevertheless, I feel a sickeuing, revolting instinct at the work before me. My training has made me subordinate affairs of the heart to affairs of state; and yet I wish we were both peasants, content in ignorance and poverty. But I must act my part of the tragedy, even if death comes to me when the curtain falls. Oh, that some other medium might have presented itself! Still, there is no time nor chance to trifle with Fate. I must act or perish, and the inevitable is too strong for my resistance in this last hour."

Resuming his promenade, he feigned surprise at meeting Alexandrina, saying:

"What mission has brought you here, dearest?"

"To await your coming."

"Disappointment is your reward, for I am going aboard the fleet, and shall remain there all night."

"Let me accompany you."

"That is impossible."

"Why?"

Kissing her tenderly, he replied:

"Will you ever learn to rule a nation, or value the ceremony of a court above the desires of your heart? What a degradation to the dignity of an empress, being received on board a fleet at this hour without notification! Pray remember, also, that I am still your subject."

"And do you remember that I am not yet officially declared or recognized as empress, and if you are going to risk your life for me at St. Petersburg, then I shall, as your wife, share the danger. Have you not told me that the cruel Catherine had set a price upon your head?"

"You have chosen your fate," he murmured, "and I must needs abide by your wishes."

They pursued their way in silence to the quay, where Orloff gave a private signal, and soon a boat appeared, and they entered it and passed over to the ship.

The princess occupied the seat of honor, her husband seeming all the while buried in anxious thought; nor could all her smiles and playful sallies arouse him, nor obtain from him any satisfaction.

The Autumn moon had set early behind the waters of the bay, and the night was dark when they reached the flagship.

Orloff assisted her up the ladder, and, hastily turning to the admiral, began to speak in a low and excited tone, without introducing him to the princess.

Suddenly she felt her arms seized from behind; there was a brief struggle, and the brave and lovely Princess of Lithuania, in whose veins coursed the oldest and proudest blood of Russia, stood manacled and held by a common sailor.

She looked at Orloff, but he turned away from those eyes that erst had beamed only in love upon him; then he broke the dreadful silence by saying to the admiral:

"I have done my duty, and I will regard it as a great favor if you will hasten to discharge your own."

The admiral signaled to two young officers to lead the princess down the gangway; but even in that awful moment her anger triumphed, and, with her fettered hand, she struck at them, while, as they forced her away, the vessel resounded with her cries.

On the 13th of December the fleet and its perfidious crew cast anchor in the icy waters of Cronstadt.

No cannon resounded in honor of the dread gift it bore. Silent under the gray skies of a brief northern Winter's day, it lay in mist and snow, like the image of a sneaking thief, or a private hulk returned from a cruise of wreck and ruin.

In the darkness of a bitter night the princess was conveyed to her dungeon, while Orloff returned to his home in St. Petersburg, until a summons came for his appearance at the Imperial palace.

The Empress Catherine received him in the ante-room adjoining her boudoir, saying, in her cool, studied manner:

"You have conferred a great favor upon me," while he, like the cringing slave that he was, bent knee and head in reverent response. "And you have also done me a great injury; for, while you have established my throne beyond all fear or danger, you have also broken my peace of mind—yea, my heart!"

"Believe me, your Majesty, every chord of my own aches, and fain would I feel its every pulsation grow feebler and fainter, till it lies dead, but still loyal, at your feet."

"Alas! you are devoid of heart, Maximilian!"

"Then I was fitly chosen to perform your mission."

"True. And would that you and I had perished ere this bitter truth was revealed to me!"

Perceiving his shame and silence, she fairly hurled her words at him in all the fury of her fierce nature:

"You, standing there, my subject, have cruelly humiliated me; for in my heart, bleeding from disappointment, hardened by the struggle I am making for the preservation of my empire, and too black with crime for even God's pity, you wrung from my heart its last womanly impulse. In my arms I folded the garments you had worn; my lips kissed the pillow your treacherous head had pressed, and I prayed to my Maker to take back the breath of life He had given me when I realized that my love as a woman was lesser in your estimation than my power as a sovereign. And bear this well in mind—that, unless you pass unscathed through this fiery ordeal to which I am about to subject you, then your liberty is for ever forfeited."

"What have I done," said Orloff, "to merit such injustice?"

"Would that there were faith sufficient remaining in me to believe you; but, after such treachery, how can I trust you?"

"And, from the determined manner in which your Majesty has spoken, it seems beyond my power to convince you; all that I can now do is to reject the official favors you may confer; and I beg you to recollect that no act can heal the wounds which your hands have inflicted. Had the love you cherished equaled mine in strength and steadfastness, could you but dream of the struggle through which I have passed, then you might comprehend my position and appreciate my determination to carry into effect your plans, even at the risk of losing you, the one object dearer than my life and soul. As it is, I will not ask of you the poor boon of life and royal honors, but only ask of you the blessing of death, for only in its arms shall I find the happiness refused to me in yours."

He glanced now and then at her face, to see the effect of his words, and, a perfect student of human nature, discovered that he had succeeded in his *rôle*; so, taking both her hands while she turned her face away, he continued, in a tone deep with injured honor and hopeless passion:

"Oh, Catherine, woman as well as queen, never hath man so loved you before, and never hath subject served you as I have done. And for what? To crave death at your hands."

A low, loving light filled her eyes, and a smile, half yearning, half incredulous, lit up her stony face; but she coldly turned away from him, saying:

"I will test you, even if it kills you!"

XUM

MYRTIS, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

The sound of approaching footsteps brought back her usual caution, and hastily ordering him to conceal himself behind the curtains and utter no sound, she sat down with the calmness possible only to such a trained and hardened nature.

The door opened and Alexandrina entered under guard of two soldiers. They soon withdrew, leaving the illustrious women alone, face to face, grand in their claims for possession of the throne of Russia, and abjectly wretched in their love for the man who had betrayed them both.

Standing thus, what a subject for an artist. Catherine, with her face and form well preserved, and an almost girlish grace in her blue eyes and fair complexion, not impressing one that she was then past fifty. Alexandrina was twenty-four, tall and stately, with her beauty enhanced by fine eyes and black hair; plainly robed, her only insignia of rank were her jewels; and, though marked by the hand of misery in every feature, she was still an exquisite type of Sclavonian beauty.

"Be seated, and tell me are you the Princess of Lithuania?"

"I am; and I refuse the chair you offer, while I most respectfully ask if you are the Empress Catherine of Russia?"

"So the world says; but have you not disputed my claim to that great title?"

"It matters very little now."

"That reply is not definite enough for me. There are some whom I would prefer as friends, and others as enemies; you belong to the first class, and I really wish to know how to classify you."

"You have treated me

as an enemy, so that I presume you have already decided that question."

"Then what must be done with the laurels of Judas?"

"Wear them yourself, with the certain assurance that I shall not dispute your title to them."

"I did not order, nor approve of, this deed, and you are mistaken in laying the blame of it at my door."

"In such event does your Majesty intend to punish the deed?"

"My agents who go beyond my instructions never escape my chastisement," said Catherine, who smiled complacently at the look of scorn hurled at her. "After all, princess, I believe I can count upon you as being my friend."

"Deceive yourself no longer, for it is beyond the power of time that we can ever be friends. My body is yours by conquest; but my soul is my own. It, at least, is free."

"For idle words or sentiments, clothed in poetical figures, I entertain only contempt, and you had better define your position, and trifle with your fate no longer. Tell me plainly what you intend to do."

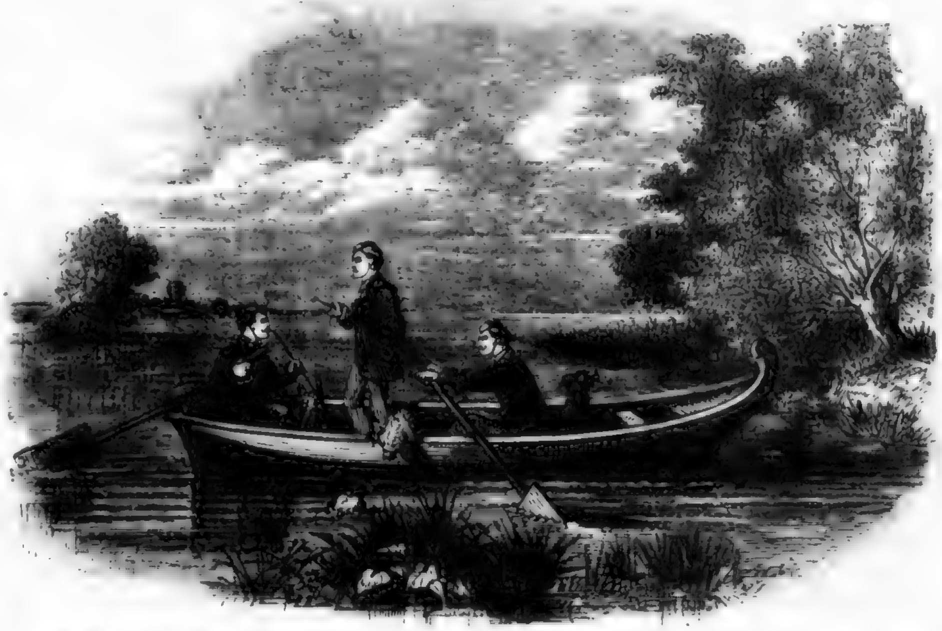
"I mean that the limit of your power over me has been reached, and all your threats will never cause me to betray a human being, either friend or foe, for your sake."

"Perhaps all your friends are in my hands."

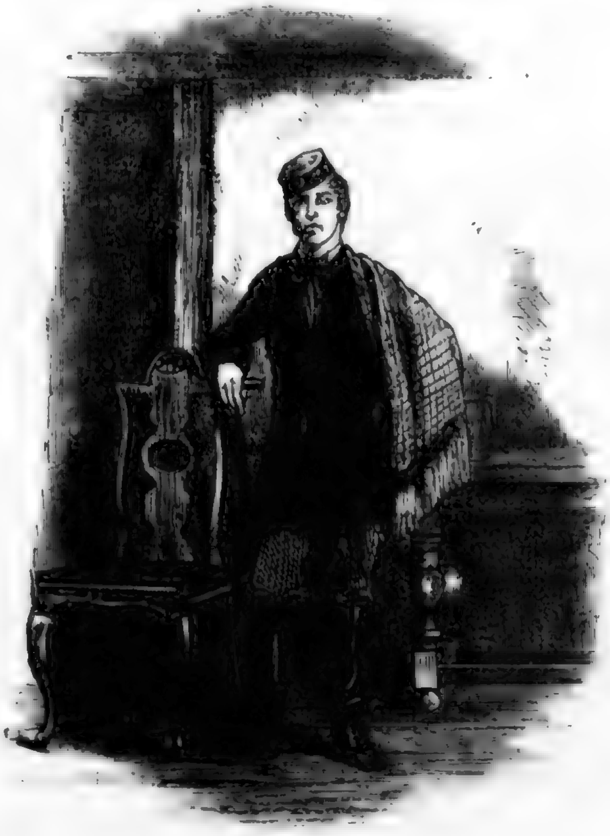
"I can neither help nor injure them, but am indeed sorry for their fate."

Handing her a small bundle of documents very securely sealed, Catherine said:

"You may read those letters."



DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.—A JENA "KAHN," USED IN BOATING EXCURSIONS ON THE RIVER SAALE.—SEE PAGE 599.



A JENA STUDENT.

"Perhaps you have already rendered me that favor."

"I know nothing of their contents."

"Your majesty can be remarkably gracious after all."

"Your sarcasm falls short of its mark; I care simply nothing for such nonsense. But, to return to business: Suppose I conclude to pardon those people?"

"I should rejoice for their sakes."

"Would you also thank me?"

"No, for your Majesty has proclaimed yourself beyond the effect of idle compliments, and make your people believe that your every act is wholly inspired by policy; and that, however seemingly noble, deserves no gratitude."

"Would you warn them of your own helpless condition, and counsel them to submit peacefully."

"I think I should."

"Then write and so express yourself."

"Are my letters to be read by you?"

"I have no such desire; your word is all that I require."

Having answered the letters, and the empress having placed them in her desk, she resumed:

"In the event of your receiving a full pardon, would you promise never to attack me again?"

"Yes; for whatever my personal sentiments might be, I am powerless to sustain them."

"I shall consider you my friend."

"I fail to comprehend your Majesty's reasons for wishing to make a friend of a miserable captive. You declare yourself to be one of those rare beings who neither hate nor love, and one above such human weakness; besides, of what avail could my friendship be? while from my enmity you can have nothing further to fear."

"Alexandrina, I read you as plainly as a page whose only blots are tears; as a woman you are nearer perfection than any other I have ever seen. I mourn your untimely fate. As a sovereign you would be a failure, a puppet in the hands of your most crafty and ambitious subjects. You, my poor princess, have trusted one of these, and the result is, that you stand here as my prisoner and your doom is sealed."

Her glance fell so fixed and terrible upon Alexandrina, that, already weakened by anxiety and suffering, she grew pale and wellnigh fainted.

"Maximilian!" called Catherine, in her haughtiest tone; but there came no response. "Max!" she repeated, striking the table with her clinched hands.

The curtain was slowly pushed aside, and, pale as death stood Orloff, his huge frame trembling so that he was forced to lean upon a chair for support. Alexandrina buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. The empress gazed from one to another alternately, and yet covered the conflicting emotions of her heart in a sneering smile.

Alexandrina raised her head, and, glancing scornfully at Catherine, said:

"I see that your Majesty is fond of stage effects," then turned her back on the empress and Orloff, and proudly looked at the jewels that still adorned her shapely hands.

"I have to question you again."

"Then send that man away if you expect a reply."

"I will lock you both up together in the same dungeon if you do not answer." Receiving no reply, she continued: "The test to which I shall put you is torture."

Pointing to Orloff, but disdaining to look at him, Alexandrina replied:

"Your Majesty's tame monster has all the secrets I possess; why not submit him to the torture? He can tell as much as I can."

With evident exultation, Catherine answered:

"That I believe; but I place more confidence in your veracity than in his."

"Doubtless your Majesty has good reason to do this; but torture would only produce the same results with both; for I should certainly say nothing, and he, as usual, would tell you a lie."

"Do you deem him brave?"

"I presume he may possibly possess some degree of animal courage; but I may be mistaken in even that element of his nature."

The empress smiled and said:

"I scarcely believe even the small compliment you pay him is deserved, though he pretends to be, like yourself, a stoic."

Turning to Orloff, she laid her hand caressingly upon his arm; he hastily raised it to his lips in the most lover-like grace and devotion. In a flash the princess had snatched a steel paper-cutter from the table and sprang upon her enemy. With a furious grasp he seized his wife just in time to save Catherine, whose screams of terror filled the apartment. In his struggles the knife had cut his hand, and, in disarming her, he threw her violently across the room; and, for a moment their eyes met as she lay there in the agony of her despair.

Realizing her own safety, the empress fixed her cold eyes upon the helpless victim of her rage and jealousy, enjoying her last humiliation.

"And this is your return for my courtesy; but I shall even now show you clemency, and allow you time in which to prepare for execution."

Catching sight of the blood on Orloff's hand, Catherine rang for her attendants, and tied up the wound, saying in a voice deep with emotion:

"I tested you too heavily, my poor Orloff, but I never dreamed that you would be injured. You are sweet and noble enough to forgive me for trying you thus; but there was an hour in which I could freely have torn you both in pieces, and killed myself. Oh, why are you so silent? Can it be that you are thinking of her? No, it is the pain from your wound, my darling. Remain here, my own Max, for I will never again trust you out of my presence."

The servants, meantime, had borne the fainting form of Alexandrina to her cell.

Thus, like the old god, "chained to the rock, the vultures ever gnawing at his heart," that vile creature, Orloff, paid the penalty of his treachery. Voluntarily he had sold himself into serfdom; and, in comparison, exile to Siberia, or the more peaceful realms of death would have been more welcome. When for ever too late, he knew he loved the innocent, pure and ill-fated princess.

* * * * * *

Four years passed, and a storm unparalleled in its fury swept over the Gulf of Finland. St. Petersburg was flooded and presented the appearance of a besieged city. For many days in succession the waves rolled over the citadel of Cronstadt, inundating the garrison and the subterranean dungeons. Afterward it was discovered that, amid a number of captives drowned in their cells, was the legitimate heir to the throne of Russia, the beautiful and beloved Alexandrina, Princess of Lithuania!

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

By John Moran.

To-day we hold high carnival
  And wanton with the grace of Love,
Unwitting that we ever shall
  His punitive resentment prove.

We spill his wine in revelries,
  His choicest viands spurn withal,
Seeing that scribes and men held wise
  Read not the writing on the wall.

But, ah, how near may be the day
  When those twin worms, remorse, regret,
Shall feed upon our sentient clay,
  So that our prayer is to forget?

Chaldeans, Magi, kings that be,
  Some Daniel, knowing well the word,
Shall come, queen-called, to make us see
  And feel the decimating sword!

UNDER THE LADDER.

One of the commonest of popular superstitions is that which causes so many people to refrain from passing underneath a ladder, and, in preference, to go outside of the foot of it. Perhaps nine people out of ten would repudiate the superstition, if asked, and say that they don't care whether it is unlucky or not. But if pressed for a reason, they will probably say that they choose to go outside as being the safer in case the ladder slipped. But is it so?

Suppose the case of a person unfortunate enough to be passing a ladder (which we assume to be leaning against a house) at the very moment when it slipped outward at the foot—by far the most likely mishap to occur. Passing under the ladder, he has ample time to escape either forward or backward as it slides down, and so avoid damage. But outside the foot of the ladder, he is instantly upset without a moment's warning, and will be fortunate if he escapes a broken ankle and other injuries from falling sideways on the steps of the ladder, as he can scarcely fail to do.

The actual experience of any given number of such accidents would probably show a balance strongly in favor of the "unlucky" course as being the safest.

DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

By M. Wilcox.

Geographically, Jena is central enough; socially, it is very remote. Although but a few hours by rail from the shops and music and pictures of Leipsic and Dresden, a new fashion in bonnets will yet reach the corners of the Saale Valley late, if at all. The River Saale at this point is a mild little stream, flowing quietly and fringed with rushes. On its banks there is a fine growth of willow, and then, stretching out as far as one can see, in all directions, green meadow, studded with clumps of willow and alder. In a long day's tramp one need not desert this beautiful natural park, across which, in all directions, paths lead from the town to the neighboring villages. It was along one of these paths, by-the-way, that a peasant rode to Jena, carrying to the physician a sick child in his arms; and the terrors which fevers and the darkness put into that poor little brain, are commemorated in Goethe's "Erl König." Of course, the town is full of reminiscences of Goethe and Schiller; for the former was active here in a Government office, and the latter was Professor of History at the University.

Adjoining the meadows rise the sides of the valley; at first in gradual slope and covered with grain or vine, then in almost sheer ascent. Just above the town, on the western hills, the battle of Jena was fought, and the soldiers of Napoleon I. sacked every village for miles around. The whole valley is a great river-bed—a cutting by water through an upland plateau. The waters played freakishly with the soft stone and clay, carving out a valley whose limiting hillsides look like gigantic cones and tents, crested, many of them, with ruins of castles.

Eight or nine thousand souls are said to have their homes within the compactly built little town, which the reader is now invited to enter.

Passing through the gateway (Johannisthor), the visitor will kindly imagine himself in the Johannis Street. The tower, showing at the end of this street, is a modern addition to the town church. At this point, turning to the right and passing through a narrow "dive," we find ourselves in the market-place and centre of the town.

It is not my purpose to say more about Jena than will suffice to give a "local habitation" to the curious practice of the students' duel; but now that we are arrived at the market-place, it may be permitted to describe one scene which every year the citizens witness in this public square. As an ancient custom, derived from the worship of one of the gods of the northern mythology—Balder or Freya, possibly—this will illustrate a very attractive side of provincial character.

On the last evening of the year, a wood-pile, twelve feet high, is built in the centre of this market-place, and so packed with tinder that the whole mass will blaze in a moment. Throughout the evening two constables stand guard and keep the space about this offering to the sun-god clear of the crowd as the citizens begin to assemble. It is the custom for every one to sacrifice some article peculiarly associated with the old year, and thus to propitiate the new. Those disposed to observe the custom sentimentally, will approach with their offering earlier in the evening, for when the crowd has gathered there begins an indiscriminate tossing of old hats into the heap. When the clock in the church tower strikes twelve, the pile is immediately in flames, and a few minutes later there is the sound of music approaching. A company of students in *corps* uniform appear, and, preceded by the musicians, march around the fire; then, joining hands, they dance around it, singing "Gaudeamus Igitur"; then fling into it their white and green and red caps. Even the more commonplace headgear which they snatch from the bystanders is not disdained for this sacrifice—offering to the new-born light and warmth. Next, water is passed in buckets from hand to hand and poured over the half-burned logs. The crowd dissolve instantly; the whole square and the converging streets on all sides ring with shouts of "Prosit Neu-Jahr!"

Proceeding now across the market, through the eastern half of the town and across the river by the stone bridge, in half an hour we arrive at the neighboring village of Ziegenhain. Entering the tavern and gaining admittance to a large room, through clouds of tobacco-smoke, one sees dimly upon the walls pictures such as "The Student's Love: to-day I love Johanna; to-morrow, the Susanna"; mottoes, such as, "Who never once got jolly tight, he is no honest man." All the world over the decorations of students' headquarters have a character of their own. Each with his beer-mug and pipe, half a hundred young fellows, in colored caps and sashes, are sitting at the tables or standing in a circle about the duelists. These, bandaged stiff as posts, stand immovably facing each other, blood flowing generously from the upper part of the head and staining bandages and shirt a solid color. A few sharp words of command and the light, dull swords are crossed. One, two, three passes, and a fresh stream of blood makes its way between the clotted locks. The affair was to have continued for fifteen minutes; but after five minutes of active work, the attendant physician declares officially that "the loss of blood makes continuation dangerous to health."

If a foreigner were to criticise, or even attempt a scientific description of, this peculiarly German institution, the objection might justly be made that only a limited class among the Germans themselves can enter fully into the spirit of it, and further, that even with exceptional opportunity for observation, a foreigner can form but a partial acquaintance with so widespread a practice. Fortunately, the writer is delivered from the necessity of relying upon his own observation. He begs to introduce the work* of a master in the art of "Paukerei," as this kind of sword-play is termed, and to let his author speak the first and the last word, except, of course, as additional explanation of statements intended for the initiated may be considered necessary.

The author is, or was in 1882, instructor in Pauking at the University of Jena. His name will be found in the official list of instructors in the department of "Freie Künste." He explains that, being himself a member of a famous old dueling family, from youth up his thought had ever this bent, to labor in the spirit of his ancestors and to assist in perfecting the art of dueling. Having this goal ever before him, he must now and then take up the pen in order to come forward in opposition to errors and false views. Mathematico-physical laws are the basis of the rules of the art. *Paukerei* and *duel* are, indeed, used as synonymous terms, but the author makes a distinction. By Paukerei, one means that kind of duel with swords for cutting, and not thrusting, in which the two

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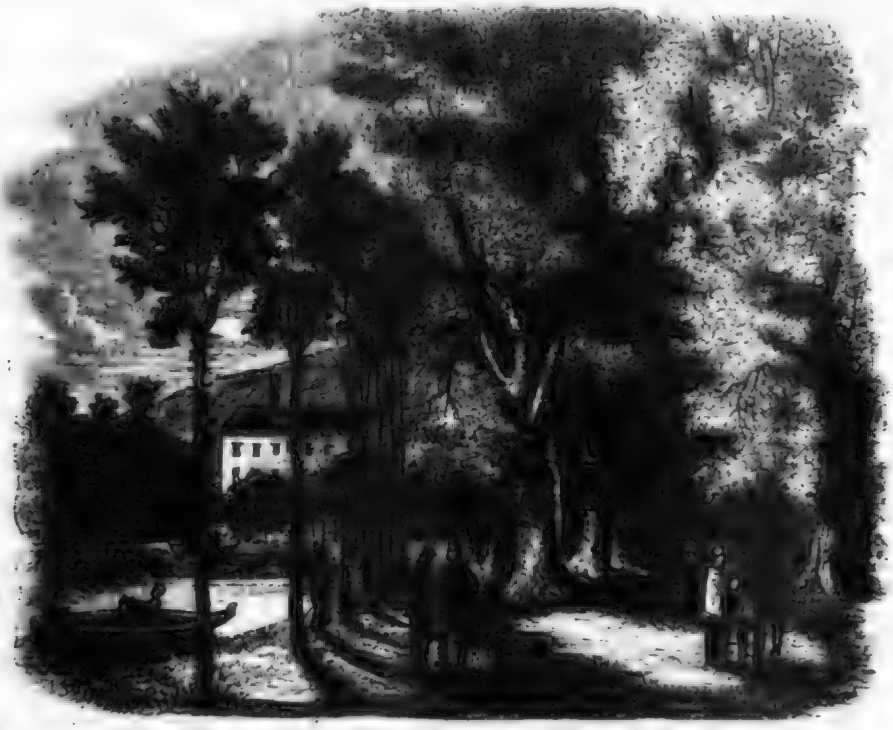
* Deutsches Paukbuch. Von Friedrich August Wilhelm Ludwig Roux, Fechtmeister an der Grossherzogl., etc., Universität zu Jena. Jena, 1867.

XUM

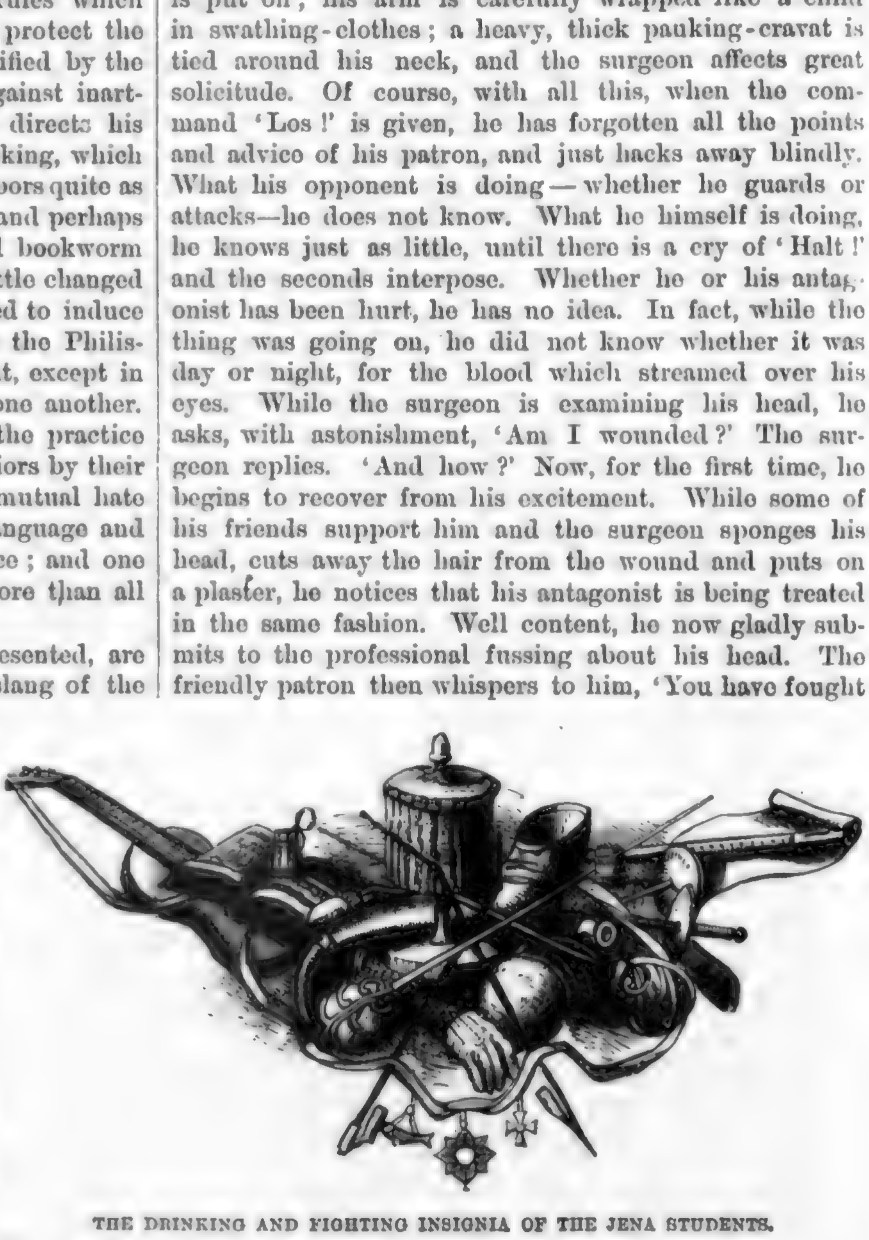


IN "PARADISE," ON THE BANKS OF THE SAALE, NEAR JENA.

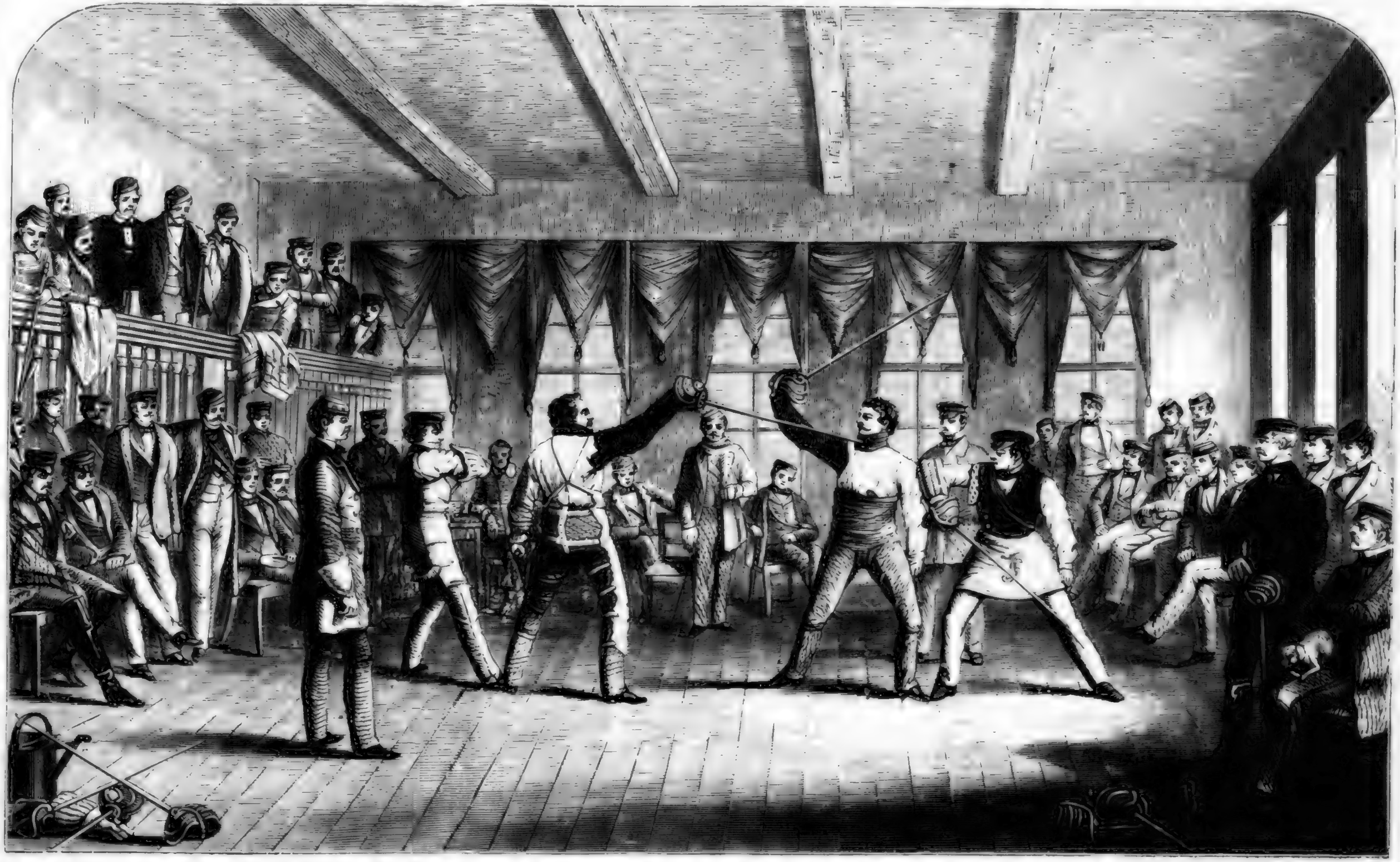
parties fight for the honor of the thing in knightly fashion, and with attendance of seconds, an arbiter, witnesses and a physician. The parties are defended against cuts dangerous to life, partly by rules which forbid all such, partly by bandages which protect the person. In other words, it is the duel modified by the traditions and usages of university life. Against inartistic and dangerous bungling our author directs his attack; and in rendering the practice of pauking, which is not to be suppressed, less dangerous, he labors quite as effectively for the wellbeing of the students, and perhaps more so, he assures us, than many a learned bookworm who each *semester* rereads his old lectures little changed *ex cathedrâ*. The attempt never has succeeded to induce the students to settle affairs of honor like the Philistines, in court, with money or imprisonment, except in cases where they have lost all respect for one another. Whenever parties of students have given up the practice of pauking, they have been despised as inferiors by their antagonists. From this source have arisen mutual hate and provocation of every kind. Abusive language and clubbing have made their vulgar appearance; and one excess of that nature harms a university more than all the pauking of twenty years.

The principals in the encounter, as represented, are experienced swordsmen, veterans—in the slang of the university "Mossy Heads" (*bemooste Häupter*). As their attitude suggests, the blows are all directed at the head. The arm is held rigidly in the position indicated. The various cuts are delivered and warded by motion of the wrist. Bandages protect the neck, arm, shoulder and body from accidental injury. The seconds stand ready to intercept any unlawful "attack"— that is, any cut not permitted by the rules of the code. Where so much skill in defense is possessed by both parties, the encounter may pass off without injury to either.

Here we see two novices —"Foxes," as such greenhorns are called in their societies — doing themselves credit. The mental state of a "Fox," entered for his first duel, is described by our author with much appreciation: "He means to show himself a plucky fellow in the presence of his patron 'Mossy Head.' He can scarcely await the time of his first encounter. Secretly glowing with heroic purpose, he hastens to the field of honor; sees there his antagonist surrounded by a crowd of sympathizers; among the 'Philistines' who have crowded in, recognizes his own over-curious landlord. The surgeon unpacks his apparatus with dignified and earnest air, although, in fact, this surgeon is a practical joker and takes out ten times as many instruments as are necessary. The 'Fox' is taken aback, begins to feel uncomfortably, in spite of himself loses some of his previous confidence. A tremor runs through his limbs. The 'Mossy Head,' a connoisseur in 'Foxes,' marks this in his *protégé* and reproves him with a quieting look. The 'Fox' recognizes this, makes a show of pulling himself together, but for all that cannot prevent a slight weakness at the knees. At last the stiff leg-bandage, perhaps sticky with blood, is put on; his arm is carefully wrapped like a child in swathing-clothes; a heavy, thick pauking-cravat is tied around his neck, and the surgeon affects great solicitude. Of course, with all this, when the command 'Los !' is given, he has forgotten all the points and advice of his patron, and just hacks away blindly. What his opponent is doing — whether he guards or attacks—he does not know. What he himself is doing, he knows just as little, until there is a cry of 'Halt !' and the seconds interpose. Whether he or his antagonist has been hurt, he has no idea. In fact, while the thing was going on, he did not know whether it was day or night, for the blood which streamed over his eyes. While the surgeon is examining his head, he asks, with astonishment, 'Am I wounded?' The surgeon replies. 'And how?' Now, for the first time, he begins to recover from his excitement. While some of his friends support him and the surgeon sponges his head, cuts away the hair from the wound and puts on a plaster, he notices that his antagonist is being treated in the same fashion. Well content, he now gladly submits to the professional fussing about his head. The friendly patron then whispers to him, 'You have fought



THE DRINKING AND FIGHTING INSIGNIA OF THE JENA STUDENTS.



DUELING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.—"THESE, BANDAGED STIFF AS POSTS, STAND IMMOVABLY FACING EACH OTHER."

XUM

splendidly !' Smiling with delight, the 'Fox' gratefully presses his patron's hand."

Encounters like that which has been described take place by arrangement between the various fraternities, and are commonly tests of skill and pluck merely, in which the principals have often no feeling of hostility for each other. Bandages and the light, dull swords used reduce the danger to a minimum. These supply that element of excitement which in American colleges is offered in greater variety and more attractive form by athletic games. They are regarded as spectacles; many students, members of fraternities represented, attend the weekly exhibitions, for which a sufficient number of duels are arranged to keep the interest alive throughout a forenoon, or perhaps an entire day.

"BRING MYRTLE."

By Constance M'Ewen.

A number of letters were awaiting Colonel Haldane, Commandant of Newly, on his return from parade. He was unmarried, rich, and rather distinguished-looking. It will, therefore, surprise no one that he was accustomed to receive a great many sweetly scented, delicately monogramed, prettily worded letters from the various members of the fair sex with whom he was acquainted. Amongst the little heap which lay before him was one conspicuous for its careless handwriting and rough envelope. Oddly enough, this was the one he selected first for perusal. Scrawled on the lip of the envelope were these words: "*Bring Myrtle.*"

Colonel Haldane put up his gentlemanly eyeglass, and held his head a little on one side; he twisted his iron-gray mustache into a yet more poignant expression as he inspected those curious words: "*Bring Myrtle.*" Who was Myrtle? What was Myrtle? How many times he read and reread that message he was, perhaps, unaware. But it was useless. "Bring Myrtle" remained on the lip of the envelope, an unsolved enigma.

Slowly he opened the letter. It was an invitation to afternoon tea at the Whites'— people he knew slightly, as he knew so many in the heavily garrisoned naval and military town close to the barracks at Newly.

The letter was from Miss Florence White, who wrote in her mother's name.

He called up a vision of Florence White. Tall and stately, a girl with a mass of golden-brown hair, rolled off her forehead; a girl he had greatly admired, as one admires a serene and lovely landscape; a girl who made him feel provokingly "fogieish.' *Other* young ladies rattled away at him, as if he were a sub, asked him to play tennis with them, and treated him like a mere youngster. But *this* young lady had placed him, with due regard to his complexion, in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room on one or two occasions when he had taken "tea" there, and had introduced him to some deep-toned matrons, as if in that direction lay his natural bias; and now this stately young lady sends him a jocular postcript bidding him "Bring Myrtle!"

Colonel Haldane sat down in the comfortable red velvet chair which faced the Parade Ground, and commanded a fine view of the ever-companionable sea. The little rippling waves had an expression of infant smiles to-day, and the buoyant clouds were chasing one another like schoolboys on a common. How innocent and fair was the world of nature! He sat dreaming over his problem "Bring Myrtle" quite happily.

A knock with the knob of a stick on the door breaks into his reflections, and Captain Hilton enters with his customary off-parade familiarity.

"Well, old fellow, what's up? Sea and sentiment, eh? It's fatal to sit in *that* attitude, looking at the sea. What's up, I ask you?"

Colonel Haldane roused himself from his reverie with an effort; he gently tapped his left hand with the letter which yet remained idly between his finger and thumb.

"Jane!" he said, addressing Captain Hilton by his nickname; "Jane! what on earth does it mean when you receive a message from a young lady to '*Bring Myrtle?*'" and he handed the envelope to Captain Hilton.

Jane, who had a rolling eye and a rollicking smile, took the envelope daintily, and, after reading it, pressed it to his heart, and said, with a strong brogue:

"Why, man, it's a proposal! What do the ladies wear on their festal brows and twist about the flowing satin of their bridal gowns but myrtle? 'Bring myrtle,' I tell you, is a proposal—a *bonâ fide* proposal. I wish you every joy! She is a sweet girl, if a bold one."

Without a word, Colonel Haldane sprang, in a melodramatic manner, at the throat of Captain Hilton, and held him with a grip of iron.

"How dare you speak of Miss White like that? She is the most distinguished girl of my acquaintance. Apologize!"

Captain Hilton rolled his eyes with a ghastly appeal on Colonel Haldane, when the latter as suddenly relaxed his grasp, and said:

"Forgive me, Hilton; but really I—I object to such an unseemly idea."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said Captain Hilton, stiffly; "I object equally to being throttled. Allow me to wish you good-morning!"

"Stop, my friend," said Colonel Haldane, confusedly; "I don't know what is the matter with me! I'm half asleep, I think. Sea and sentiment, as you said just now. Come, my friend! *Do* tell me what on earth Miss White means."

"Means?—something *green*," said Hilton, viciously; "but whether sprouting in a tub, after the fashion of the blossoming shrub, or done up in a glass case after the artificial mode, I know not. I wish you good-morning, colonel."

And with that he retreated to the mess-room.

"Blossoming shrub," murmured Colonel Haldane. "Bless his Hibernian wit! Eureka! Now I have it!"

And with that he sat down at his writing-table, and penned the following letter:

"Au Myosotis, 10, Avenue Victor Emmanuel,
"Menton, Alpes Maritimes.

"Send the finest flowering myrtle you possess to the following address: Miss Florence White, the Grange, Porterdown, Sussex. The myrtle must arrive on the afternoon of September the 7th, one week from this date."

Then Colonel Haldane rang the bell hastily, and told his man to post the letter. This done, he placed the note from Miss Florence White in the pocket of his frogged coat, and then proceeded to read the rest of his correspondence.

* * * * * *

The afternoon of the 7th duly arrived, and with a strange palpitation at his heart (a sensation which ought to have aroused his suspicions as to the exact state of his susceptibilities), Colonel Haldane drove up in his little hooded carriage, with the tiger jumping up and down behind, to the gates of The Grange.

"Here comes the pig in the poke," said the Felicity White, a younger daughter who was given to using her brains in off-hand criticism. "If a man will drive a carriage with a hood, what is one to call him, but a pig-in-a-poke, you know? He is fidgeting at the gate most awfully, Florence; *do* come and look."

"I like that hooded carriage," said Florence. "*Le style c'est l'homme même.*"

And then she turned with ready grace to meet Colonel Haldane, who had just entered the room.

"Felicity and I were drawn to the window by the magnetical influence of your charming little carriage," she said. "I so admire your 'poke.'"

"Do you?" said Colonel Haldane, gratefully. "It is very kind of you!"

And then he looked steadfastly at Florence, absolutely blushing as he did so.

Florence, catching the glance interrogative, was arrested in her amiable intention of transporting him to the other end of the long, lone drawing-room, and introducing him to Mrs. Harlington, the rector's wife. This agitated gentleman did not look exactly in a fit state to be discoursed to about Winter blanket clubs and working men's clubs and friendly societies.

It's all very fine to talk about leading an unpuzzled existence, like Jane Austen; but *why* on earth did Colonel Haldane look at *her* with this unfathomable glance from his undeniably fine gray eyes? What did it mean? She fell away from him, musing, and turned the outward machinery of trite commonplaces on her greeting of the numerous guests, who were now rapidly arriving.

The Whites had just started a page, who answered to the ubiquitous name of "Tommy" and one of those specimens much adopted by ambitious matrons as an improvement on parlor-maids; a creature raw of the fields, with the expression of an animated turnip and brains to match. In the midst of a buzz of voices intermingling with the *frou-frou* of rich dresses, Tommy suddenly darted into the room, and made straight for Miss Florence White; carrying in his lobster-colored hands a book suggestive of the P. D. Company.

Colonel Haldane, from his solitary seat in the deep recess of the bay window facing the entrance to "The Grange," felt an awful sensation come over him. Was this the myrtle arriving? and had the Menton folk absolutely charged the carriage to Miss White? What should he do? He shrunk behind the deep amber of the curtains, then as suddenly emerged.

"Bring Myrtle!" these were her own words, and he made a violent rush across the room to her side.

"It's the myrtle," he said, breathlessly. "Allow me! The stupid people have made a mistake," he continued, incoherently. "The idea of charging the carriage to you!" And he threw a sovereign into Tommy's bashful fingers.

Miss White looked at Colonel Haldane with ever-enlarging pupils. He had returned lately from Egypt, had been indefatigable at the bombardment of Alexandria, had had an illness on his return, and she remembered hearing that he had been obliged to have his head shaved. She continued to look at him quite tenderly, as these thoughts flitted phantom-like about her.

"Thank you, Colonel Haldane," she said. "You have saved me the trouble of fetching my purse. This is a new boy—country manners, you know; he wants instruction!" and smiling pleasantly, she moved out of the room after the vanishing figure of Tommy.

In the round, roomy hall stood a huge tub matted up and bearing the name, "Au Myosotis, à Menton," etc.

"It's a flowering myrtle, miss," said Tommy; "the biggest, the carrier says, it ever fell to his duty to deliver."

"Fetch a pair of gardening scissors, Tommy," said Miss White; "and another time never venture to bring P.D.C. books into the drawing-room. Go to the housekeeper with that kind of thing."

Tommy took the color natural to him in yet deeper hues, and ran for the scissors. Miss White soon snipped the detaining strings, and gave way to a very natural delight as the starry blossoming myrtle was exposed to view.

"Very odd," she thought; "it's addressed unmistakably to me. Poor Colonel Haldane. What does it mean?"

Thinking again of the shaven head and the bombardment of Alexandria, she sighed a little pensively and a little compassionately, and returned to the drawing-room just in time to escape the entry of Mrs. Danvers, whose forest cart, drawn by a lovely pair of Welsh ponies, she saw turning in at the gates. That lady now entered, followed by her inseparable companion, a long-bodied, bow-legged, flap-eared, pedigreed creature, which rejoiced in the possession of seven prizes.

Florence immediately made a rush at the dog.

"Ah! you have brought Myrtle! I was afraid, when I saw you this morning, that you would forget, though I mentioned it in my note!"

Both ladies had moved in the direction where still sat Colonel Haldane, plunged in startled reflections, in the recess of the window. Was this long-backed, bow-legged, flap-eared dog the honored object of that message?

"Of course, I brought dear old Myrtle," retorted Mrs. Danvers. "I should suffocate at an afternoon if I hadn't a bit of natural life like that trusty Scotchman about me."

"*Now, it's explained!*" said a deep voice from behind the amber curtains, and Colonel Haldane came forward once more.

The hesitation of his manner had vanished; he was smiling serenely, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of perfect understanding on the countenance of Miss White.

"Bring Myrtle!" he continued, laughingly. This is Myrtle! Rival Myrtles there may be; but this form of Myrtle can't be improved upon!"

Again Miss White's pupils enlarged sympathetically. Worse and worse! Poor Colonel Haldane! she trembled for his reason. Not so Mrs. Danvers. Fixing him with her bright eyes, she said:

"What is explained? Confusion of circumstances?"

"Confusion of envelopes. 'Bring Myrtle' was scribbled on the wrong back — that's all," said Colonel Haldane.

With a sudden illumination, Miss White sank down beside Colonel Haldane in the recess, with a deep blush of mortified confusion.

"Does that account for the presence of the flowering myrtle in the hall?" she asked, after a moment of horrified silence.

"Yes. Charming mistake for me," muttered Colonel Haldane. "Give me an opportunity that I——" and he looked at Mrs. Danvers, who, with a finesse worthy of her, dashed away to the other end of the room to meet the extended hand of an apropos acquaintance. He went on smoothly enough now. "An opportunity that I wanted. Will you one day wear a sprig of that other myrtle for me, Florence?"

Miss White didn't say "No"; so she evidently intended to say "Yes."

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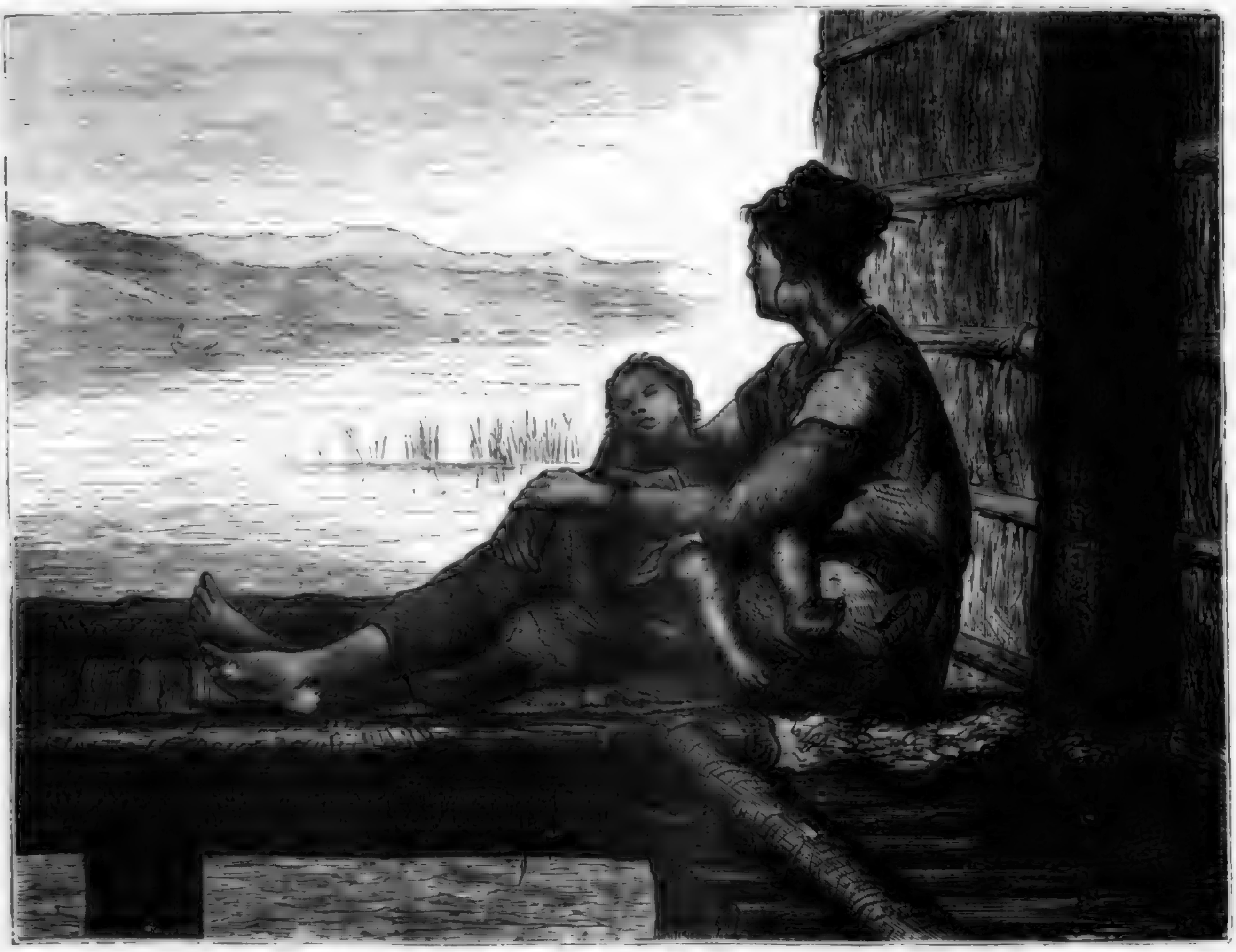


HABITATION OF A LAKE-DWELLER.

AMONG THE LAKE-DWELLERS.

By W. Seton.

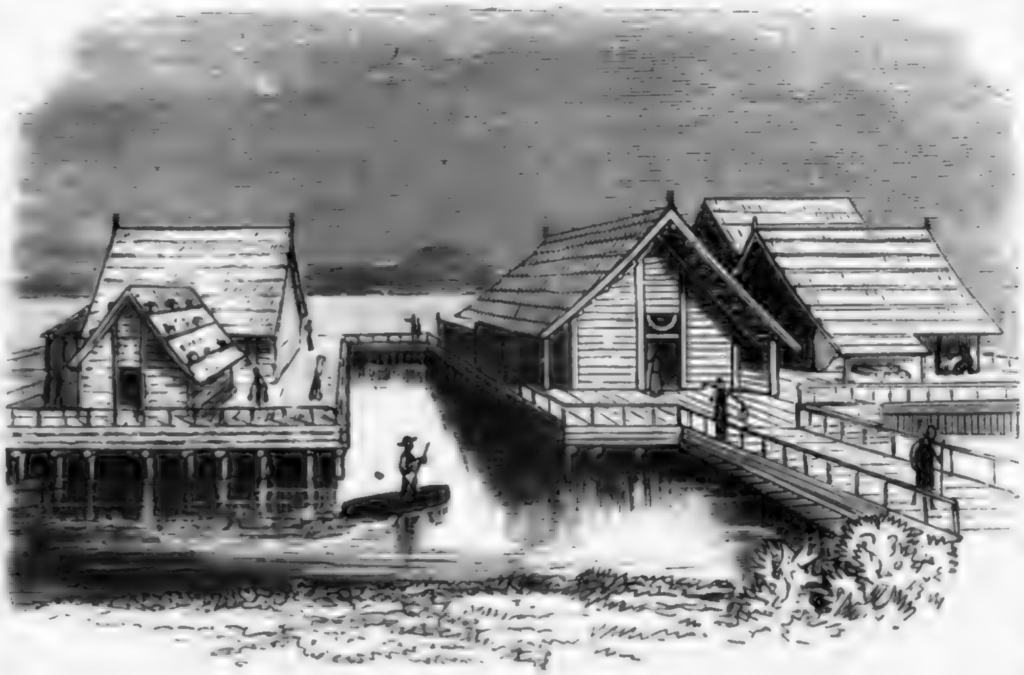
Many centuries ago—not later than the very beginning of the Christian era—there lived in Switzerland a people who have been called the Lake-dwellers. But it is remarkable that neither Cæsar nor Pliny speaks of them; and it was not until the Winter of 1853-4, when the Lake of Zurich, owing to an uncommon drought, fell much below its usual level, that their ruined abodes were discovered.

Then, a little below the surface of the water, were observed a vast number of wooden posts, from eight to twelve inches thick, and standing in rows from one to two feet apart; while scattered over the muddy bottom, between the posts, were curious-looking objects, which, on being dredged up, proved to have been made by the hand of man. At once curiosity was awakened, and it was not long before similar discoveries were made in nearly all the Swiss lakes.

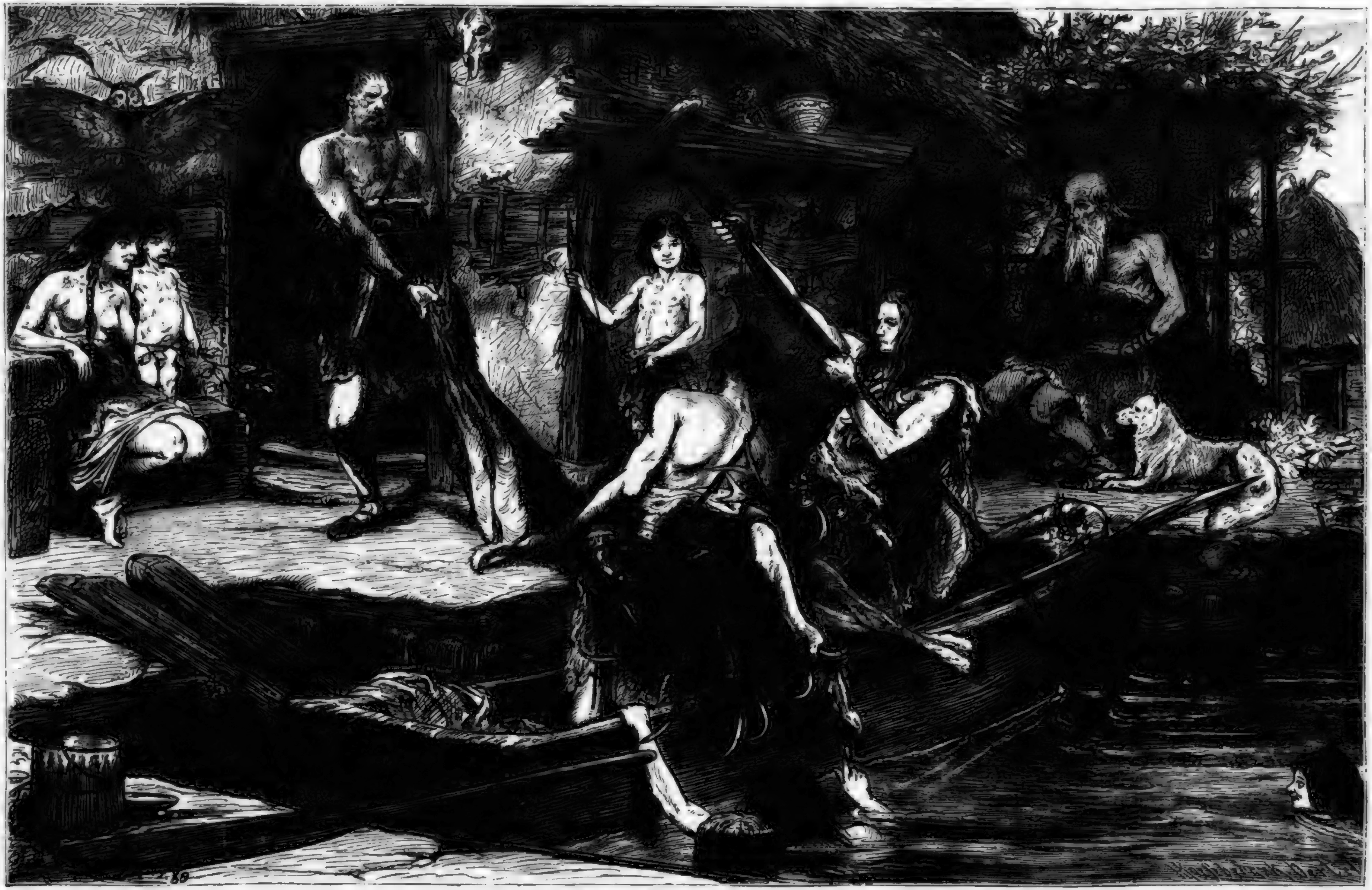
Evidently these posts had at one time supported little cabins, for the wooden frames of the cabins, as well as the platforms on which they had stood, were found buried in the mud.

Professor Ferdinand Keller, of Zurich, a man whose attainments well fitted him to carry on the explorations, soon discovered that the Lake-dwellers might be classed in two divisions: those of the east and those of the west.

In the eastern lakes the settlements belonged to



PLAN OF A LAKE-DWELLING.



A LAKE-DWELLER RETURNING FROM A HUNT.

what is called the Stone Age: in the western lakes they belonged to the Bronze Age, which comes down to our era, and finally merges into the Age of Iron. In the villages of the Bronze period the posts are better preserved than in those of the Stone period, which have rotted away almost to the level of the mud; while the bones, which had been split open for marrow, are the bones of domesticated animals. The reverse is the case in the villages of the Stone Age, where the bones are chiefly those of the stag and the roe.

In the Bronze Age, too, the sheep outnumber the goats; in the Stone Age, the goats outnumber the sheep. But no reindeer-bones have been found in any of the lake-settlements, for even at the distant epoch when the first Lake-dweller came to Switzerland, the reindeer, which had once roamed as far south as the Pyrenees, had already retreated with the musk-ox to the Arctic circle.

Indeed, the animal remains brought to light all belong to species which now, or within a few centuries, inhabited central Europe, with the single exception of the wild bull, which, however, was known in historical times. The wild mammalia, whose bones have been dredged up, are the bear, badger, common marten, polecat, ermine, weasel, otter, wolf, fox, wildcat, hedgehog, squirrel, field-mouse, hare, beaver, wild-boar, roedeer, fallow-deer, elk, steinbock, chamois, Lithuanian bison and the wild bull.

The domesticated animals are the dog, horse, pig, goat, sheep, and two kinds of cattle: one quite small and to which the name of marsh or peat-cow has been given; the other, very large and supposed to have been derived from the wild bull. The mud from about the posts of the Bronze Age has revealed objects of exquisite workmanship, made of bronze; such as leaf-shaped swords, daggers, spear-heads, knives, sickles, fish-hooks, pins, rings, bracelets, and occasionally a Roman coin; and in one of these settlements were forty bronze hatchets.

In this age, also, appear the remains of a large hunting dog, which had, probably, been obtained by barter from some other people.

But in the villages of both the Stone and Bronze periods, the bones of the hare are exceedingly scarce, which would seem to prove that the same superstition which prevails at this day among the Laplanders, and which, as Cæsar relates, prevailed among the ancient Britons, existed among the Lake-dwellers.

No doubt the reason which prompted the Lake-dwellers to build upon the water was to have greater security against wild beasts and human enemies. The trees selected for posts were the oak, beech, birch and fir. After having sharpened the posts at one end either with a hatchet, or by means of fire, they were driven into the bottom of the lake by heavy wooden mallets, which have been found in great numbers.

Owing to the sudden shelving of the bottom, the villages were never placed far from the shore, with which they were connected by narrow bridges. The posts supporting the platforms and cabins generally rose two or three feet above the surface, and were strengthened by cross timbers. The boards which composed the platform were secured to the framework with wooden pegs. Then the outer rows of posts were provided with a network of twigs, perhaps in order to keep off floating ice.

The dwellings were of rectangular shape, and plastered inside and out with clay two or three inches thick. The roofs were of bark or straw, and over the floors was spread clay mixed with gravel, so as to fill up the chinks. In the middle of every cabin was an open hearth, made of several slabs of sandstone. The largest cabin measured 27x15 feet.

It sometimes happened that the bottom of the lake was rocky, so that posts could not be driven down. In such cases the houses rested on artificial elevations of stone. The stones were conveyed to the spot in skiffs; and one skiff, which had been overloaded, was found by Professor Keller lying on the bottom with its heavy cargo.

At Pfäffikon a lake-village covering three acres was discovered in a peat bog. The peat was cut away, and now we are able to stand on the very floors of the dwellings abandoned thousands of years ago. This settlement belonged to the Age of Stone, and among the interesting objects brought to light in one of its little huts, were two perfect long-bows, very like the bows used by the South Sea Islanders. Some woven cloth, too, was found; also half a dozen melting-pots made of clay mixed with horse dung — a combination which molders still use. The melting-pots were provided with handles, and near them lay pieces of melted bronze and a lump of pure copper. But not another trace of metal was found in all this interesting excavation. Would it not seem as if here was a first attempt to make bronze by the Lake-dwellers at Pfäffikon? It has been suggested by Professor Keller that in this settlement we find ourselves on the borderland between the Age of Stone and the Age of Bronze.

But great was the surprise of archæologists to discover buried underneath this village at Pfäffikon two other villages, the first and second ones being separated from each other by a bed of peat three feet thick.

The Lake-dwellers both of the Bronze and Stone periods seem to have been an industrious, intelligent people. They dwelt in groups of families, or it may be that whole tribes dwelt together, ruled by a chief, or by the will of the community.

Caves opening to the south, and sheltered from the north wind by well-wooded hills, yet not too far from pasture and arable land, were the spots which they chose for their homes.

Labor among them was divided. They kept cattle, which were driven every night into stalls built over the water. They cultivated flax, which was spun into threads by spindle-whorls, and many mats and pieces of cloth have been found buried with the spindle-whorls in the mud. But no hemp has been found, nor any traces of domestic fowls. They cultivated barley, wheat and millet; but rye was not known, while oats appear only in settlements of the Bronze Age. Nor were the Lake-dwellers in want of fruit, for heaps of carbonized apples and pears, as well as the seeds of the raspberry and blackberry, have been dredged up, also many flat cakes of bread.

In one village skates made of horse bones were found; and knitting-needles, hairpins and-fish hooks are plentiful in all the settlements.

The cat seems to have been unknown to the Lake-dwellers; but cats were probably not wanted; for rats and mice were not likely to trouble the storehouses built over the lake.

It would seem that this ancient people had a trade with countries on the Mediterranean, for in one of the lake-dwellings belonging to the Stone Age, a glass bead of a bluish white color was found. It is very similar to the beads found in the most ancient graves of Egypt. Some of the hatchets, too, are made of a stone known as Nephrite, which mineralogists say does not come from Europe, but from Egypt and Asia. It is strange that among the heaps of bones got from the mud of the lake-villages, there are so very few bones of men. And as no burial-places have been discovered, it is a mystery how the Lake-dwellers disposed of their dead. Perhaps they were burned. This is the opinion of Troyon, a French writer.

While the presence of a few Roman coins proves that the Lake-dwellers were the same people known as Helvetii, and did not disappear until about the commencement of the Christian era, the best authorities cannot tell us how many ages back they date. The Bronze Age is believed to have begun from three to four thousand years ago; and beyond it comes the Age of Stone, when all implements and weapons were wrought of stone, bone or wood.

Professor Keller, who has given most study to the subject, says the oldest lake-dwellings probably do not reach further back than two thousand years before Christ. He likewise believes that the Lake-dwellers of the Bronze and Stone Ages were one and the same race, and were a branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland. From the beginning to the end of their existence they show a gradual, peaceful development.

But the very oldest of them did not see the last mammoth; and the rhinoceros and the cave tiger had likewise become extinct in Europe when the first little cabin was built over a Swiss lake.

"HOW THEY TAXED THE DOLL AT SCHANDAU."

By James Baker.

We had just swung alongside that charming little station, upon a glorious day in early Spring, when the Elbe scenery was at its loveliest, the cherry orchards on the sloping banks were white as snow with blossom, the pink of the peach and apricot-blossom contrasted with the green slopes of soft turf that lay beneath them, and the great piles of fantastic, mighty rocks were lit up by the tender leaves of the young birch-trees that opposed themselves to the sombre green of the stately, solemn pines.

The journey down from Utschen had made us happy with ourselves and the world; the glorious sunshine and pleasant river air, and all the sights of timber-cutting and raft-steering, were gently occupying our thoughts, when, at Schandau, we were rudely brought back from our pastoral and forest dreams of idyllic life by a strong force of nine men and officers coming on board, standing at the gangway to overhaul the baggage for contraband goods.

It was useless shaking our heads; portmanteaus had to be opened and everything turned out. One tall officer of, say six feet three, overlooked with stately dignity and through spectacles the proceedings.

We had nothing—no cigars, no spirits—and we laughed and shook our heads, as we could speak no German *pour le moment, bien entendu*). It is best to speak but English at these times—there is still a comfort in being an Englishman, and generally the fact helps one through these little worries of travel. But our head-shaking was useless; we might have new clothes, a new shirt, or even a pair of socks, and then "Victoria" would stint the representatives of the King of Saxony, and bear these new articles in triumph away untaxed.

Alas for them, we had no such articles, but one of our party had a long paper box.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the searcher, "what is this?" and touched it.

"*Poupée*," said the owner, abjuring German, but explaining in a French word that was near enough.

Our little party of three had just come through from Bohemia, where three dolls dressed in the brilliant Pilsener costume had been purchased; one of these had been left on board the steamer that had brought us on from Zeitmeritz, one at this moment was not, and one, the largest of all, but even then but a little one, was now pounced upon by this Saxon officer, dragged from her resting-place, and held up to the gaze of all the little crowd of passengers, crew and officers.

It was no good laughing or shaking the head; the doll was contraband, her dress was taxable, her shoes would be smuggled goods, her ribbons and her hair must be noted. We must go ashore and bring our portmanteaus with us; we objected by vigorous shakes of the head and shrugs immense of the shoulders, and laughingly, saying, "*Poupée*," all to no purpose, and as we would not bear the doll on shore, an officer of a lower grade was called, and he in triumph bore off the Pilsener doll; her eyes were bandaged, so that she looked helpless against the indignity. On shore they bore her, examined her thoroughly, and weighed her, and then the nine officers and men clustered round to insure full payment of the tax imposed. The doll herself was borne back to the ship by a stray porter, the officer not deigning to again carry it back now that it was taxed. The full sum of thirty-five pffenning was demanded, and a lengthy and complete receipt was handed over to the would-be smuggler upon his producing sufficient good coin of the German Empire to meet this demand upon his purse (of about eight cents).

The receipt ran thus, headed:

"Zollquittung.

"To Mr. —— out of England, has on this day at the entrance customs discharged one packet containing a doll of woolen stuff in connection with leather (the doll's boots), weight 300 grammes, Payment 35 Pffenning. Booked in the Revenue Register under the number 125. Schandau, 25th April, 1884, Royal Head Customs.

"Signed, Leutner."

Our friend paid the tax, the captain and crew breathed again, and went off to their posts to at last once again get under weigh. The passengers all settled down, the fore-passengers in awe of the strong force of the Zollamt, and the bell rang to swing off, but the last man to rush on shore was the porter who had borne back the doll from the weighing and taxing ceremony. He had been trying to extract some further pffenning for this service from these law-infringing islanders, but unsuccessfully. Out into midstream we swung, the whole force of the nine officers standing on the platform to see us depart; we laughingly waved them our adieux, chuckling that the doll that "was not" lay yet untaxed and unweighed in a well-searched bag. But we were heartily thankful to them for enabling us to enjoy this little farce of "How they taxed the doll at Schandau" for the small sum of but thirty-five pffenning, including the full official receipt as proof of our pleasure.

RESTRICTIONS ON JEWS IN RUSSIA.

It is generally understood that the Russian Jews are unenfranchised, and enjoy no political rights. But this is only partly true; and if the Hebrews were altogether unemancipated, as their co-religionists were formerly in other countries, the situation would be comparatively simple. As is is, they are free and not free, and their half-emancipation is their greatest grievance, for the sufficient reason that it subjects them to a whole series of police ordinances, capriciously enforced at the will of the

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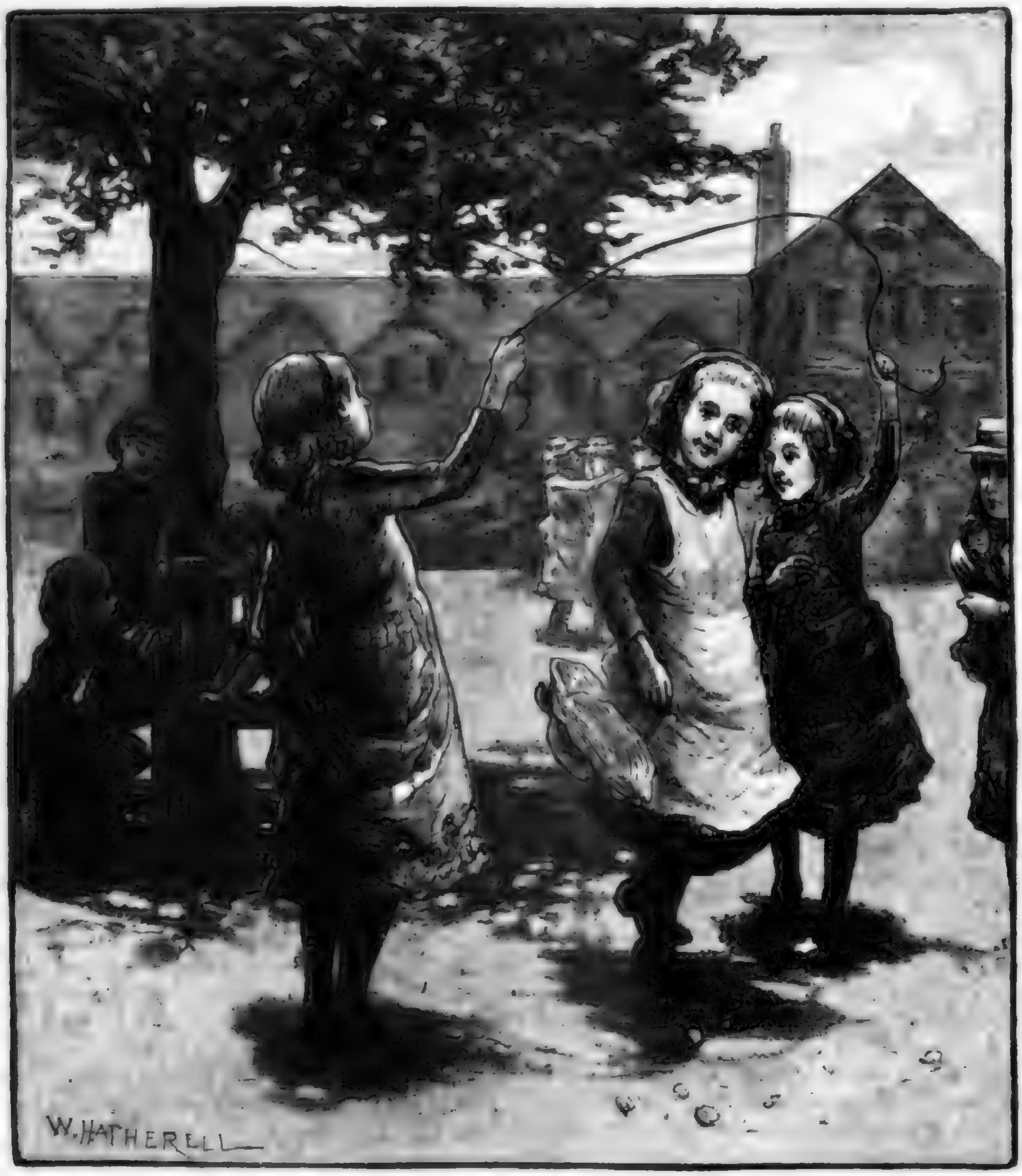
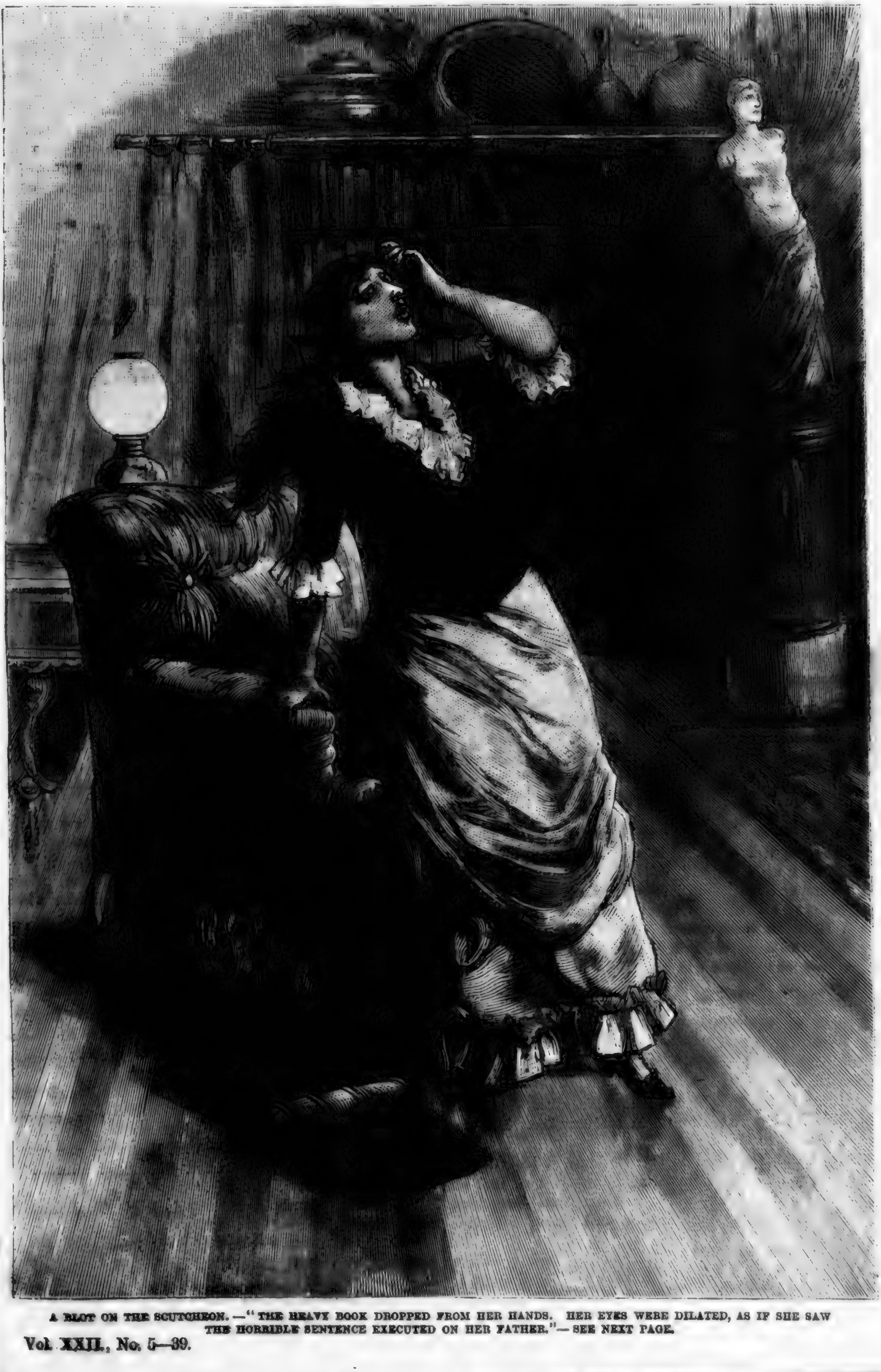
local authorities. For instance, the great mass of Russian Jews are confined to Poland. An exception is made in favor of traders, belonging to the First or Second Merchants' Guilds, paying respectively 800 and 200 roubles yearly for the privilege. To such Russia Proper is open. A short time ago, one of these merchants residing in St. Petersburg happened to lose his parents, and sent for his orphaned sister to come and live with him in the capital. As soon, however, as she arrived there, the police ordered her to leave the city within three days, since, being a Jewess, she did not enjoy the privilege of domicile there. In vain the brother protested and explained; there was nothing to be done. So he went and formally engaged his sister as a cook, notified the fact to the authorities, and in that capacity the young woman was allowed to remain, there being no local ordinance in St. Petersburg prohibiting a Jew from employing a Jewish cook. In another case, a young Jewess from Kischineff, having completed the necessary preliminary studies in the Gymnasium, came to St. Petersburg to enter the Medical College for Women there. As soon as her religion became known to the police, she received the usual order to quit the city within forty-eight hours. But having made up her mind to stay, in spite of the authorities, she boldly entered her name upon the so styled "black list" of the capital as an "improper character," and as such was accorded the privilege of domicile which had been denied to her as a repectable Jewess. Odder still was an instance coming from Kieff. Here, General Drenteln recently revived two old police ordinances, one that prohibits a Jew from employing a Christian servant in his house, and another forbidding any Jew from taking up his residence outside the limits of the city. It subsequently happened that the wife of a Jewish merchant was unable to tend her child owing to ill-health, and it became necessary to procure a nurse for the infant; yet, incredible as it may seem, it was found impossible to do this under existing Russian laws. A Christian girl was not permitted to serve with the Jews, a poor Jewess was not allowed to come to Kieff, and the child could not be sent out to nurse in the country, since the police order prohibited a Jew from living beyond the town limits. How the law of domicile is worked in the smaller towns and in rural districts, where every official spends five times his nominal income, and bribery is an institution, it is not difficult to imagine.



A REAL BIT OF SUNSHINE.



A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON.—"THE HEAVY BOOK DROPPED FROM HER HANDS. HER EYES WERE DILATED, AS IF SHE SAW THE HORRIBLE SENTENCE EXECUTED ON HER FATHER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TWO FORTUNES.

(*From the French of* COPPÉE.)

TWO SISTERS with their arms entwined, there stand
Before a fortune-teller, bowed with age,
Who slowly turns with feeble, faltering hand
The cards prophetic, like a mystic page.

One dark, one fair, and both fresh as the morn;
One like the flower which blooms in Autumn late,
The other like to Spring's pale, sad first-born,
Together there they wait to learn their fate.

"In life, alas! I see no joy for thee,"
The gypsy said to her, the dark-eyed maid;
"Tell me, I pray, will he at least love me?"
"Yes." "*That* alone is happiness," she said.

"Love on thy heart shall shed no gladdening ray,"
The gypsy said to her with snow-white brow;
"Shall I love him at least? tell me, I pray."
"Yes." "Then for *me* that will be bliss enow."

A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

MONSIEUR THIBAUD looked troubled. He was pacing the floor of his library uneasily, now and then stopping at a wide window that opened to the sunshine.

Outside, the garden lay full of fragrance and beauty. There was a serenity in it that might well steal with a benison of peace into a restless heart.

Beyond were quaint rows of poplars, and fields of corn and vine. A great shield of scarlet and golden flowers lay on the green lawn before him, blazing in the light. It was a copy of the Thibaud coat-of-arms, and shone with splendor to-day in its emerald setting.

There were other devices of the fantastic kind, showing that the gardener had a fertile fancy. Persian rugs were imitated in quaint arabesques of flowers in every hue, and laid about on the lawn as if just spread out there after having been wrought in wondrous fairy looms.

But Monsieur Thibaud did not glance at the marvels of his garden. He looked, instead, at the gleam of a silvery-white dress flitting in the green gloom of distant trees.

"I must leave it all," he said, gloomily. "There is no other way. I ought to have gone at first, but could not muster up courage."

He glanced about the handsome room as he spoke.

There were bookcases in carven woods, surmounted with Etruscan vases and *bric-à-brac*. The chairs were covered with dark leather and golden arabesques—everything bespoke wealth and taste.

More than all else he loved the room and all its belongings.

"How would the New World seem?" he thought. "I have taken root here."

He sank into his familiar chair, and rested his head upon his hand.

"It must be," he said, "for Marcie's sake. They tell us there is a happiness found in self-sacrifice. I have a good chance to try it now."

Once more he walked to the window and looked out. The silvery-white dress was nearer now—so near that he could see a blue blur—which meant the stephanotis at her bosom—against the slender outlines of a girlish figure.

"He is with her again. Madame Brissot is not there—asleep under a tree again, I suppose. My duenna is growing too old and fat for her duties. Ah, I see! She is waddling after them. Bah! but they had plenty of time to whisper those eternal vows. Poor Marcia, poor little girl!"

The object of these pitying words looked at that moment so radiantly happy, they seemed singularly inappropriate.

Her laugh, as sweet as any song-bird's note, was ringing on the Summer air. Her cloudless eyes, her fresh color, her bright hair, the girlish figure—all formed a picture that might have been labeled "Springtime," or "Joy," or any other name that typified the glory of the morning-time.

And yet this girl had suffered a great loss, but it was in her infancy. Her uncle had done everything to supply the place of the parents so ruthlessly snatched away.

The thought of them came sometimes with a tender melancholy; but her life lay in the sunshine, and she did not know the meaning of grief.

Gerald Lamballe, looking at her with adoring eyes that day, vowed in his heart that she should never know it. Ah, he had never proved the impotence of love! He felt so strong to guard and keep her for ever, if she would trust him.

"You torment me," he was saying. "Why will you not say just those three words—quick, the steam-tug will be upon us!"

By this name he rather irreverently designated the duenna—a lady with three chins and a tendency to what she called a reverie.

"When I close my eyes, my dear," she was wont to say, "I am living in my past. You see, *petite*, you have not come to my age, when the treasures of memory are all in all."

The young people were delighted at Madame Brissot's fondness for the past—it gave them such golden opportunities in the present.

"Poor Madame Brissot!" exclaimed Marcia. Do you think she ever had a lover?"

"Perhaps so," answered Gerald, "and she might have tortured him as you do me, till at last he deserted and jumped into a pond, and left her to become what she is—take warning!"

"Oh, Gerald!" cried the girl. "Imagine me weighing two hundred and living among the treasures of the past."

"Be warned in time!" cried the young man, taking advantage of a tree-shadow to seize the slender white hand and kiss it. "Say I may speak to your uncle, and ask him for your hand?"

"You should have begun with him," said Marcia, demurely. "You are all wrong. You'll have to do it all over again, and you a Frenchman, too."

"But my mother was American, so I must have inherited from her a liking for their ways. Say I may see him to-morrow. I think he will not object; family, fortune—all is right."

"Yes, you have so many, and I have none," exclaimed the girl. "I wonder where my relatives are. I must have some one besides Uncle Clement."

"Never mind. But, by-the-way, how were you saved when your parents were drowned—that was a miracle."

"I don't know. I will ask."

"You were saved for me, my darling. That miracle was wrought for me!"

"You must think you are of great importance in the economy of nature, Gerald," said the girl, with a gay laugh.

"Only because I love you," he said. "There are some love-sonnets in a book of my mother's I must read to you some time. One ends this way, and expresses my meaning:

> "'And what I *feel*, across the inferior features—
> Of what I *am*, doth flash itself and show
> How this great work of Love enhances Nature's.'"

Marcia did not laugh any more. The young man's voice was too earnest, and there was a strange thrill in her own heart as she raised her eloquent eyes, of that bewitching tint which is said to be—

> "Blue of things gray,
> Gray of things blue."

to his face. But the panting just behind them stopped any word of hers, and Madame Brissot, with a face the color of broiled cranberries, stood by their side.

"This day is so like many unforgotten Junes of the past!" she panted.

"To-morrow," whispered Marcia, and the young man bowed and turned aside down one of the paths which led to a gate.

Marcia walked thoughtfully toward that open window, where Monsieur Thibaud was looking out rather wistfully.

"My dear," he said, ignoring the parting he had witnessed, "how would you like a journey?"

He was surprised at the sudden paling of her face. He had thought he was nipping a love affair in the bud—he had no idea it had blossomed and borne fruit.

"A—a journey?" she faltered; "to Paris?"

"No, to a New World, a land that offers everything to every one—vigor, new life, new opportunities, new chances for happiness."

"Oh, but this is home, and I am so very happy here. Must we go?"

"We must go, I am afraid," said Monsieur Thibaud, very gently, seeing how the shock had swept all the light from the young face.

"Is it—is it business?" said the young girl, in a low tone.

"Yes."

"Oh, if it is poverty, let us be poor here in France," cried the girl, "we will be at home, and not among cold and careless strangers."

"No; it is not poverty," answered Monsieur Thibaud, softly.

"Then—I cannot understand," said Marcia, in a puzzled way.

"You will trust me, won't you, little one?" asked the man, gravely. "You know I love you."

"Oh, you have been everything to me; but, Uncle Clement, how is it that I have no one but you? Did *you* save me when the ship went down?"

"The ship?" exclaimed Monsieur Thibaud, in a puzzled way.

"Why, you know, when poor papa and mamma were drowned. They *were* drowned, were they not?" exclaimed the girl.

"Oh, yes; yes, of course; don't talk about it, dear—a sad time."

"But Gerald asked me how *I* escaped. 'Twas odd—a baby, you know. I couldn't save myself."

"Oh—a sailor—you know how kindhearted they often are."

"I suppose poor mamma put me in his arms, when she saw she could not save herself. I should like to see that good, brave fellow. Did you see him, Uncle Clement?"

"I? No——"

"Then he didn't bring me to you?"

"Yes—yes, to be sure. I'm so full of other things to-night, that I am absent."

"And you rewarded him, dear uncle, I am sure," she said. "You are so kind and generous, and he told you, perhaps, about my parents' last moments?—they went down in one another's arms. I am sure papa would be trying to save my dear mamma. Oh, how hard for them when they must have been so happy!"

"Dear Marcia, why bring up all those painful memories of the past to-night? We have so much to consider just now."

"I am just like Madame Brissot," said the girl, with a faint laugh, "only I have no treasures of memory. I wish—oh, I wish I had some recollection of a sweet mother-face bending over me."

"Marcia, for Heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed Monsieur Thibaud, starting from his seat and pacing the floor.

Marcia looked at him with surprise.

"She was your only sister. I know how you must have grieved!" Marcia said, slowly. "But I wish you could talk to me about her sometimes. I would be so glad to know her tastes. I want to be like her, my poor mamma."

"Oh, my Heaven!" involuntarily the cry came from the man, as if in intolerable anguish.

Marcia ran toward him.

"Oh, you are ill! Dear, dear Uncle Clement, forgive me. Let me get you something—a glass of wine?"

"Yes, I will take a glass of wine," he faltered, and the young girl went out to the great oak sideboard in the dining-room.

"It's very odd," she thought, as she took the heavy decanter in her hand, "that my uncle will never talk about my parents. I don't know anything except that they were drowned when I was six months old, and that my mother's name was Thekla Lemoine. I saw that in a volume of Camoens once that had fallen behind some great books in the library—'To my dear brother Clement, from Thekla Lemoine.' I suppose he gave me his name because he wished to adopt me and leave me his fortune. Ah, well, I will not agitate him any more to-night. How he must have loved her, if ever, after sixteen years! Are you better, dear uncle?"

"Oh, yes; all right now," answered Monsieur Thibaud, seizing the glass. "The fact is—a journey at my age is an exciting affair."

"How soon would we be obliged to go?" Marcia asked, her thoughts deserting the past and flying to Gerald.

"In a couple of weeks, if possible," he answered. "But we won't talk it over to-night. Go and dream over it, dear."

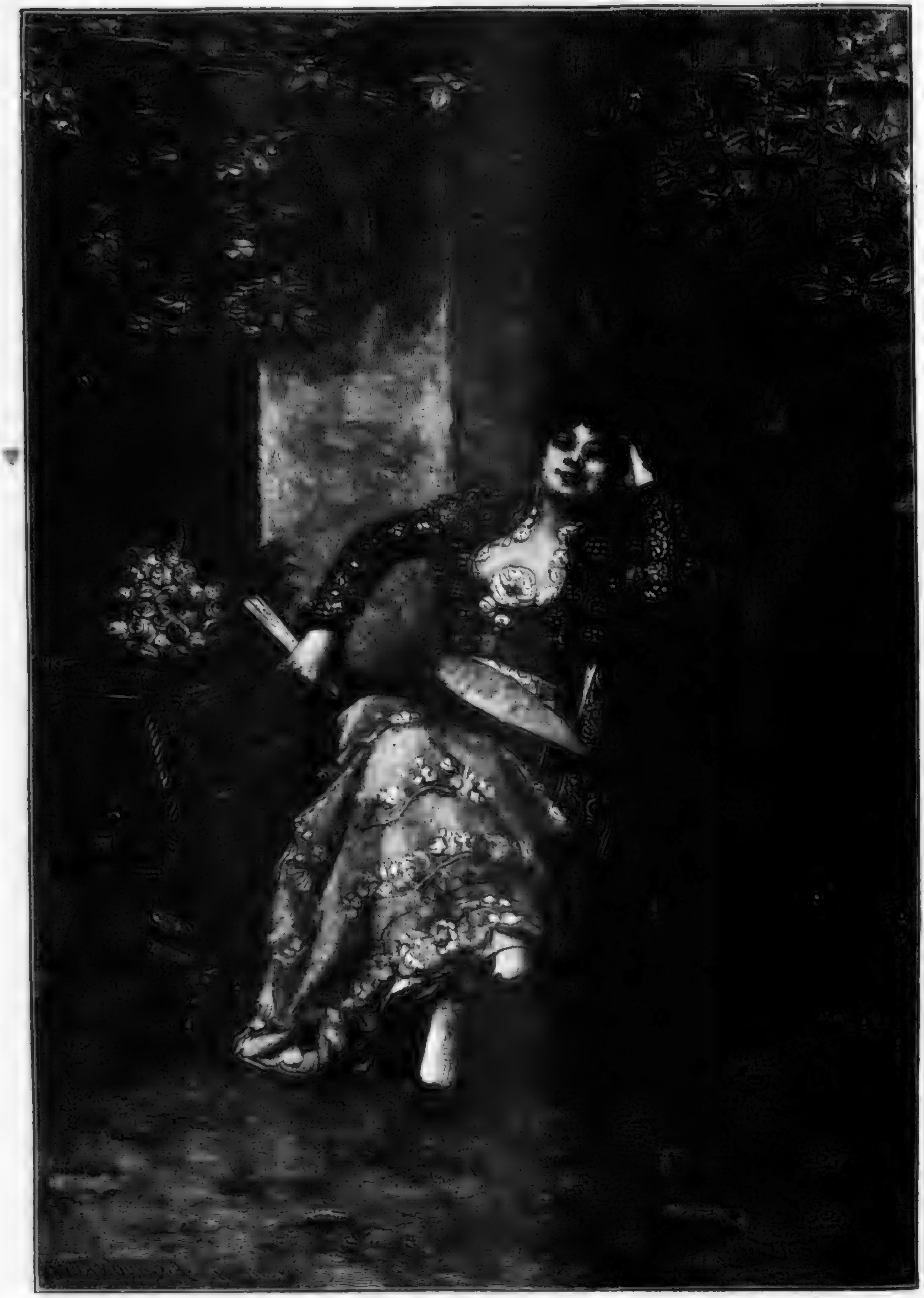
And Marcia, seeing that his face looked strangely haggard, did not venture to speak of her love dream, or of the visitor who was to come in the morning, but we may be sure her visions were not of the New World.

She went straight through the ivory gate of dreams into a new Garden of Eden, where the trail of the serpent had never passed over the flowers. But, then, we know that garden was enchanted.

A strange shyness kept her from saying anything to her uncle in the morning, and she remained out of the way till she saw Gerald walking up the broad path.

When he was fairly in, she made her way to a certain rustic arbor that commanded a view of the front door. She thought she could read her lover's face aright long before he reached her.

"It makes no difference, nothing can separate us," she



AFTER THE BULL-FIGHT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY VIBERT.

kept saying to herself, but her heart sank strangely as she saw her lover's face.

In a moment he had taken her hand and was looking into her eyes.

"I cannot understand," he said. "He will not give you to me."

"But I will give myself," she whispered, with a wan smile.

"You cannot yet," he answered.

"But how can he object?"

"I don't know; only he is very firm. He is going to take you away—to America."

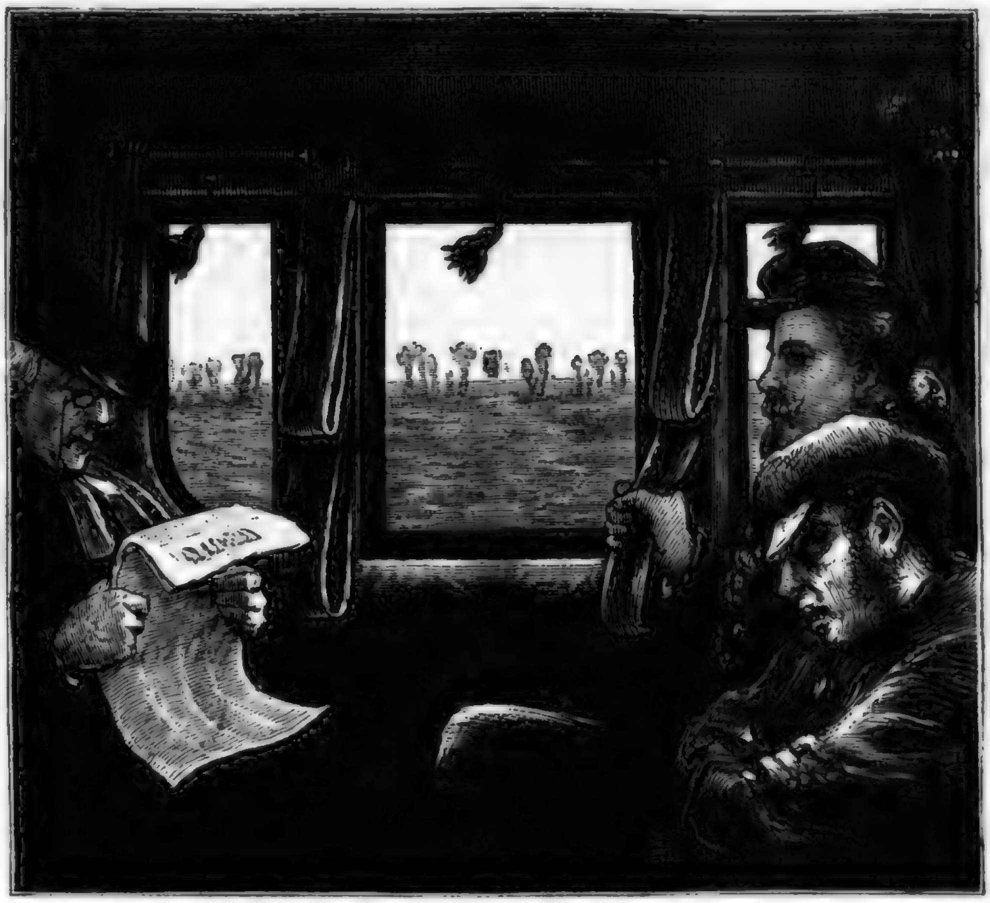
"Oh, I cannot—cannot go."

"It is so far," murmured Gerald. "If you staid here I might have hope. But, Marcia, promise, swear you will be true. The day will come when you can do as you like."

"I swear it!" she cried.

Her eyes filled with tears, and then — only a couple of golden butterflies saw the kisses that were showered on her face, and they were not at all shocked.

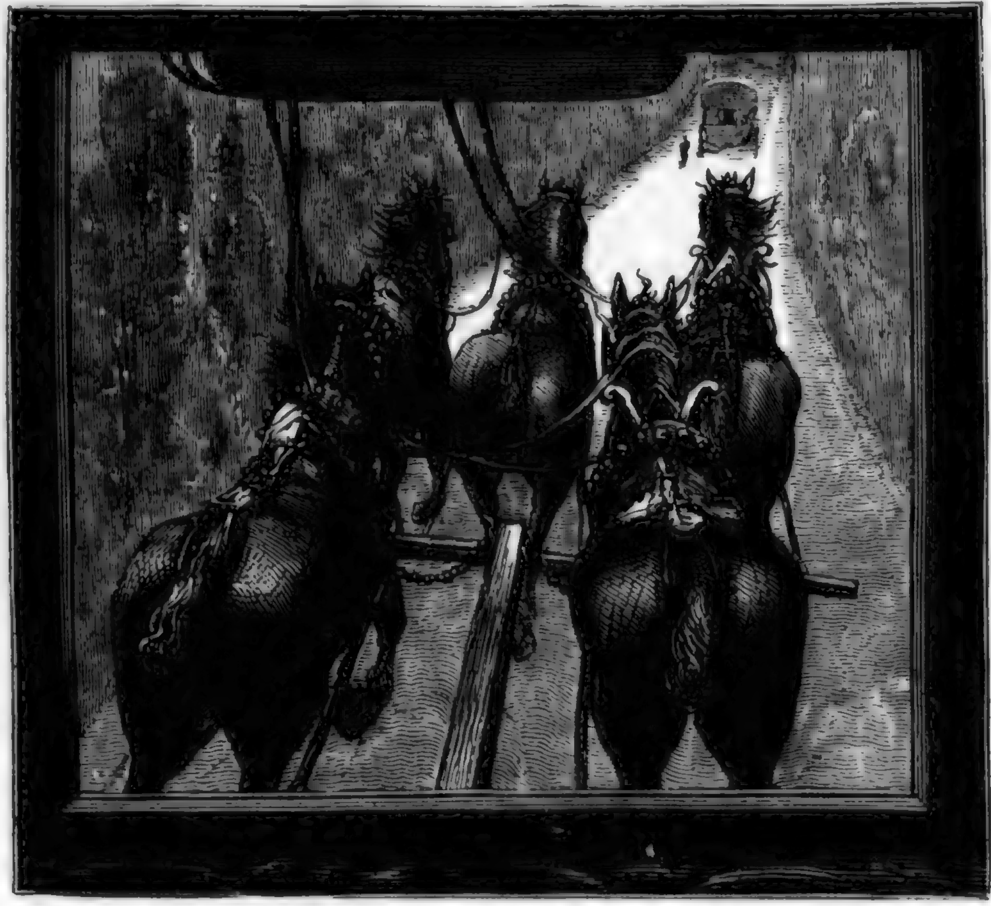
Very drearily Marcia began to make preparations for this strange exile, as she called it in her heart. Now and then her uncle tried to rouse some bright anticipations about the new life, but her joy seemed quenched, and she was very quiet and thoughtful.



A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.—FELLOW-TRAVELERS—A SOLDIER, A PRIEST AND A PEASANT. SEE PAGE 615.

The house began to look dreary and dismantled. All the costly knickknacks were packed in great boxes, the curtains were taken down, and all the dreariness of the flitting crept into the house.

One day—a particularly long one—Marcia went down into the library to get a book with which to while away the time. Her uncle was not there, and, glancing about, she saw a compartment of books open which before had always been kept locked.



A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.—VIEW FROM THE COUPÉ OF A DILIGENCE.

"*Journaux des Tribunaux.* I wonder why uncle has them? Oh, he was a lawyer once. Perhaps he was in some of those trials."

Marcia put out her hand.

Was it Chance or Fate that guided it to one particular volume?

It was heavy, and she leaned it against the great arm of the chair in which she had nestled.

"'1856.' Why, that is the year in which I was born!" she said, as the date on the title-page met her eye.

Why did the book fall open at one fated page?

Marcia gave a low cry, and every vestige of color forsook her face. Her eyes had fallen on these words:

> "The woman, Thekla Lemoine, has not the face of a murderess. Her hair, to be sure, is as golden as the Borgia's; but all the lines of the face are soft; the eyes, frightened and appealing, are blue as heaven. The mouth is full of curves. There are no hard lines such as evil passions leave."

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"My mother—*my* mother!" gasped Marcia. "Oh, have I found you at last—*here*—on trial for your life?"

She had frozen with the horror of it all; she still grasped the book mechanically, but there seemed no feeling in her hands or in any part of her body, save where something that had been her heart seemed alive with great throbs of pain.

But she could see well enough. Although the room seemed swimming about her, she could still read with horrible distinctness:

> "*Cause célèbre.* The great trial of Paul Lemoine and his wife for the murder of Antoine Thurot. *Sang froid* of the man. Strange demeanor of the woman."

And Marcia devoured every word, as one in a strange and horrible trance. There was at first a concise statement of the circumstances of the murder, which we will give for the benefit of our readers:

> "The accused, Paul Lemoine, inhabited a well-appointed *étage* in the Rue Taitbout. He is fifty years old, and made a fortune in the indigo trade. Notwithstanding his wealth, he lived in great retirement and without display. His wife, a pretty young woman of only twenty-two, gay and coquettish, resented, it seems, monsieur's dull life.
>
> "At seventeen she had made a marriage of convenience, arranged by her parents it is said, compelled by them. She had not found a recompense for giving up a young man whom she loved for the elder *parti.* Even the promised lavish supply of money did not come. So, in bitterness and disappointment, she sought comfort with the man who still loved her.
>
> "On a certain evening he came to the house. She had written for him. Her husband was on hand to receive him. The unsuspecting victim had walked into a trap. He was brutally murdered, and Paul Lemoine swears his wife was the accomplice.
>
> "A note was in the victim's pocket, written in the wife's hand, and making this appointment. But her motive? The husband furnishes that. The lover had at last proved faithless. He was about to be married. He had not visited his old friend for a long time. Jealousy furnishes, therefore, the motive. Frantic at his loss, the woman plotted his death.
>
> "It is a strange and unnatural murder; nothing so horrible has stained our columns for many years. How the body was found, how the crime was traced to its authors, will be shown in the course of the trial."

We have little to do with all the horrors through which the girl waded till she came to the end—to the sentence. She seemed to hear that thundering in her ears.

> "Paul Lemoine, found guilty of the murder of Antoine Thurot, sentenced to the guillotine, June 28th, 1856.
>
> "Thekla Lemoine, found guilty as accomplice, sentenced to imprisonment for sixteen years."

Starting up, the heavy book dropped from her hands. She looked like one distraught, her eyes were dilated, as if she saw the horrible sentence executed on her father—as if the cry of her mother, dragged away to solitary confinement, had reached her ears.

"She may be alive," she moaned. "Why—why—it is sixteen years now now."

She spoke the words aloud, and started forward with a cry, when the door suddenly opened and her uncle faced her.

"What is the matter?—where are you going?" he cried, in alarm at her strange air.

"I am going—*to find my mother!*" she cried; but even at the words the poor girl felt the room swimming about her, and then all floated away into utter darkness.

* * * * *

The volume lying on the floor, which Monsieur Thibaud recognized with an exclamation of horror, told the whole story. It had been the aim of his life to keep all this evil knowledge from the girl. He had given her his name; he was about to fly to America on her account. There, he flattered himself, her youth and beauty might avail to bring her love and happiness without the keen scrutiny of antecedents that prevailed in France.

He knew his sister would soon be set at liberty. He had never held a word of communication with her since the day of the sentence.

She was to him as one dead, but he had rescued the innocent child. He had devoted his life to her. He had made her happy, and now this frightful apparition from the past had come to wreck everything.

He paced his room unceasingly. He could not rest till Marcia came out of that deep swoon that seemed like death.

When at last they brought him word that she was better, he shut himself up and tried to rest.

The next morning a very pale and fragile-looking Marcia stole to his side and clung to him.

"You meant it all for the best," she said, faintly. "It was best that I should not know. But now that I do know, do you not see what I must do?"

"No, dear; I don't see," answered her uncle.

"I must find my mother."

"Oh, Marcia, my love—no! You mistake your duty. She is not fit——"

And then he paused. It was so hard to defame a mother to her child.

"I must see her—I must hear her! I would believe what she said. Courts are not always right," she answered, proudly. "And if"—with a heartrending sigh—"even if it were all true, it is sixteen years, and God may have changed her heart."

No pleading could change the young girl's determination.

"I will do all you ask else, dear uncle," she said. "I will give up Gerald—I must! He would not"—with a half-sob—"and I would not let him, if he would, disgrace his name. I will go to America with you, but I must see her. She, too, may find a home in the New World."

And seeing her steadfastness, there was nothing left but for Monsieur Thibaud to aid her. He could not let the young girl make her way about the country alone.

So it happened that on one bright June morning the two stood in that gloomy shadow which "blurs the sunshine half a mile"—the shadow of a prison.

Marcia shuddered as she looked at it.

"It is death in life," she said. "Oh, the other sentence was more merciful—to cut the misery short at once!"

"It is expiation for sin. You forget, dear," chided her uncle, "the prisons are not for innocent victims."

"And yet sometimes such are sent here," said Marcia.

She could not—would not—believe that her mother had ever been so deeply, darkly stained with sin.

"Wait here a moment," said her uncle; "I want a word with the inspector alone."

Marcia waited with terrible heart-throbs. How would this mother look? Was the golden hair turned to silver? the innocent, child-like blue eyes sunken and lustreless?

Monsieur Thibaud came back. There was a look of sorrow on his face, and yet a strange expression of relief was mingled with the grief.

"My darling! she is gone to the Judge who judgeth all men right," he said, gravely.

"Oh, uncle!—not dead?"

"Yes, my dear; and it is better so. How could she have taken up her life again and found any sweetness in it?"

"And is there nothing—no word for me?" Marcia whispered.

"They tell me that she died with these words on her lips: 'I strayed into forbidden paths, but God is merciful and I have repented and expiated that sin; yet I never helped in that horrible crime. I am innocent of the stain of blood. As I hope for heaven, I am innocent! I pray that my child may never hear my name.'"

"Oh, uncle, you do believe her, do you not?" asked Marcia, trembling.

"I do, dear," he answered. "The journey has not been in vain, after all."

* * * * * *

Ten days afterward, as the steamer pushed off from Liverpool, and Marcia stood sadly glancing at the receding shore, a well-known voice thrilled her.

"Why, Gerald," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Going to America to visit my mother's relatives," he answered, with a smile. Then, in a lower voice: "Oh, Marcia, did you believe I could lose you?"

"But you must," answered the girl, in a shaken voice; "or else you will lose yourself."

"We shall see," answered Gerald, in a very skeptical tone.

And in time, when he had made his name in the New World, he heard the whole story, but held fast to his love.

"We will never go back," he said. "This New World is good enough for me, and they know nothing of the tragedy here."

"But you know," said Marcia.

"And I love you," he whispered, "and my love is strong enough to remove mountains."

THE TWINS OF LOCANA.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "John and Jacob Tocci, the twins of Locana, who have been shown in almost every city of Europe as the successors of the famous Siamese Twins, are dying in the Prater. Their mother is a strong, healthy countrywoman. The boys resemble each other exactly, have pretty, delicate features, and are now in their tenth year. John and Jacob are separate as far as the sixth rib, and have one abdomen and one pair of legs between them. Jacob moves the right leg, John the left. The twins cannot walk, and keep their balance by lacing their arms round each other's neck. Jacob eats often and heartily, and is the healthier of the two, and to all appearance it is he who keeps his brother alive. Recently the twins quarreled over a toy, and John grew so excited that his heart's blood suddenly ceased to flow, and he changed to a condition of complete lethargy, from which he had not awoke on the following morning. The boy suffered from the same complaint a year ago in Berlin, and Professor Virchow then declared that a recurrence of the lethargy would certainly put an end to the twin's life. A number of Vienna physicians are observing the malady, but they entertain little hope for John's life, and if John dies, Jacob must follow him to the grave. The twins, as they lie in their bed, offer a strange contrast: Jacob with feverish eyes and a red face, seems to harbor all the blood that has retreated from John's lifeless body. The conscious boy cries incessantly, because he has often heard Professor Virchow's remark repeated, and knows that his brother's death is but the harbinger of his own. The poor creatures are meeting with the same fate that some time ago put an end to the life of the Siamese twins, the second of whom died of poisoned blood-vessels, after having spent six terrible hours with the corpse of his brother. The advisability of an operation separating the living from the dead brother was discussed at the time, but before a resolution could be taken death had done its work. The twins of Locana, who for the last eight years have traveled to all the world's shows, were to have left to-morrow for New York, where Barnum is said to have engaged them for a year at a salary of 30,000 francs. In the event of their death, the parents have sold their body to a London anatomical museum for the price of $40,000.

NOTE ON COCA.

Coca has increased very greatly in use during the last year, from the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of its alkaloid; and it has been found especially useful in ophthalmic cases.

There appear to be two very distinct varieties of coca, the Peruvian and Bolivian, each country claiming its variety as being the best. Each variety is divided into the wild and cultivated leaf. Coca from wild plants is larger and thinner, and is generally considered inferior, but of its inferiority there is much doubt. In Bolivia and Peru, from three to four crops of leaves are procured per annum. The women pick the leaves by hand, and in doing so are careful not to touch the top of the bush, for if this be touched by man or animal, "it withers and dries up."

The consumers of coca in Peru and Bolivia are the native races, and the habit must have descended from the times of the Incas, since it has been found buried with the ancient Peruvians, with the small earthen vase used to hold the lime of the coca chewer.

Few alkaloids are so sensitive to physical and chemical action as cocaine, and hence the percentage of active ingredient varies greatly in different samples of the leaves. "Leaves dried in damp weather, or pressed into the sacks before being completely dried, undergo a fermentation that destroys the cocaine. The destruction goes on gradually, until the complete disappearance of the alkaloid." In the new edition of the "British Pharmacopœia," just published, coca leaves are made officinal, together with the hydrochlorate of cocaine; and a preparation of this salt with gelatine and glycerine, in small disks, each containing 1-200 of a grain of the salt, is authorized. The coca plant blossoms profusely several times a year, but does not produce seed very freely. It is readily propagated from cuttings.

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.

The length of the portion of the Pyrenees running between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, and forming the boundary line between France and Spain, is estimated at about 270 miles. The highest parts of the chain are near the centre, but only one summit within the French frontier attains an elevation of 11,000 feet. Though inferior in height to the Alps, and on the whole in grandeur of scenery, number of snowy peaks, and extent of glaciers, yet the Pyrenees possess peculiar beauties of their own. Their lower latitude gives a gowl to the landscape which will in vain be sought further north; nearly every rock is clothed with verdure, while

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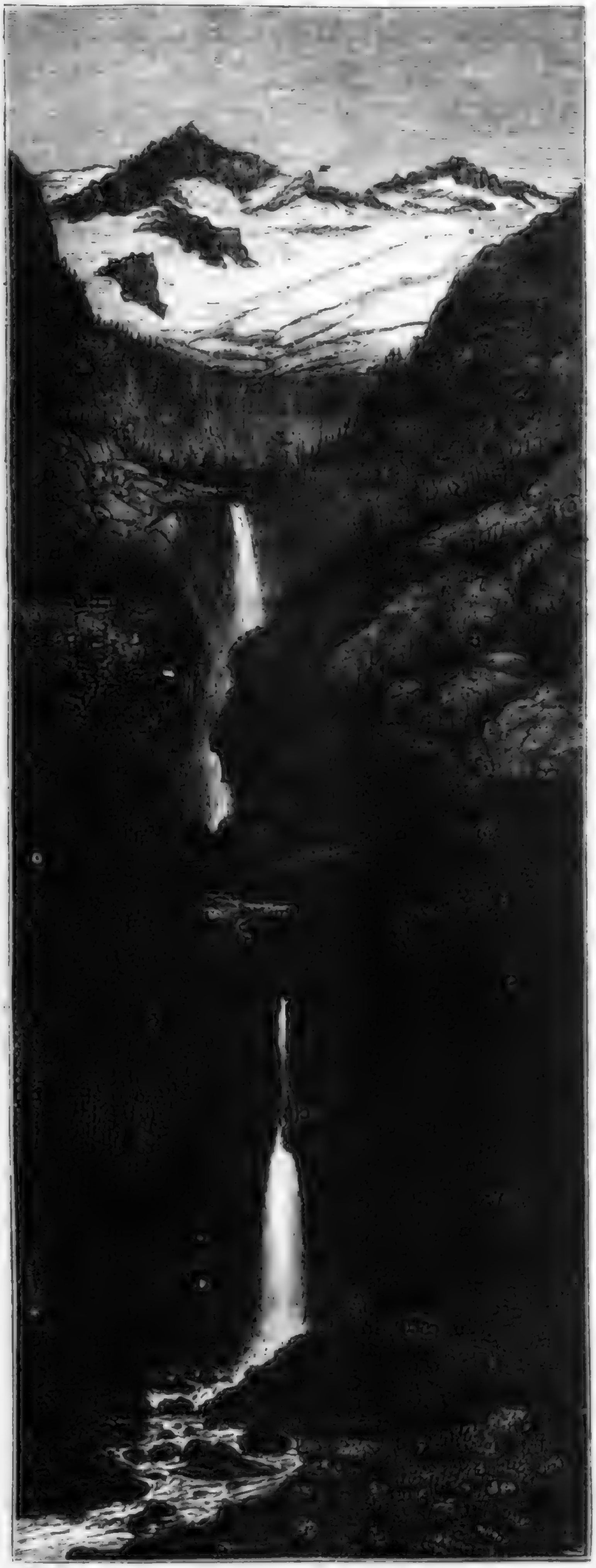


A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.—THE CASCADE AND GORGE D'ENFER.

their vast forests, not merely of monotonous fir, but also of oak and beech, afford to the eye a sea of undulating foliage. Lakes are almost entirely wanting, and here the inferiority of the Pyrenee mountains to those of Switzerland is most decided.

The Pyrenees are not nearly so well known to American tourists as they ought to be, although every year, no doubt, tends to bring this district into closer competition with its great rival, Switzerland. The great objection to the trip is the wearisome railway journey from Paris to Bordeaux. The most comfortable plan is to go by steamer.

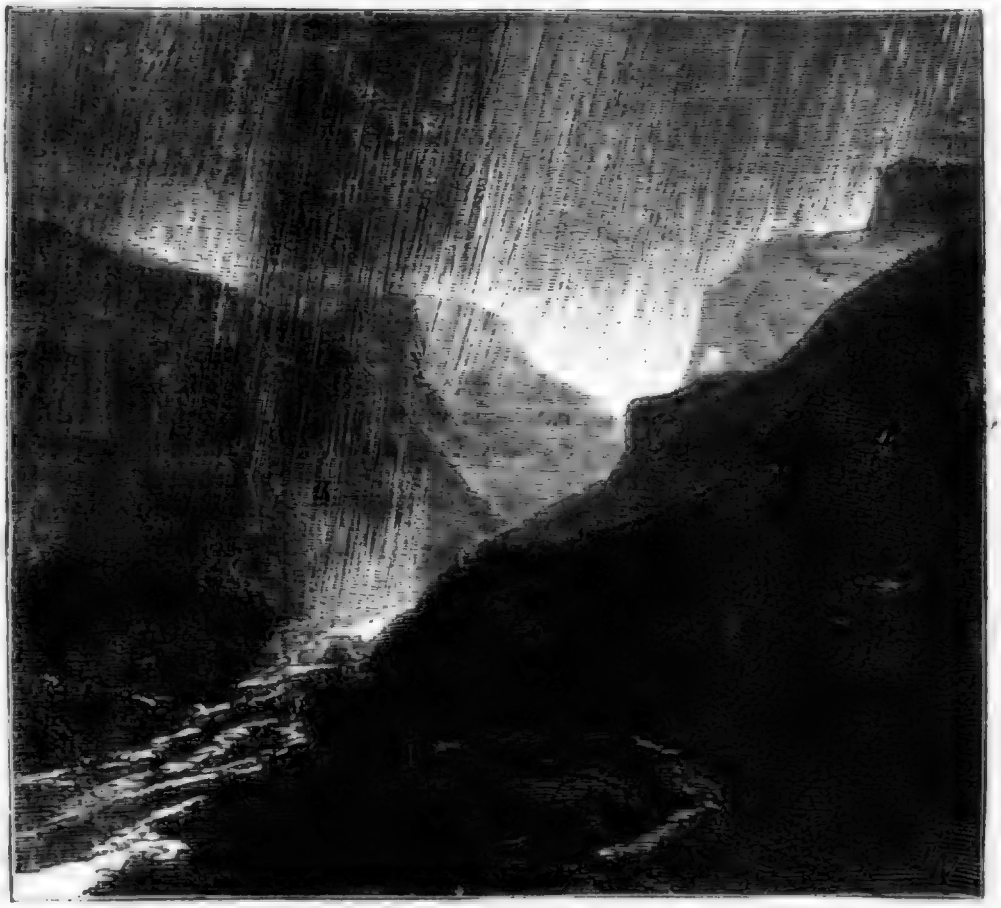
We started from Pau, where we get our first glimpse of the Pyrenees, stretched out in a long line before us, with vague notions of the perils of our voyage, but were quite unprepared for the splendid, broad macadamized road, the numerous towns and villages, comfortable hotels, capital saddle-horses and handsome carriages, which we saw *en route*. Some of the diligences seemed by their appearance to be the old friends of our boyhood, which used to take two days and a night from Boulogne to Paris, but they are well horsed, go at a fine rate, and are cheap. We admit the cheerful feeling caused by being on the box-seat of a well-driven four-in-hand, but the downright intoxication of good spirits is to sit — no, you can't sit — to stand up in the *banquette* of a diligence, crane your neck over the driver, hold on tightly and watch the process of going down the fag-end of a hill and half-way up the opposite one.

Our coachman was the proprietor of all the saddle-horses that he wishes to let to his fare sitting behind him, so he took especial pride in showing what his cattle could do. Scorning to use the whip, he stoops forward as if imploring his seven little nags, and screams one long-drawn *hee!*

Away they go, all as hard as they can split; loose reins, ends of rope, flowing manes, and tails and heels, are all the beholder sees whilst clutching the seat, and as one glances at the sides of the road (a precipice of rocks with a torrent on one side and a wall of mountain rock on the other), one feels that no sensation like this can be obtained at home.

We should strongly recommend a party of four to do the regular round by hiring a carriage at Pau, and a pair of horses. Better still to walk, and send your luggage on before by diligence. A party of ladies might even take a walking tour here with perfect comfort, sure of meeting with civility from the country people, good roads and a comfortable hotel at night.

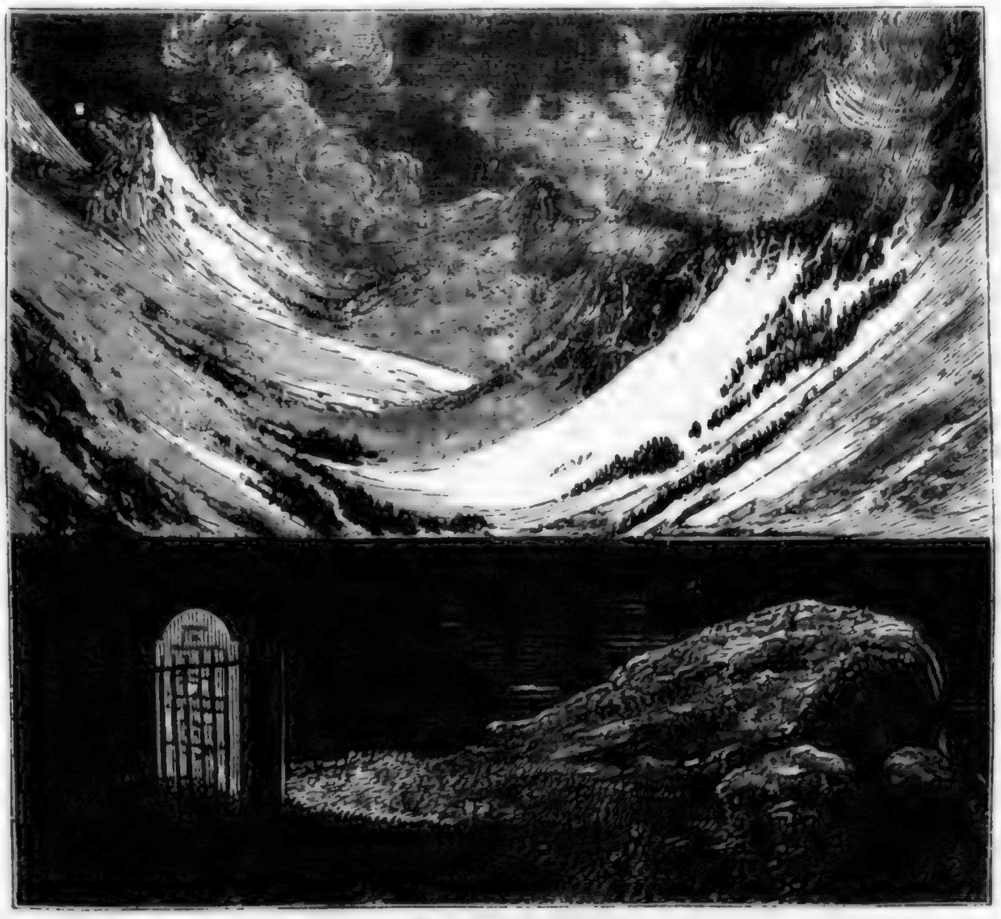
All through the French Pyrenees the routine is much after this manner: You have about ten or twenty miles of railway, jogging along leisurely, winding about the fertile plain, skirting the mountains by a good coach-road blasted out of the rocks, which winds about, following the *gave* or water-course; this for three or four hours, when you suddenly burst upon a little town, with its boulevard, and its *établissement* and sulphurous baths. You rest here for a few days, making excursions by bridle paths, on foot, or on horseback, then back again to the valley; a little more railway, another turn into the mountains, and another Eaux—something or other; or if you are a good climber you can take short cuts across the mountains instead of going back to the plain.



A STORM AT EVENING NEAR EAUX-BONNES.

The guide, when dressed in his best suit, with scarlet jacket over one shoulder, crimson sash, buff waistcoat and dark velvet breeches, and heading a party of visitors, looks very picturesque as he strides along before the others and turns now and then to see how they clamber over the little difficulties. A friend thus describes his first sight of Eaux-Bonnes:

"In whichever direction we turn there are houses built into, and often forming part of, the mountain, resting on ledges of rock, like the aeries; but so cleverly contrived is the arrangement of the place, so admirably has space been economized, that there is a feeling of freedom about it, quite inconsistent with living in a bird's nest. Thus, with the mountain several thousand feet above our heads, and the Val d'Ossan stretching away for many miles at our feet, with rocks overhanging and tree-tops waving below, through which we can see below the blue sky, with scarcely a foot of level ground anywhere (save the Promenade Horizontale), with cascades and waterfalls almost at our windows, we find ourselves as comfortably and luxuriously housed as in any modern city. Looking down upon the Place from our hotel window on this bright sunny afternoon, it is the gayest scene imaginable; and we scarcely know which to admire most, the costumes of the fair riders who about this hour (5 P.M.) come flocking in, dressed in white riding-habits and scarlet hats; or their cavaliers in buff and green, like members of the Ancient Order of Foresters; or their dandy guides, in embroidered Spanish costumes, silk sashes and white stockings; or the gay trappings of their thin steeds, or the motley groups that stand about to see the arrivals."



THE LAC DE GAUBE.

The Val de Lys, which may be easily reached from Luchon, derives its name from an old word signifying the number of its streams and waterfalls. After a pleasant ride through a wood of beeches and hazels, the gorge expands into a green valley, overlooked by lofty mountains, among which are the snowy peaks and glaciers of the Crabioules. The fir woods are streaked by the white lines of foaming cascades, the principal one of which dashes through a very narrow fissure, called the "Gorge d'Enfer."

The most interesting excursion from Cauterets is to the Lac de Gaube—one of the few mountain lakes in the Pyrenees. This lonely basin of green water is reached easily on horseback or on foot. On its edge one is startled to see an unmistakably English tombstone, which commemorates the death of a young English barrister and his wife who were drowned there during their honeymoon.

"The Lac de Gaube," says Mr. Blackburn, "is a perfect mountain basin, the water being prevented from escaping into the valley by a natural granite wall which forms a sort of embankment at the northern end. From this point we obtain a grand view of the sand-covered Vignemale, reflected in the still water. The sides of the lake are steep and rugged, with black masses of fir-trees reaching almost to the water's edge."

In looking at the sketch of "Soldier, Priest and Peasant," our readers will bear in mind that as swiftness is only attainable on French railways by paying first-class fare, we often meet in first-class carriages very humble folks, because for some reason or other, they are in a hurry.

A MERCIFUL TIGRESS.

By Henry Nash.

I had been out for a day's snipe-shooting with my friend Jack O'Grady in some swamps a few miles from his estate on the Patchagheri Hills; but, after meeting with fair success, we turned our steps homeward early in the afternoon, as I was somewhat fatigued. Having only just come up from the plains on a short visit to Jack, I was not in good condition for walking; and though the excitement of the sport had enabled me to sustain an unwonted amount of exercise in the stiff ground that morning, my feet began to feel very heavy before we had accomplished half the distance back to the bungalow. In this plight, on reaching a shady spot by the side of a little stream, I proposed a short halt, to enable me to admire the grand scenery—as I said. Jack agreed to an "easy" for a quarter of an hour; but warned me that, having no desire to nurse me through a fever, he would not allow me to go to sleep—a refreshment I felt very much disposed to indulge in.

"If, however, you really wish to see some of the grandest scenery in the world," said he, "you could not find a better point than near where we are now. About two hundred yards further down its course this stream precipitates itself over the rocks; and from the edge of the cliff you have a view, on a clear day, extending for more than forty miles over dense forests, rugged cliffs and fertile plains as far as the Indian Ocean."

It required an effort for me to regain my feet; but, knowing the imprudence of lying down in the rarefied mountain atmosphere whilst in an overheated condition, I bestirred myself; and we walked together toward the point O'Grady had mentioned.

"Now, tell me," exclaimed O'Grady, as we stood on the brink of the precipice, "have you ever seen anything finer than this?"

"Never!" I replied, with enthusiasm; "though I have traveled on foot through the grandest scenery of Europe."

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight. The day was clear, though hot; and the slanting rays of the afternoon sun lit up the forest at our feet with a rich coloring only seen in a humid tropical country; whilst the immediate foreground was illuminated by a brilliant rainbow reflected on the spray rising in a cloud from the cascade, which fell sheer sixty feet on to the rocks below.

After gazing on the splendid panorama at my feet for some minutes in silence I was about to turn away, when an unexpected object arrested my attention, causing me to grasp O'Grady by the arm, while warning him in a whisper to observe silence and caution.

On a flat ledge of rock, about a hundred yards to the right of where we were standing, a magnificent full grown tiger was stretched out asleep. It was lying on its right flank, basking in the sunshine, with its left fore-paw over its eyes, and was evidently quite unconscious of our proximity.

The ledge of rock on which the royal beast was taking its siesta might be about thirty feet below the level of the ground on which we stood, and as we drew back out of sight I whispered a congratulation to O'Grady on the grand prize thus placed in our grasp. I suggested that we should load with ball-cartridge, creep up to the edge of the cliff immediately above where Stripes was reposing, and then fill the marauding beast full of holes in the region of the heart, at which fatal spot we could fire at such point-blank range as to make an instantaneous kill a matter of certainty. To my surprise, however, he did not seem to sympathize with my proposition, and I thought my plan for deliberately "potting" even a tiger had shocked his sportsman's chivalrous instincts.

"You see," I argued, apologetically, "a tiger is such an exceptionally dangerous and destructive animal that I consider it is fair to destroy it when, where, and how one can. And in the present case to flush the game before firing will be to lose all chance of even a snapshot, as with one bound it will disappear in the dense underwood close to the rock and be no more seen, though you may hear of it again only too soon when some of your best cattle are lifted, or your lines are deserted by the estate coolies, in consequence of one or more of their number having furnished a light refection to his royal highness."

"No apology is necessary for your plan, my dear fellow," said O'Grady. "In ordinary circumstances I should not hesitate about following it myself, as it would be a good thing for the planting district to exterminate these formidable brutes. But, strange as it may seem, I think in the present instance I may be morally bound in honor to let the opportunity go by. However, we will load with ball-cartridge, creep to the edge of the cliff as you suggest, and, if after seeing the animal at close quarters I should nod my head, we will shoot it dead where it lies. But if I shake my head we will quietly draw back without firing. Is it agreed?"

"Certainly," I replied; "though it seems strange to throw away such a chance."

I spoke with some irritability, as to have shot a tiger would have made me famous, and such an opportunity for bagging the first prize of an Indian shikarry's ambition was not likely to recur in my experience.

"It is hard lines on you to ask you to observe such a restriction," resumed O'Grady, "but I will give you my full reason by-and-by. At present, come on!"

Having loaded our guns, and seen that our knives were hanging free and ready to hand if wanted, we crept forward, making a circuit so as to bring us to the edge of the cliff opposite to where the tiger lay; and so well had we judged the position that on peering over we saw the animal immediately beneath us.

I raised my gun, and, with suspended breath, looked eagerly toward O'Grady for the preconcerted signal.

He paused a moment, and then shook his head.

I was keenly chagrined, but, of course, did not hesitate about respecting our compact, and without disturbing the sleeping beauty—for on near inspection the animal proved to be a tigress—we stole noiselessly back to the bank of the stream where I had originally proposed to rest awhile.

"Sit down, old fellow," said O'Grady, "and I will tell

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you as briefly as possible my reasons for sparing that creature's life."

"All right, fire away," I replied, somewhat surlily, as I flung myself down on the grass; "only I must say that if her ladyship had seen us sleeping peacefully on a ledge of rock, as we saw her, I doubt considerably whether we should both now be numbered amongst the living."

"It is for the very reason that she and I have met before, and that quite recently, on which occasion she spared my life, which was completely at her mercy, that I now grant her boon for boon. One good turn deserves another, you know. However, listen; and if after hearing my tale you think you ought to shoot that tigress, I will not oppose you, though I will not fire at her myself, at least, not unless it should be absolutely necessary to protect your life or my own."

"Good!" I murmured, my equanimity being restored, "I am all attention."

"About three weeks ago," began O'Grady, "I had occasion to visit a neighbor's estate, about four miles hence on the Koprapalli Ghaut; and as my pony happened to be lame just then, I had to walk the distance. That, however, is a bagatelle to me, and starting about ten o'clock in the morning, I stepped gayly along, carrying nothing except a light Anamullay cane. As my visit was strictly on business, which I wished to dispatch as soon as possible, and be back again by six o'clock that evening at the latest, I thought it better to have no inducement to delay my progress either going or returning by stopping to bag any game I might chance to meet with, and, therefore, purposely left my gun at home.

"The Koprapalli Ghaut has lately been improved by the road being carried round the well-known Honeycomb Rock, instead of over it as formerly; and this work, though adding a little to the distance, has greatly improved the gradient. This new section has been blasted out of the face of the cliff, which has a sheer descent of nearly two hundred feet from the roadway; and rises fully sixty feet above it. I had gone about half way round this new cutting, and had just turned a corner in the road, when I came face to face with a large tigress, the same animal which we have just seen asleep. I will not attempt to describe my sensations at this undesirable *rencontre*. If you cannot imagine what a fellow's feelings would be in such circumstances, I am positive no words would convey a true impression to your mind.

"The tigress was evidently just as surprised as I was; and for about a minute, which seemed sixty to me, we stood and looked at each other, only about ten paces dividing us, which distance is, of course, a mere hop of a tiger. I momentarily expected the animal would crouch for its spring, and the thought of flinging myself over the parapet of the road into the abyss below once suggested itself to my mind. But that idea I instantly cast behind me, and resolved to trust to the tender mercies even of a tigress rather than hurl myself to certain destruction over the cliff; besides, I reflected that the tigress would not have much difficulty in making her way to the base of the rock, and eating my mangled remains at her leisure and pleasure.

"As, however, she did not crouch for her spring, but continued standing in the roadway, banging her tail about lustily from side to side, I began to wonder what she really did mean to do, and bit by bit I found the terror I was in began to grow less intense. I bethought me presently of various stories of the power which the human eye is said to be capable of exercising on the brute creation, and I quickly formed the resolution of attempting to mesmerise my tigress. Accordingly I glared at her with an expression of fierce hatred which was meant to strike terror to her heart, but only produced more energetic flickings of her tail, so that I speedily abandoned intimidation.

"I next tried surprise, and raised my eyebrows as if in astonishment at her jolly good cheek in blocking up the imperial highway; but the only notice she took of this demonstration on my part was to advance one pace toward me.

"This was a negative triumph for mesmerism; the power of my resolute eyes had moved the tigress, though in the wrong direction. By all rules of the mysterious influence she ought to have quailed before my gaze, and have slunk off cowed and crestfallen. But perhaps a further experiment might produce a better result. So, contracting my brow, I forthwith assumed a look of terrible anger, hoping thereby to convince her royal highness of the imprudence of pushing my forbearance too far. My look of displeasure she answered by advancing two paces, quick march, causing me to make a corresponding movement to the rear, which brought me to the parapet wall. Clearly I had not yet touched the right chord to tame that fierce nature.

"There remained conciliation; and wreathing my countenance into benevolent smiles, I beamed on the tigress as if wishing to convey my sentiments of admiration for her great personal beauty, and evident amiability of disposition. I hoped that as my antipathetic regards had attracted her, so my kindly aspect would, on principles of contrariety, repel her. But I was disappointed, as she immediately advanced three paces at the double. As I was already against the wall I could not back any further without going over the cliff, so I was compelled to leave the last move of the game unconditionally to Mrs. Stripes. I was fairly checkmated; but somehow, though I did not for a moment suppose my life would be spared, I began to grow very callous as to my fate. I speculated as to whether I should prove tender; whether my death would be avenged; whether I should be regretted by my neighbors. I wished I had made my will, and I remembered a host of little matters which I knew it would be most inconvenient to leave unsettled before I was eaten; but which must now right themselves or be shelved in perpetuity. If I were to write hard for a month I do not believe I could record all the subjects that crowded into my mind in those five minutes, during which I and the tigress stood face to face. One thing I had observed with satisfaction, which was that the terrible beast was not angry; but any momentary ray of consolation I might have derived from that circumstance was extinguished by the reflection that neither am I possessed by fierce and consuming wrath against a sheep, for instance, when I cause him to be slain that I may browse upon his muscles. I reminded myself that, after all, tigers must eat to live, just as much as man.

"Taking these philosophical views I continued to cast regards of absolute Pickwickian warm-heartedness toward the mistress of the situation, who presently sat down on her haunches, as if to consider what course she ought to pursue. At all events, whatever her ultimate decision with regard to my fate might be, she clearly did not mean to slay me there and then; and the relief of knowing the fatal spring was not to be made at once caused me to become quite gay and light-hearted. The strain on my nerves could be sustained no longer. Fear gave place to hysterical recklessness. I grew light-headed, and even laughed aloud; and presently mechanically putting my fingers into my waistcoat pocket, I pulled out a packet of snuff which I habitually carry, and took a pinch. My nose being thoroughly seasoned, I did not sneeze; but the action evidently offended the tigress, and as if to say she would tolerate no such levity of conduct on my part, she got up and growled at me in a manner which caused me to drop the packet of snuff in great trepidation, scattering the contents all over my shirt-front.

"For fully a minute we continued to gaze at each other; and then the tigress advanced a pace.

"'Is this the h'end?' said I to myself, quoting Fanny Squeers; for though expecting to be instantly torn in pieces, I could not suppress my merriment.

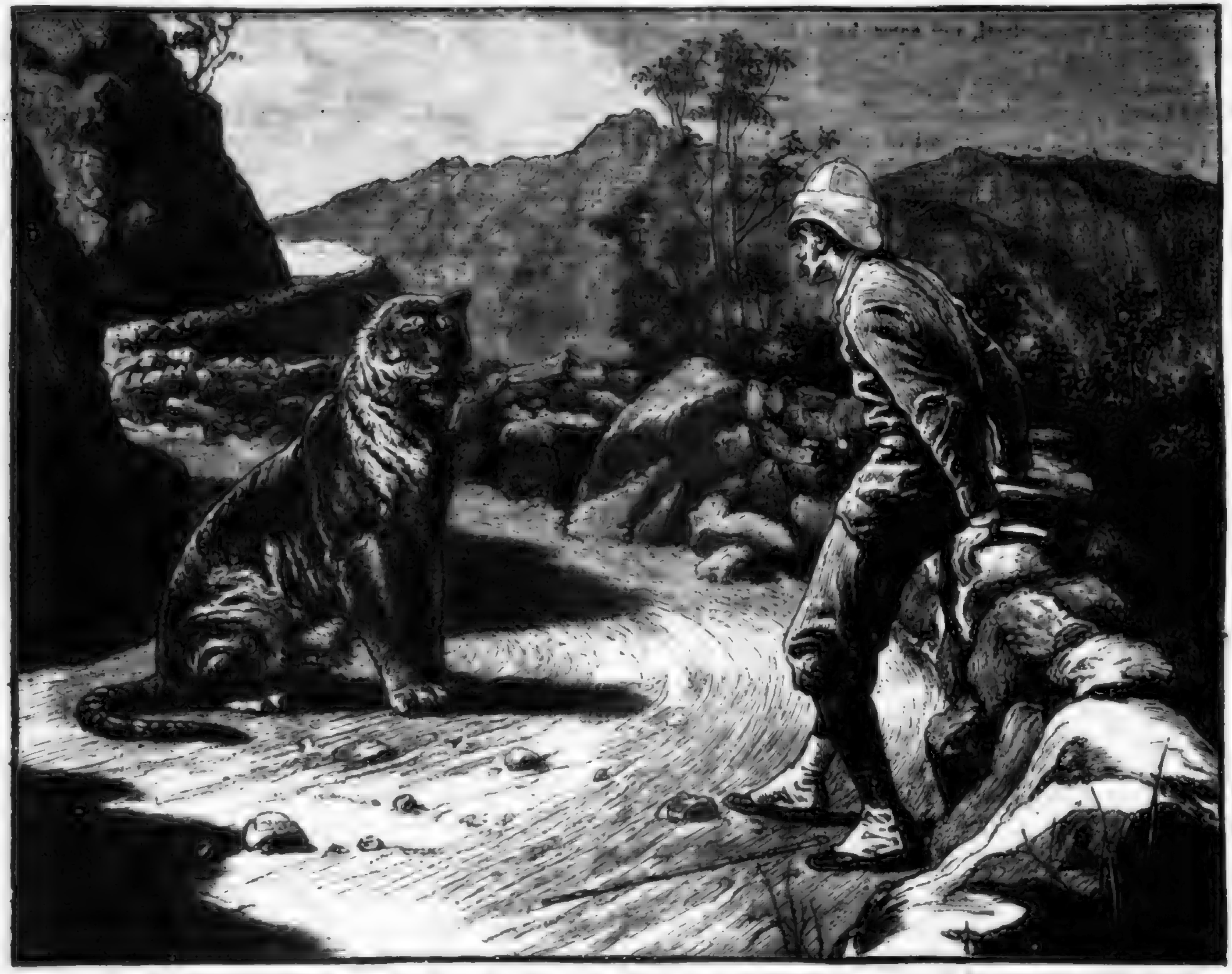
"Apparently the 'h'end' was at hand, as Madame Stripes took two more paces to the front. She paused for a few moments and then, still keeping her eyes on me, once more advanced, but not exactly toward me.

"Could it be possible?

"Yes; thank Heaven! she meant to pass me.

"I was almost delirious with excitement at this new phase of the situation, the possibility of which had, of course, never for one instant suggested itself to my imagination.

"On she came, with majestic pace, and had almost passed me, when she paused. I suppose my reason must have been temporarily unbalanced by the fearful suspense I had endured, or I should scarcely have done the act of madness I then committed. I raised my right hand, brought the palm down on her quarters with a hearty smack, calling out at the same time, 'Gee up, old lady!' The next instant I was knocked down insensible. On regaining consciousness I found I was hanging face downward over the precipice, and was being held up by my nether garment, while two hundred feet below me, I could see the mountain torrent rushing over great rugged boulders in its bed, to fall upon which would inevitably be to be ground to pieces. I had evidently been dashed against the parapet wall with such force as to carry it away; and I should have gone over the brink with it had not the tigress arrested my fall by seizing me in the manner indicated. My position was truly an alarming one, yet I could not help recognizing its decidedly ridiculous aspect. If the tigress let go I must perish by being broken on the cruel rocks; if she hauled me back on to the roadway, she would probably make a meal of me for my unparalleled impudence and folly in not letting her pass quietly when she wished to do so. Which course would she adopt to punish me?



A MERCIFUL TIGRESS.—"AS I WAS ALREADY AGAINST THE WALL, I COULD NOT BACK ANY FURTHER."

"After a few moments she lifted me up and deposited me face downward on the ghaut; and I expected instantly to feel her fangs rending a *bifték à la tartare* from my quivering flesh. But she did not bite; and, whether from feminine curiosity or mere caprice I cannot say, she presently turned me over on my back with one of her paws, I lying as rigid as possible, and feigning to be dead. Then she yawned, and from under my eyelashes I perceived that my head would not be much more, comparatively, in that capacious mouth than a walnut would be in mine. While I was making this cheering reflection I felt her breath on my face.

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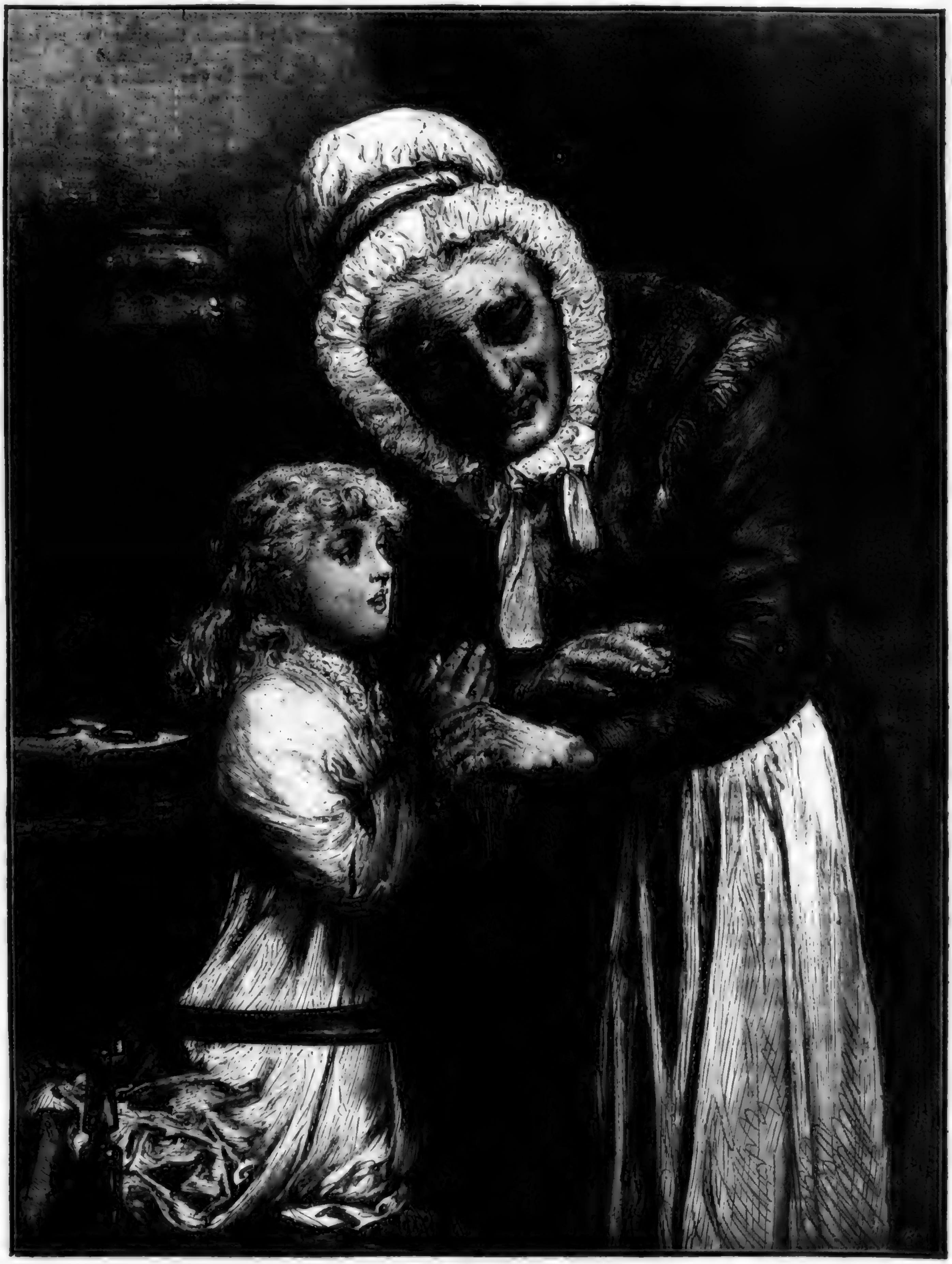
"She smelled my hair, my cheeks, my mouth; and finished her examination by giving me a kiss, if a lick with a pliable nutmeg-grater can be so termed.

"'My dear,' thought I, on receiving this salute, 'you really ought to pay more attention to your toilet. Your breath is positively offensive. Try Fragrant Floriline, or some other aromatic dentifrice.'

"I had been spared so long, and had suffered so much anxiety, that dread once more gave place to recklessness, and I could jest even in the dire extremity in which I lay; but my jocularity was soon checked by my becoming aware that blood was trickling slowly from my chin where the tigress had licked me; her rough tongue having peeled off the skin.



THE MORNING PRAYER.

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"Then I felt that all was up, knowing that the terrible beast, having once tasted my blood, would not be long ere she plunged her dreadful fangs into my jugular vein; and closing my eyes tightly, I resigned myself to the fate my own folly had brought upon me.

"Once more I felt her breath upon my face. She was smelling me over, as if irresolute where to make the first bite, when all at once the sniffing ceased.

"'Pwsstch!'

"A noise resembling the sudden blowing-off of steam from a locomotive engine made me open my eyes in astonishment. The tigress was standing by my side, rubbing her nose with her off fore-paw, and looking at me with an expression more of alarm and disgust than anger.

"'Pwsstch!'

"The noise reverberated up the glen again, and I perceived it was caused by the tigress sneezing. Sniffing me all over she had come upon the snuff I had spilled on my shirt-front, and her nostrils being unaccustomed to the pungent dust, she had received a violent shock to her nervous system.

"I lay perfectly still, and was presently overjoyed to see her walk away from me as if I were something too nasty for any decent, well-bred tigress to touch. She stopped several times to look back at me, as she strode with leisurely majesty up the ghaut; and I was careful not to move as long as she was in sight; but the instant she disappeared round an angle in the road I picked myself up, and ran as though Old Clootie himself were after me; nor did I stop until I reached my friend's bungalow.

"He and some other fellows had organized one or two beats for my tigress, but have seen nothing of her, and I thought she had probably left this neighborhood. However, we now know that she is still here, and I leave it to you, having heard how she spared my life, to decide whether you will 'pot' her as she lies asleep on the ledge of that rock."

"First of all," I asked, "how can you be certain that the tigress we have just seen is the same that you met on the ghaut?"

"My dear fellow," replied O'Grady, "if you had examined those royal features as long and at as close quarters as I did, you would not fail to recognize them again. Besides, you may have observed that our sleeping beauty will shortly become a mother; and the same condition was apparent in the animal which allowed me to go unharmed three weeks ago, so that I have no doubt as to her identity."

"It was the snuff which saved your life," I objected, being still reluctant to let the opportunity of establishing my reputation as a shikarry slip away.

"Perhaps so, at the last," answered O'Grady. "But even if she were not hungry, and had no appetite for *gigot d'homme au naturel*, she might have dropped me over the precipice, or broken my head with a mere pat of her paws. Remember the provocation I had given her, when she was willing to pass peaceably on her way."

I reflected for about a minute, and then gave my verdict.

"Let her live," said I, "for one good turn deserves another."

So saying we both arose, and walking cautiously to the spot whence I had first seen her, we once more admired her graceful form basking on the rock. Just then the hooting of a black monkey rang through the forest below, and the tigress awoke with a start. One bound carried her out of sight amongst the dense jungle, and even had I repented of my merciful resolution, it was then too late.

O'Grady and I kept our own counsel, but some Badagas, or hill men, also happened to discover the tigress's basking-place, which it seemed was a favorite spot with her kind; and they speedily sent an ounce of lead into her brain from an old matchlock, whereby they became entitled to a Government reward of fifty rupees.

Wishing, however, to secure the skin for myself, I offered the men an extra ten rupees and two bottles of arrack for it; the bargain was forthwith closed, and I became its proud possessor.

I have never had another chance of shooting a tiger, but I have never felt dissatisfied with myself for sharing O'Grady's chivalrous resolution on that memorable afternoon to give grace for grace even to a tigress.

BURIED IN THE RUINS.

An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and, among others, asked: "Whose is this antique mansion before us?"

"That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, the Earls of Pembroke of the second line the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook Ramsay, Cardiff and York, the Morgans of Acton, the Earls of Hunsdon, the houses of Ircowm and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort."

"And pray, sir, who lives there now?"

"I do, sir."

"Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice: Come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

The Telephone of 1664.—"As glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our other senses, of hearing, smelling, tasting, touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done; and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied. And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thoroughly examined how far Otocousticons may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing, or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a very considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light; at least, incomparably swifter than that, which at the same time was propagated through the air; and this not only in a straight line, or direct, but one bended in many angles." —*Works of Robert Hooke, published in* 1664.

BONNIE BAIRNS.

The lady she walked in yon wildwood,
  Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
  Were running at her knee.

The tane it pulled a red, red rose,
  With a hand as soft as silk;
The other it pulled the lily pale,
  With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns,
  And why the white lily?"
"O, we sue with them at the seat of grace
  For the soul of thee, ladie!"

O, bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
  I'll cleid ye rich and fine;
And for all the blackberries o' the wood
  Ye's hae white bread and wine."

She heard a voice, a sweet, low voice,
  Say, "Weans, ye tarry long"—
She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn:
  "Kiss me before ye gang."

She sought to take a lily hand,
  And kiss a rosie chin——
"O, naught so pure can bide the touch
  Of a hand red wet wi' sin!"

The stars were shooting to and fro,
  And wildfire filled the air,
As that lady followed thae bonnie bairns
  For three long hours and mair.

"O, where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
  I'm wae and weary grown!"
"O lady, we live where wae never is,
  In a land to flesh unknown."

There came a shape which seemed to her,
  As a rainbow 'mang the rain;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
  And they pled and pled in vain.

"And O! and O!" said the younger babe,
  My mither maun come in!"
"And O! and O!" said the oldest babe,
  "Wash her twa hands frae sin."

"And O! and O!" said the youngest babe,
  "She nursed me on her knee!"
"And O! and O!" said the oldest babe,
  She's a mither yet to me!"

"And O! and O!" said the babes baith,
  "Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
  Wash her twa hands frae sin!"

THREE BUNCHES OF VIOLETS.

By N. Robinson.

THE FIRST BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Geoffrey Whitcombe was one of those lazy fellows who wouldn't unbutton his frock-coat to look at his watch, if he could find anybody at hand to tell him the hour.

He had seen a lot of life—"the whole confounded thing"—and, if not actually tired of it, was living in that enervating atmosphere, half *dolce far niente*, half inanition, which surrounds the *blasé* man like an asphyxiating vapor. He was five-and-twenty, and, to use his own phrase, "considerably shelved." He had danced and flirted in every capital in Europe, had hunted with the Pytchley, fished in Norway, and yachted in the Mediterranean.

He had served in the army for three years, and had thrown up his commission in disgust because his colonel refused to extend a six months' leave to twelve. He wrote a novel that passed into a second edition, a poem inscribed to Swinburne, and a drama that saw the first night only. He had been in Parliament for a session, and had made one speech, which was noticed by the *Times*.

In a word, he had done a little of everything, had seen a little of everything, and had compressed in the years from eighteen to twenty-five as much ordinary life as most men are enabled to fold over at twenty-five.

In the palatial smoking-room attached to the Junior United Service Club, London, a group of warriors were sitting, lounging and standing, engaged in that most delightful of all occupations—to wit, gossiping.

Commend me to "a gentleman of the army" as a gossip; he knows everything, from the horse that's to win the Derby to the exact number of layers of pearl-powder upon the blushing cheeks of Mademoiselle Lafontaine, of the Alhambra; from the last clumsy utterance of the Duke of Cambridge to the delightful *mot* of pretty Mrs. Blackmore Denny; from the breakfast of the Tycoon to the cause of Jones's bankruptcy.

"I say, Geoffrey," cried a tanned old colonel, with a pair of grizzly mustaches hanging over his chin, like the ears of a tranquil rabbit. "I had a beastly scrawl from your uncle, Major Bottlebush, this morning."

"Ah! How is the old boy?" asks Geoffrey Whitcombe.

"All there, sir; end-on every time. He's smitten with America!"

"Is he in America?"

"Why, of course he is."

"He's due at Hawksly's for the cock-shooting."

"By Jove! sir, he resembles one of Kitely's notes of hand—he's overdue."

"Haw, haw!" from a chorus of warriors.

"What the deuse took the major to America?" lisped a pink-faced cornet, with yellow silken hair, parted in the centre, and pasted upon a receding forehead.

"He went out with Jack Needham," replied the colonel, "whose uncle died in California, or Chicago, or Chimpanzee, leaving Jack no end of coin. Bottlebush says we're all asleep here, and that if it wasn't for this club and Fitzboddo's '34 claret, he'd stop at some place he calls Newport, where he spent the Summer and Autumn."

"He'll lose that shiny old scalp of his if he doesn't look out."

"I defy any brave to take it; there's not a hair between him and heaven."

"If I thought I should see him scalped I'd run over," laughed Geoffrey."

"You've not been to America?"

"Not yet."

"By Jove, sir!" lisped the cornet, "it's about as unsafe a place as the East End of London. Spotchby, of the Twenty-ninth, was there lawst year, and he saw more shooting than in the Abyssinia campaign."

"New York is a miserably small, dismal hole," chirped a raw lieutenant.

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"Spotchby says it's a common thing to see a herd of buffalo dash down a narrow street they call Fifth Avenue."

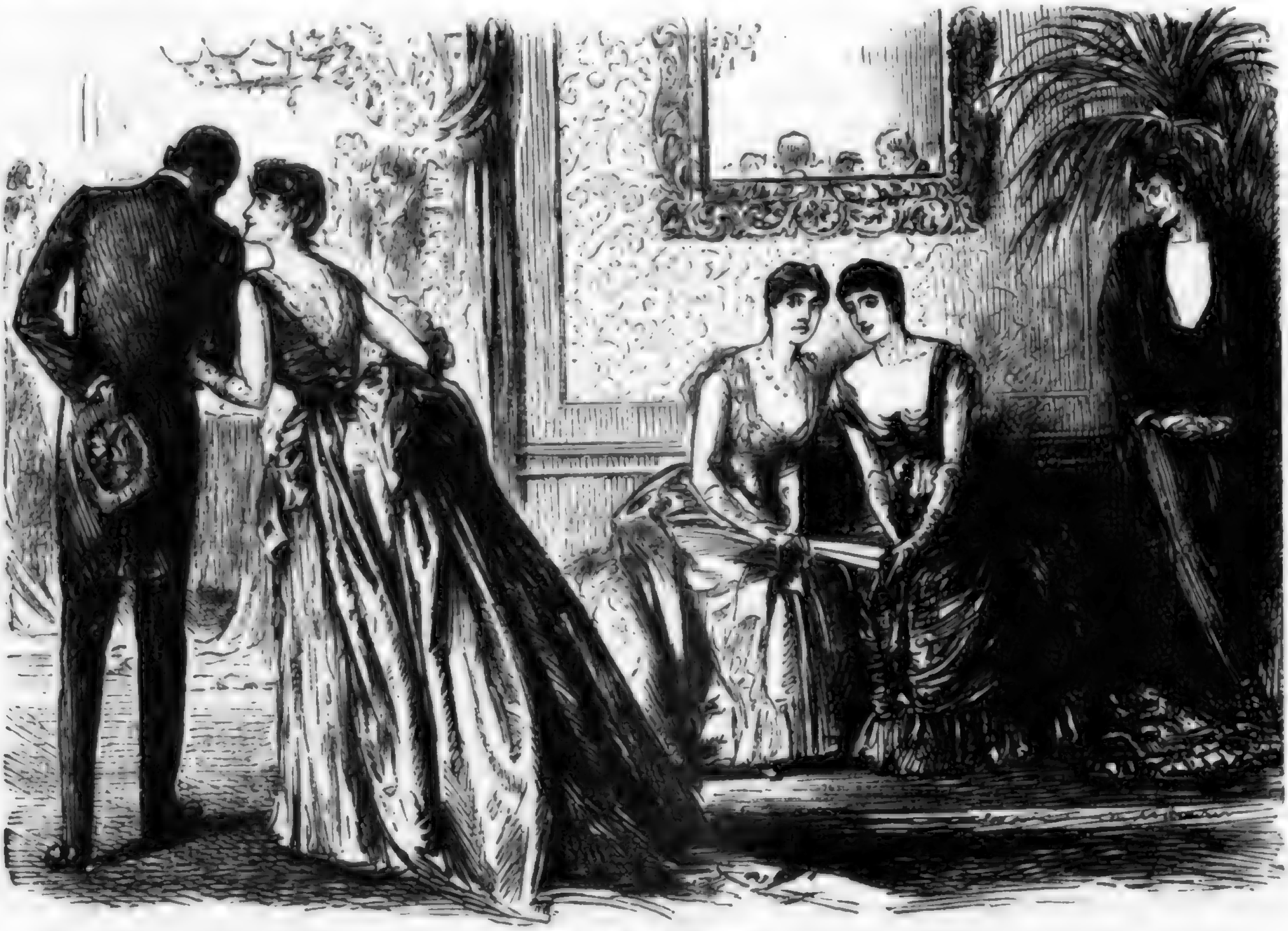
"And he told me he shot a bear on Broadway."

"I've seen bears in Wall Street," chimed in a weather-beaten veteran, with a wink.

"What the doose does your uncle mean by prating about this Newport? Some backwood settlement—a few log huts and a monster hotel?"

"*Sabe Dios*," replies Geoffrey, with a shrug.

Master Geoffrey Whitcombe, as he sits in a lazy, indolent attitude, his body flung into the innermost recesses of the luxurious club-chair, his right foot upon his left knee, languidly whiffing a genuine Lopez, worthy the lips of the Khédive of Egypt, is a pleasing picture to gaze upon. Geoffrey is a *blasé*, aristocratic-looking man, appearing older than he is, with dreamy blue eyes, head worthy of a Greek statue, delicately chiseled nose, with a thinly carved nostril; ripe, rich, flashing mouth, the shoulders of an athlete and the hand of a countess. His light brown hair, parted in the centre, is smooth and satiny as a woman's, while he wears his mustache and beard in that fashion common when Henri of Navarre wooed and won La Belle Gabrielle.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"Look, dear! There's your husband going into supper with Mrs. Scudamore—a dangerously attractive woman. Let me *warn* you!"

"How good of you! How I wish he was going into supper with *you*, dear, instead!"

"I shouldn't mind digging up that old fossil," he laughs. "I *should* like to astonish the major."

"Why not go, old man?" urging.

"Traveling is such a bore."

"Take a White Star boat, half a dozen French novels, a box of the same weeds you are smoking now, a double quantum of brandy-and-soda, and you will be in New York before you know that you are out of the Mersey."

"I'll toss it over in my mind."

"Go, Geoff!" cried a hussar, "and let us have a book on America. Fred Burnaby has ridden to Khiva, Cameron stumped Africa. You ought to do something in that line. *I've* been up Mont Blanc."

"Well, if it amuses you fellows, I don't mind. I'll take a turn at it."

"When will you start?"

"Let's see Bradshaw."

That wondrous guide, philosopher and friend, having been duly consulted, Geoffrey Whitcombe replied:

"I go now."

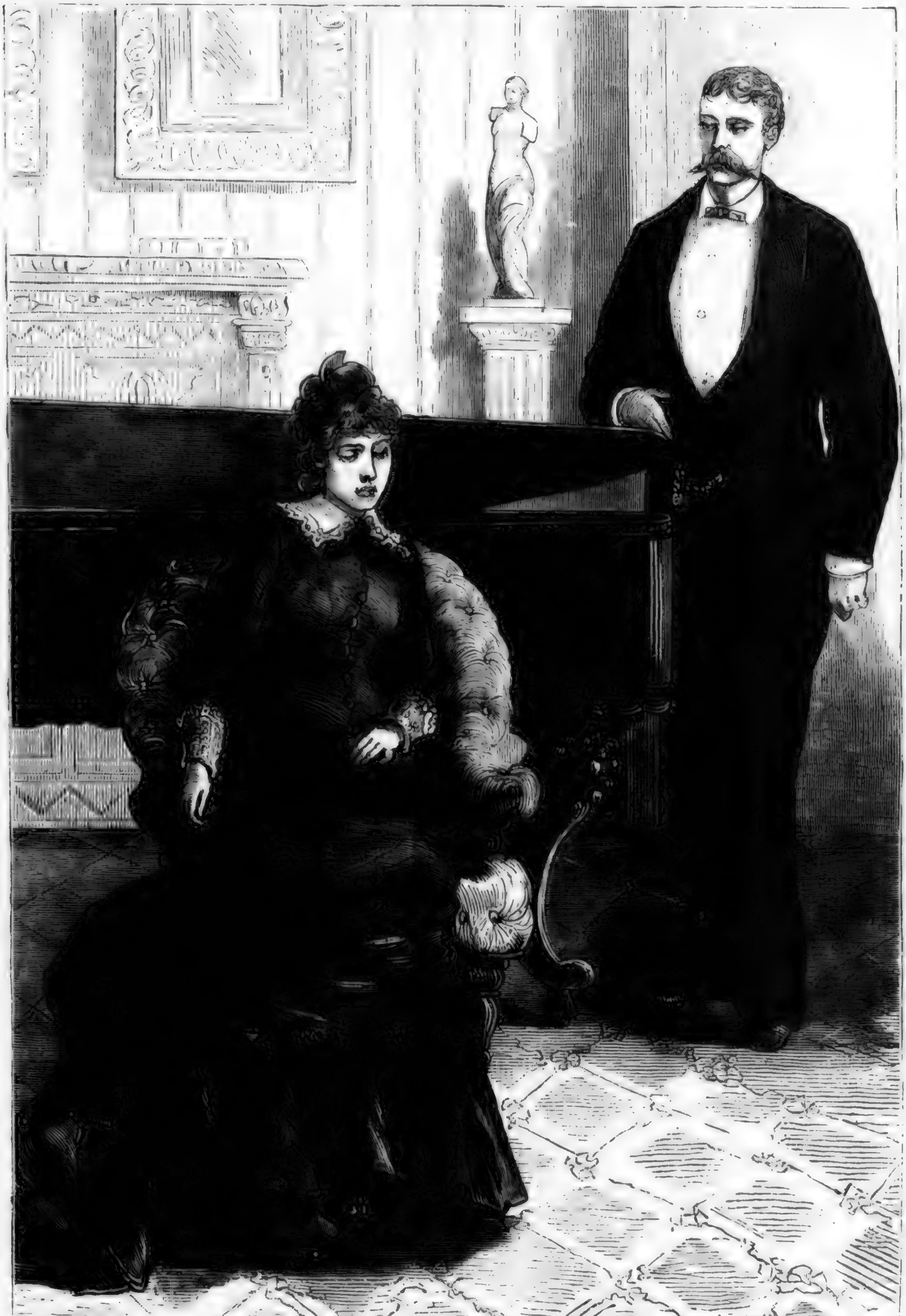
"To-day?" exclaimed several voices.

"Why not? I've one visit to pay in the West End, *et voilà tout*, and, like Sir Peter Teazle, I shall leave my character behind me in this howling school for scandal."

The visit Geoffrey Whitcombe referred to in so careless a manner was to no less a personage than Lady Maude Milwyn, the oldest daughter of the Earl of Crabstock, of whom he was the accepted suitor.

How it came about he never knew. He dined occasionally at the earl's at Grosvenor Square, had gone on a visit to Chester Towers, shot pheasants, played whist, flirted with Lady Maude to kill a couple of wet days, and returned to town an engaged man.

Lady Maude was tall, thin, pink and white, Roman-nosed, and a patrician to the tips of her nails. She regarded her engagement to Geoffrey Whitcombe as



THREE BUNCHES OF VIOLETS.—"SHE WAS SEATED IN A DEJECTED ATTITUDE UPON A LOW FAUTEUIL NEAR A GRAND PIANO, WHOSE EBONY FRAME FORMED A QUAINT BACKGROUND TO HER LOVELY FACE."—SEE PAGE 623.

one of those matters of business that will obtrude themselves into life, however distantly removed from the odious whirl of commerce.

Accepting the situation and the man upon two grounds —firstly, because the Marquis of Doosethorpe had jilted her, and, secondly, because she was—twenty-eight.

Plunging into a hansom, Geoffrey was whirled in the direction of the earl's residence in Grosvenor Square.

"I wonder will she get up any steam at my going off? Pshaw! It takes a long time to get up steam off ice."

A footman in gorgeous livery, and with his hair powdered, admitted Mr. Whitcombe.

Lady Maude was in one of the drawing-rooms, seated at a grand piano, engaged in trying over a difficult passage in the "Lohengrin."

"Is that you, Geoffrey?" she asked, without removing her hands from the instrument.

"Yaas."

"Anything new?"

"I was thinking of running over to America for a month or two."

"Ah! When do you start? Just turn over that page, please."

"To-night."

"Then you won't be at Lady Torchester's?"

"Cawn't."

"Fancy a dinner-party in November! *We* are only in town because of the Cabinet meetings. Mr. Disraeli doesn't seem to know his own mind—I beg his pardon, *Lord* Beaconsfield. The idea of letting such people into the Upper House!"

A few commonplaces, and Geoffrey takes his leave.

"Shall I hear from you, Geoffrey?"

She had ceased playing.

"Won't a newspaper do," Maude?"

"Certainly. *Sans adieux donc.*"

"*Adios.* You may as well give me that bunch of violets as a souvenir."

"I shall be very pleased," detaching them from her waist. "They are from the Towers, and grew right beside that moat that has not run dry for four hundred years."

"I suppose it's all right," he mutters, as he descends the stairs; "but, *per Bacco!* she doesn't seem to care a dump whether I go or stay."

THE SECOND BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

In a snug sitting-room in the Brevoort House sits Major Bottlebush, engaged in discussing fried oysters, a brandy-and-soda, and the *Army and Navy Gazette.*

Major Bottlebush, formerly of Her Majesty's Ninety-seventh Regiment of Highlanders, is a dapper little gentleman of a well-preserved fifty-five. His nose betrays tawny port and "bottled velvet" claret; his crop of hair becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, has dwindled into two well-dyed wisps which are carefully twined like a creeping plant around the base of his skull, and brought out over the ears, where they blossom into curls. His lip is adorned with a lumpy mustache, from which waxed, needle-like points stick out at either side. His eyes are blue, and, when he laughs, water copiously. His teeth are good, while his hands and feet are unexceptionable. He dresses his dapper little person in excellently well-made clothes. Take his toilet, as he sits in an easy-chair, in a snug little sitting-room attached to the Brevoort House—a black frock coat, fitting like a glove, a pair of bluish gray trousers, such as the officers of the English infantry used to wear, in the days of epaulets and swallow-tails; a black satin stock folded by himself, not one of these half-made, geometrically arranged scarfs wherewith the *aurati juvenes* of this fag-end of the nineteenth century love to decorate their manly bosoms, fastened by a black pearl pin. His boots are of patent leather, varnished in three coats, and his gloves of pale lavender. This is the story of the gallant major's dress from year to year; he never varies it; and the bleakest day in December, or the hottest day in July, will find him in the bay-window of the Army and Navy Club, attired just as we find him, this tenth day of December, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

"So Dick Manby gets command of the Fortieth? He's not fit to command an awkward squad. Blind as a bat and as deaf as an owl, beggad!" he mutters, glancing at the promotions. "Muldoon to be major! I wonder, is that the wild Irishman that served with me at Dum-Dum in the year '40?—Lord Bazing, the horsey, to be captain Tenth Hussars, *vice* the Marquis of Trenthorn, who retires. That's Geoffrey's old corps. What an ass Geoff was not to——"

"Not to what, major?" asks the individual in question, in his usual languid tone.

"The doose!" cries Major Bottlebush, jumping to his feet. "This *is* a start," shaking his nephew by both hands with great cordiality, exclaiming in a breath: "When did you arrive? What brings you here? How long do you stop? *Where* do you hang out? Take a B and S!"

"I came to see you scalped, major."

"It would take a clever brave to do it, Geoff," slapping his bald cranium; "but, no chaff, come out to see the country, eh?"

The major has a peculiar way of putting this "eh." It comes after his sentence like a jolt.

"'Pon my soul, I cawn't say what brought me here. The men of the smoking-room in the Junior seemed to wish me to come—and here I am—make much of me."

"So you knew I was in America, Geoff?" observed the major, splashing himself considerably in opening a bottle of soda, consequent upon the sudden and unexpected yield of a refractory cork. "Just like a woman," he mutters, as he wipes the seething froth from coat, cravat and trousers—"you never know when you have her."

"I heard it at the club; and may I be permitted to inquire, if it's not an impertinent question, what brought *you* here? Who's the woman?"

The major fidgeted a little.

"No, Geoff, I came over here with Jack Needham, who served with me in India. Jack's uncle died at Chicago, a pig-sticker, leaving Jack thirty thousand pounds. 'Come along, and I'll pay the whole infernal thing,' said Jack, and on these terms I have been as they say here, 'tearing round the block,' beggad. I've been to Newport, and imagined myself in the Isle of Wight. Why, Geoff, but their turn-outs there would astonish Rotten Row!"

"Ah!"

"I tell you, sir, we don't know this country on the other side. Beggad, I was prepared to meet red Indians on Broadway, and buffalo on Fifth Avenue. Spotchby said so, *con*found him!"

"It don't seem so very wild, after all."

"Wild! Why, hang it, Geoff, there's more cultivation, refinement, high-breeding, and what the swells call æstheticism, in this country than you ever dreamt of in your wildest philosophy. Such houses, such furniture, such luxury, such women!" kissing the tips of his forefinger and thumb. "And dressed, by Jupiter, in better style, in better form, than the Parisians themselves!"

"This is soothing."

"I shall introduce you to-day, Geoff, to a roughish diamond, but a diamond, a Mr. Byecroft Smith. This Smith wound up Jack Needham's uncle's affairs, and handed over the coin to Jack. He is enormously wealthy, lives here in New York, in a palace on Fifth Avenue fit for the Shah, entertained us sumptuously—beggad, sir, he has a tap of claret such as the Prince of Wales hasn't at Marlborough House. And here comes the most important part of all. He has a daughter going a-begging with three hundred thousand dollars. That's, let me see, about sixty thousand golden sovereigns. Do you hear that—eh?"

"Yaas," with a yawn.

"What the deuce do you mean by gaping, sir? Why don't you exhibit some animation?" cries the major, fiercely, twisting the needle-like points of his mustache between his forefingers and thumbs.

"What interest have I in Miss Smith's sixty-thousand?"

"Simply that I mean to have old Smith hand them over to you with his daughter. You're just here in the nick of time. That's business—eh?"

"It looks very like it, and if you can induce old Smith to hand me the coin *minus* the lady, I shall say that you have been doing *very good* business indeed, major."

"I'm not chaffing, Geoff. It's the correct thing for English swells, and rich ones, like yourself, to come over here and fetch back a dollar-laden bride. I have arranged it all in my own mind. The course is as clear as the Derby."

"Have you arranged the day, the clergyman, the bridesmaids, the cake?"

"Sixty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at!" cries the major, emptying his tumbler.

"Miss Smith's young affections may already have been secured by another," dramatically.

"Cut the man out."

"Suppose I was ungallant enough not to like the lady?"

"Like! It's no question of like or dislike, it's business. Though, for the matter of that, she is likable enough. A Vestris in figure, an eye melting, sir—melting and flashing by turns. Mischief in every glance, and *such* a caressing glance! Attractive—I tell you, sir, she is going a-begging. No young fellow visits the house. She is cooped up as if in a convent, beggad! Smith wants a gentleman, and here you are, ready to step in and hang up your hat. The whole family is vulgar, doosid vulgar—vulgar, sir, as boiled mutton in July, beggad! Smith was a navvy, Mrs. S. a cook, but the girl is good enough, beggad! Come along. Turn into your best-fitting clothes, and we'll go up to Fifth Avenue, where I will present you in due form. Go in to win. Put on a lot of side, listen religiously to Smith, who, *entre nous*, is an infernal old bore, pay devoted attention to Mrs. Smith, who is a Mrs. Malaprop. I need not tell you how to act with the girl, and above all things wire into the claret."

"Major, I am bespoke," and, in a few words, Geoffrey Whitcombe informed his uncle of his engagement to the Lady Maude Millwyn.

"It's a pity to let sixty thousand pounds go out of the family—eh?"

"A crying shame,"

"'Pon my life, it's worse than a crime—it's a blunder. Smith's in *my* hands, so is Mrs. S., and Missy is in *their* hands."

"You wouldn't think of compaigning yourself, major? You've got to win your Waterloo."

"Have we any man in the family who wants sixty thousand?"

"I should say every man in the family would go for considerable less."

The major fiercely twists his mustache, coughs, regards himself critically in the mirror over the mantelpiece, coughs again.

"I'd like to drink '34 claret."

"Of course you would."

"And have a shooting-box in the Highlands."

"Rather."

"And a salmon-run in Connemara."

"I should say so."

"I'm not much over fifty."

"Scarcely off the line."

"Fresh, too, beggad!"

"As a primrose."

"India took very little out of me."

"Not a rupee."

"Beggad, it's worth thinking about."

"Plunge, major."

Once more does Lottlebush cling on to the ends of his mustache, once more does he survey his florid visage and sun-kissed gills in the mirror.

"I'll plunge, by George!" he exclaims, flinging his dapper little body back into the easy-chair, stretching his varnished boots out before him, and thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his pantaloons.

Geoffrey Whitcombe put up at the Windsor, where in due time he received a note of invitation from Mrs. Byecroft Smith, inviting him to meet his uncle at dinner upon that day.

"It will be rather good fun to see the major in the toils," thought Geoffrey, as he incased himself in those funereal garments which constitute *costume de rigueur*."

It was raining as he left the hotel, and the hacks had all been engaged.

"What a country! Not a hansom. How I miss my hansom," he thought, as he was flung into a passing stage.

"I beg pawdon," he muttered, helplessly scrambling to a seat, and clinging to the nearest object for dear life.

Right opposite to him sat a young girl of exquisite form, pale—very pale—face, lustrous eyes, rich red lips, and a vague, magnetic beauty that affected his senses like a delicious perfume.

She was attired in a sealskin sacque, a black dress, and a *piquante* Gainsborough hat. The indifferent light revealed all this, and more—the dainty handkerchief, which she occasionally put to her mouth, was stained with blood.

Geoffrey felt himself attracted to this girl in a strange, mysterious way.

He became fascinated; and when her lustrous eyes, shining out in almost unnatural brilliancy against her colorless face, met his, his heart throbbed in bounding, stifling beats.

She returned his gaze, wonderingly, as if seeking some explanation, searching her memory to recall him. Then, with something akin to a sigh of disappointment, she lowered the lids, while a vivid crimson flushed up to the roots of her hair.

"She is lovely! Such tenderness—such grace! That one inch of classical forehead! Ah, that cough!"

Geoffrey winced as she applied the handkerchief to her mouth.

He gazed at the long, sweeping, dark lashes that, willow-like, swept her cheeks; at the delicately chiseled nose, with its highbred nostrils; at the faultless form, which even the caressing folds of the sealskin could not conceal.

Who could she be? Why out in the cold, damp night, and with such a cough?

Ah, there it came again, hollow, harsh, wicked—torturing that lissome frame, bringing a thrill of anguish to that fair white brow, and crimson blood to those luscious lips.

Again her eyes met his.

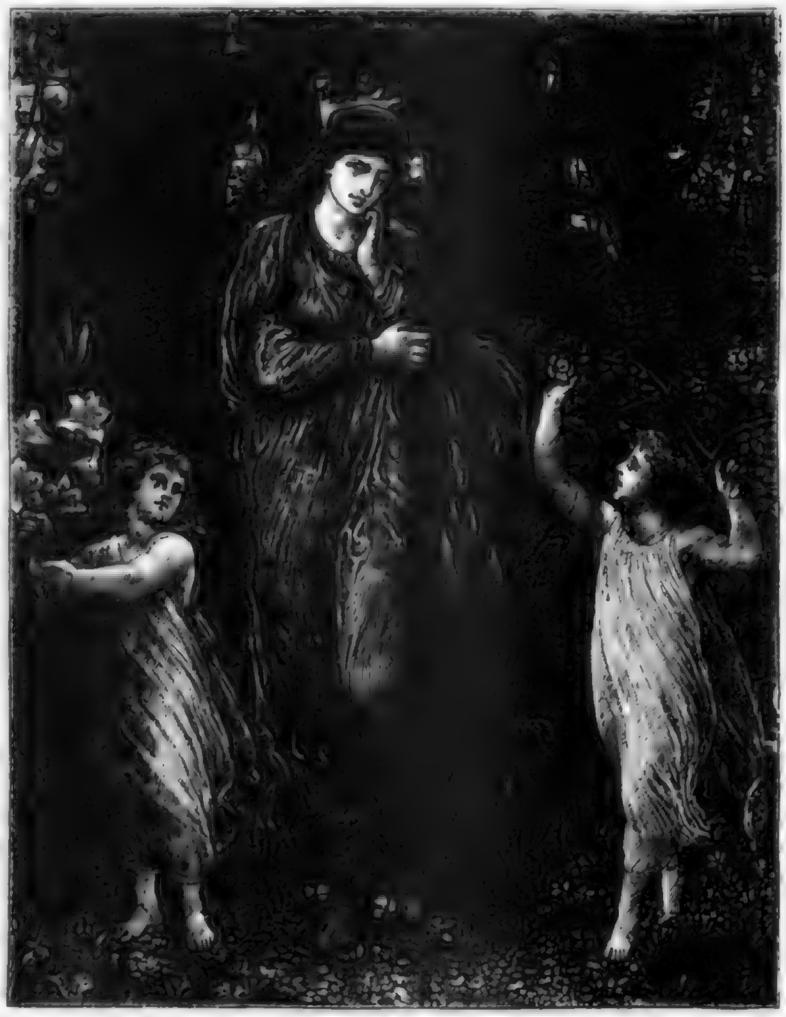
His was the respectful gaze of a pilgrim upon a worshiped Madonna—honest, earnest, pure.

Hers that of an ailing child—innocent, grateful, tearful.

Would he address her? Dare he? And this man, who had risked his life in forcing a conversation with a princess in a royal palace at Naples, hesitated ere opening his lips to a fragile girl in a Fifth Avenue stage. He was about to beseech of her to avoid the night-air as much as possible until her cough had disappeared, when she raised her hand to pull the strap.

Anticipating her, he grasped it, nearly jerking it from its fastenings, and, plunging to the door, over the feet and legs of irate and indignant passengers, stood in the mud of the roadway, ready to assist her to alight.

"Will you permit me?" he said, extending his hand.



BONNIE BAIRNS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 623.

"Oh, thank you very much!"—uttered in a voice low, musical, inexpressibly sweet.

As she sprang to the ground, a bunch of violets, that had been fastened in the bosom of her jacket, fell on to the step of the stage.

Geoffrey, quick as lightning, seized upon the flowers, his first thought being to restore, his second to retain, them.

"A sweet *souvenir*," he thinks, "even if I never see her again," and as he hastily thrust them into his breast, in the pocket-book then reposing over his heart lay the bunch of violets given to him by Lady Maude Milwyn at parting. Did he think of them now?

The fair *incognita* stepped gently upon the sidewalk, and ascended the steps of a palatial dwelling.

"I shall find out if she lives here," mutters Geoffrey; "and, cost what it will, I shall make her acquaintance. I *feel* that I have come face to face with my destiny."

The door opened, and in the blaze of light he saw the charming outlines of her figure revealed almost magically. She turned round. Was it to seek for him? And, at the thought, the blood dashed through his veins with a wild and startled joy.

The door closed again, and all was dark.

"I wonder what street this is?—I shall ask."

A policeman came along of whom he made the inquiry.

"This is Fifth Avenue."

"Do you know who resides in that house?"

"This one, right here?" pointing with his club to the mansion which the young girl had entered.

"Yes."

"That's Mr. Byecroft Smith's." With one bound Geoffrey sprang up the steps.

There is Destiny, Fate, *Kismet* in this. What would be Miss Smith's surprise upon seeing him? *Was* she Miss Smith? What did it matter—she was in that house—and, with a soul full of expectation, of yearning, of a wild, joyous champagne-in-the-blood sensation, he gave his hat and coat to the servant, and was duly announced in the drawing-room.

The major, who had arrived before him, presented him to his hostess, a fat, red-faced lady, with very staring eyes, a bulbous nose, a vast, expansive smile, and hair done in small wavelets around a great mound of forehead, *immortelles* laid upon a white slab.

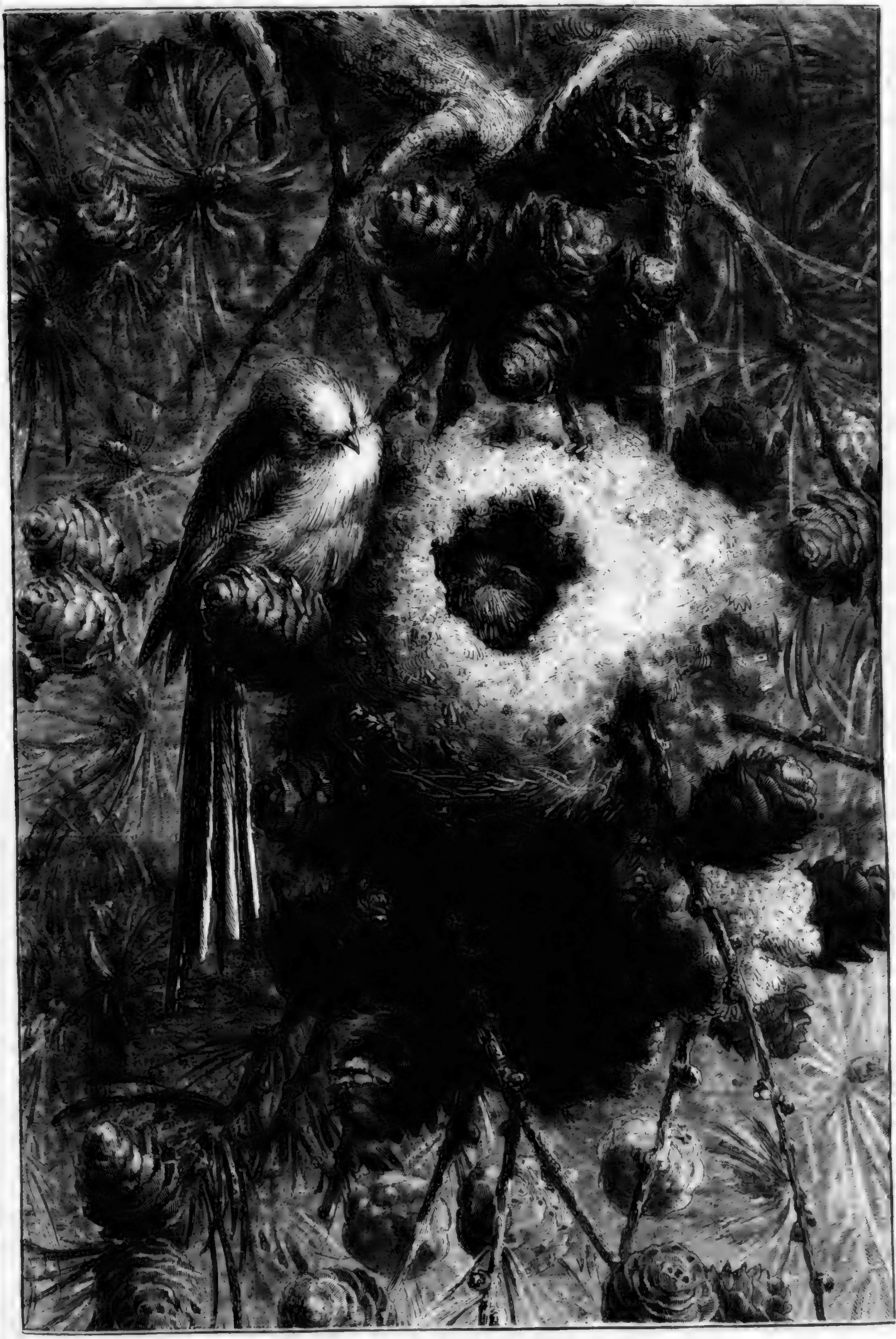
Mr. Smith was a huge, unwieldy man, with a small, sharp, cunning eye, great shaven plains of cheeks, terminating on a greasy-looking chin-tuft: a navvy in broadcloth; a navvy in the huge, hard hands and filthy nails; a navvy in manner, language, gesture.

He had "struck ile," in wondrous and divers ways, piling up the almighty dollar until the mere monotony of amassing wealth became embarrassing. It may appear strange to the impecunious, but there is such a sensation as the embarrassment of riches.

"Good heavens!" thought Geoffrey Whitcombe. "Can that fair flower have come from such a stem as this!"

"Glad to see you, mister," exclaimed the host. "The major here's been spinning yarns about ye. When did you come across? Will you smile afore supper?" tossing a sausage-like finger, adorned with a great gold ring, in the direction of his cavernous mouth, unctuously smacking a pair of lips as thick as those of a negro's.

"You've come at an inclement season, sir," observed



NESTED AMONG THE PINE-CONES.

Mrs. Smith. "Colds and guitars is plenty. My tonsure was oxidized quite lately. I feel quite reverberated in frost. Frost in this country is the grand desidarium. I think if it was always frosty, I'd live to be a centurion."

"What's keeping supper?" asked Mr. Smith.

"*Dinner*, Mr. Smith!" exclaimed his wife with a majestic frown.

"Well, I guess you may call it anything you like, so as I see it. And where's Jiggie?"

"Susan Eleanor is completing her twylett."

"She's a precious long time about it."

"Don't vilify your daughter. I assure you, Mr. Whitcombe, when Mr. Byecroft's Smith's dinner is retained, he's as bad-tempered as the autograph of all the Russias."

Geoffrey's heart beat fast when the rustling of silk announced the approach of the daughter of the house. Yea, even her surroundings had not broken the spell that was upon him.

"Violets grow near earth," he thought, "and pearls are not less white because of their birth."

The great tall door opened to admit a very small, very snappish-looking young lady, attired in the richest possible toilet, and in the worst possible taste.

He face was short, her nose *retroussé*, devoid of that piquancy which the "tip-tilt" claims as its heritage; her eyes light "chaney" blue, no eyebrows worth mentioning, lips molded after the richness of her sire's, and a very well-to-do figure.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Susan Eleanor, this is Mr. Whitcombe, of London"; adding, *sotto voce*, "A real nob."

Susan Eleanor cast a languishing glance at Geoffrey, who stared at her in silent horror.

Where was the fair young girl whom he had encountered in the stage? What cruel trick of destiny was this?

"Poppa is going to take me to U-rope next Fall," said Miss Smith. "Ain't you, poppa?"

"If I can find the stamps," laughed her parent.

At this moment dinner was announced.

"Link the old woman, as it's the real chew. You, major, take my gal. It's all darned——"

"Poppa!" exclaimed his daughter, in a tone of horror and astonishment.

The dinner was profuse; the silver was profuse; the flowers were profuse; everything new, from the napkin to the saltspoon; a perfume of varnish pervaded the apartment.

The Eastlake furniture bore the appearance of being still in the upholsterer's.

The quantity was enormous, the hard-breathing servant-girl stumbling over it at every step. Pink ice-cream portraits adorned the wall, chocolate doing duty as human hair.

"Will you take broth, Mr.——"

"Soup. *Potage*, poppa!" interposed Miss Smith.

Geoffrey was on thorns.

"Is this your only daughter, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith's mouth being very full, she nodded assent.

"Have you any nieces?"

This was a delicate way of approaching the subject nearest his heart.

A negative shake of the head, the hostess being engaged in worrying the drumstick of a chicken, holding it in both hands, like a flute.

"I saw a young lady enter this house just as I came in."

"You didn't see no *lady*. That's Miss Flossmore, my daughter's governess."

"No lady?" thought Geoffrey. "God help the poor child! Such hands to have fallen into! What soul-torture!"

"She's a Southerner. Her father was bu'sted in the war. She comes of a fine posterity. They were at one time as rich as Creosote."

"She seems delicate."

"That's the worst of it. She's always coughing, and we can't get the value of our money out of her. She's kinder well-educated, but there ain't no stamina in her teaching. Her knowledge is only supercilious. She has a voice, if it could be brought out, but the minute she begins to sing the cough comes at her. I'm afraid she got a confirmed assiduity on the chest. I'll make her sing to-night, though."

"No, no; for Heaven's sake, no!" said Geoffrey, entreatingly.

"What's Mr. Whitcombe so earnest about, mamma?" asked Miss Smith.

"He won't let me ask Miss Flossmore to sing for us to-night."

"Why?" with a snap.

"I don't know."

"I hear that singing affects Miss Flossmore's cough, and——"

"Oh, never mind her cough, Mr. Whitcombe! I'll settle *that*. What is she paid for?"

"Clever gal, major. Takes arter me. Minds the stamps," delightedly whispered the host to Major Bottlebush.

Geoffrey was disgusted—utterly so. He could make every allowance for vulgarity, ill-breeding and purse pride, but the tone of the Smith family, with reference to the hapless lady whose misfortune should have rendered her sacred, and whose presence was the one redeeming influence in that *parvenue* mansion, was simply brutal.

He was silent during the remainder of dinner, and at an early hour, asked permission to ascend to the drawing-room, leaving the major with his host over a claret that, under other circumstances, would have woven its own spell.

She was seated in a dejected attitude upon a low *fauteuil* near a grand piano, whose ebony frame formed a quaint background for her lovely face. She was attired in a black costume up to her white throat, a Puritan cambric collar falling low upon the dress, back and front; great cuffs of the same encircling her wrists.

She started when he entered, coloring violently and pressing a hand that Canova would have coveted, against her bodice. He strode straight over to her.

"Chance," he said, "has been very gracious to me, Miss Flossmore," and then he stopped. This *blasé* child of society, to whom rose-colored words for women came at beck of will, was brought to a dead stand-still. His ideas seemed to dry up; every faculty becoming merged in that of sight.

That look into her violet eyes caused his heart to take one backward beat. His fate was sealed.

"You should cure that awful cough," he murmured, at length.

She shook her head, sadly.

"I fear it is the truest friend I have on earth," she said, unutterable sadness in her low, musical and sighing tones.

"For God's sake, don't say so!" he blurted out, like a big schoolboy.

She regarded him half-timidly, half-curiously.

"I know," he went on, "that it may appear strange, rude, bad form, in me to speak in this way, but I—that is—have you not felt sometimes, Miss Flossmore, as if you had known people for years, when you've only met them for two minutes?"

"I felt as if I *ought* to have known you this evening," she replied, coloring to the roots of her hair.

Miss Smith, who had been posing over a photograph-album all this time, in the full expectation that Mr. Geoffrey Whitcombe would have rapturously joined her, as in duty bound, suddenly exclaimed:

"It ain't nice to be whispering, Miss Flossmore, is it?—especially to a gentleman you don't know!"

"Miss Flossmore and I are old friends," boldly interposed Geoffrey.

"Is that so?"

Mrs. Smith, who had been taking a post-prandial nap upon a neighboring sofa, suddenly came to her senses, and, rolling off her temporary couch and on to her feet, requested the governess to sing.

"Do not ask her, please," pleaded Geoffrey, as the poor girl prepared to comply.

"Oh, but *I* will, though," snapped Miss Smith.

Geoffrey saw that there was nothing for it but to conciliate the daughter of the house—a jealous, spiteful creature, who would merely resent as a slight to herself every word he might bestow upon the poor orphan girl who was now passing her hands over the piano with a touch of exceptional brilliancy and marvelous delicacy.

"I can't put on too much side," he thought, as he commenced a most outrageous flirtation with the delighted Susan Eleanor.

Once or twice he turned toward the piano, always to find the violet eyes gazing at him in a mournfully fascinating way that impelled him suddenly to stand up, to walk to the instrument, and to utter, in a low tone:

"Miss Flossmore, when can I see *you* again?"

For an instant she hesitated.

"I—I—do not know."

"I *must* see you."

She looked up at him, angrily, fiercely. What did she see in his eyes that caused her to lower hers, as she murmured, "I am always here"?

"Must I come *here?*"

"Well," with a bright smile, "I should suppose so."

"I have something that once belonged to you."

"To *me?*" in intense surprise.

"Yes, and I *do not* mean to make restitution"—producing, as he spoke, the bunch of violets.

She half-reached forth her hand for them.

"Let me keep them," he half-whispered, "I shall send you a double-barreled bunch to-morrow."

"I love the violet," she said. "It is nature's perfumed *Ave Maria.*"

Miss Smith, who resented any attention to the governess as a slight to herself, now came forward, and, rudely brushing Ada Flossmore from the piano, proceeded to indulge in a vivid display of chromatic fireworks upon the instrument, to the intense admiration of her father, who bellowed in stentorian accents:

"Go it, gal; pitch into it," and, rapping Geoffrey on the back with a blow that caused him to reel again, "guess I posted them stamps well as I piled upon top of her eddication."

Geoffrey Whitcomb *had* met his destiny—had come face to face with his fate.

A new joy had entered into his life, an undefined ecstasy, a glorious burst of vivifying sunlight.

His heart had never beaten thus until this moment.

He thought of Lady Maude, and winced. Should he stain his soul with the deep shame of a loveless marriage?—barter truth, honor, life, liberty, his soul's independence, for an idea?

No. Love had come to him with a wild leap, as a magnificent revelation, and he would go with the sheening tide.

"Well, isn't she a nice little girl?" asked the major, as they walked down Fifth Avenue together, the stars throbbing overhead in the dark-blue vault.

"Nice? She's simply perfection."

"Fine eyes, eh?"

"Marvelous."

"And to think of the sixty thousand pounds!"

"Good-night, major," said Geoffrey, coldly.

They had been speaking at cross-purposes.

As he strode up to the Windsor, it seemed to him as if life and the world were new again—as if a new force had set the warm blood racing through his veins—as if the very air he breathed had a magical power!

"I shall win her, make her my wife, take her to Italy, and in the balm of that delightful clime kill that fearful cough!"

How strange and new seemed that wondrous prospect of happiness, like a sudden break in a leaden storm-cloud, filling all the world with dayshine!

THE THIRD BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

THE following day and the next he called at Fifth Avenue.

Susan Eleanor was always "on hand," but of Ada Flossmore he saw nothing. She was only pretty well, he was informed, in a tone implying a sense of commercial disappointment.

He sent Miss Flossmore an enormous bunch of violets by a trusty messenger, who gave it into her own hands, and who was well rewarded for the trouble.

Geoffrey was invited to dinner, and eagerly accepted the invitation, in the hope of meeting her.

But it was not to be. Miss Smith entertained him with *scenas* from Italian operas, Mrs. Smith with a "choice derangement of her epitaphs," and Smith *père* with a choice collection of anecdotes in connection with running an "ile mill out West" where "there warn't no ile at all."

It was Thanksgiving. The major and he had been invited to Smith's.

Geoffrey met them at church, trusting to find Ada at the service, but he was doomed to disappointment.

He asked to see her.

"She ain't here."

"Not here?"

"No. She was complaining that bad that we sent—we let her go away."

"Where is she? What is her address?" he asked, stifling his feelings by a supreme effort.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Smith, with an impatient toss of her head.

"*Who* can tell me?"

"Some of the servants, I guess."

"Have I your permission to ring?"

"Here's Maria. Say, Maria, where's Miss Flossmore boarding?"

"She ain't boarding nowhere. She's rooming in 29 East Twenty-second Street."

"You ain't going, Mr. Whitcombe?" exclaimed Susan Eleanor, casting a languishing glance at him.

XUM

"Going! My regret is that I should ever have come into contact with such low, ignorant, contemptible creatures as your father, your mother and yourself!"

And, scarcely according the amazed young lady the courtesy of a bow, he strode from the house.

It was not a polite speech, but there are moments when the conventionalities must stand aside to allow passage to the hot utterances of the heart.

When Geoffrey Whitcombe reached Twenty-second Street, he was informed that Miss Flossmore was very ill, and that the doctor was at that moment in attendance upon her.

"Those cursed brutes have murdered her!" Geoffrey muttered, as he took his seat in the hall in order to intercept the physician in his exit. "Yes, they have dismissed her with a week's wages like a servant," he thought, bitterly — "they, who were not worthy to touch the hem of her garment."

IN THE GUARD-ROOM.— BY MEISSONIER.

A grave-looking man descended the stairs.

"Your are Dr.——"

"Rawdon."

"How is Miss Flossmore?"

"She may live till morning, but I doubt it."

Geoffrey staggered as if smitten by a heavy blow.

"Great God!" he gasped, "is there no hope?"

"None, sir," was the calm, incisive reply.

His senses reeled, a mist swam before his eyes. His heart ceased to beat, save at hideous intervals. It was too ghastly. He could not, would not realize it.

Then on earth there was no such future as he had dreamed of—his dark path must be trodden alone. And yet the man's earth-born nature clung to earthly hope. The chalice was too bitter to be drained at a single quaff.

She would recover — she *must* recover. Youth was by her side, and its brave young hand would thrust aside the mystic vail of death. He would obtain the best medical aid; he would watch over her, cherish her. All his desires were now bounded by the hope of her speedy recovery. He longed with a wild longing to clasp her to his breast, and carry her away to some serene haven of secrecy and loneliness.

"Can I see her?" he asked in a faint, low tone.

"Are you a relative?"

"No; and I will tell you more, doctor," in a fierce, odd way; "I never saw Miss Flossmore, but once."

"The poor child seems friendless."

"She is *not* friendless, sir," he burst in; hastily adding: "Dr. Rawdon, you will place me under a lifelong load of gratitude, if you will permit me to see her."

"*Now?*"

"Yes—oh, yes, *now!*"

"Remain here," and the doctor ascended the stairs.

"The young lady is mighty bad, intirely, sir," said the tender-hearted Irish servant, her eyes filling with tears.

"And this poor creature can see that she is a *lady!*" thought Geoffrey, bitterly, "while those gilded brutes could only treat her as a slave."

The doctor was absent for some little time. A bell rang violently. The servant rushed up-stairs. In a few seconds she flew down past Geoffrey.

"What is the matter?" he cried, a cold, nameless, numbing fear at his heart.

"Don't ask me," was the response, in a storm of sobbing.

"Could the supreme moment have arrived?

Geoffrey Whitcombe ascended the stairs, his brain throbbing. Upon the third flight a door stood open. Noiselessly he entered, his very soul in suspense.

There, upon a little bed, white as the driven snow, lay Ada Flossmore, her eyes closed, her lips slightly parted, her soft brown hair falling over the pillow in a glorious cataract. Her tender hands, folded across her bosom, clasped a bunch of violets—the *violets* he had sent her.

A NOBLE SAUSAGE.

There formerly existed a custom amongst the butchers of Königsberg, in Prussia, of drawing through the streets of the town on New Year's Day, to the sound of trumpets and drums, a sausage of gigantic dimensions. One of these remarkable processions is thus described: "On January, 1st, 1601, the butchers of Königsberg marched gloriously, with drums beating, fifes whistling, and banners of green and white gayly flying. Their leader carried in his hand a spit decorated with ribbons. One hundred and three journeymen dragged the monster-sausage, which measured one thousand and five ells in length. On each side were stationed guards to protect it. When they arrived at the royal castle, his princely grace was presented with one hundred and thirty ells. Thence they proceeded to the Sowenichi, where they were received with many honors by the bakers, and detained as guests. To them they presented a portion of the sausage, and the day closed with festivities, which were prolonged far into the night."

This sausage is said to have weighed eight hundred and eighty-five pounds. Eighty-one hams were used for it, and it occupied eighty-seven journeymen two days in making it.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

GETTING WARM.

By William Ackroyd, F.I.C.

Any one passing not long ago along the main street of a busy town in the West Riding of Yorkshire might have observed a very curious fact—the lower halves of several large plate-glass windows were rent from side to side. A single glance was sufficient to show that the cracks were not produced by the stray missiles of certain street Arabs, for they had not that radiating or star-like arrangement which is generally seen in such cases, but, instead, consisted of one large rent proceeding from one side to the other, with one or two minor cracks branching therefrom (Fig. 1). To account for this curious and highly inconvenient phenomenon was a sore puzzle to many of the good folks about; some there were, however, more knowing than the rest, who arrived at a sensible and satisfactory explanation, thereby proving what is, perhaps, demonstrated every day—nay, every hour—that science is only, to use the words of Huxley, trained and organized common sense.

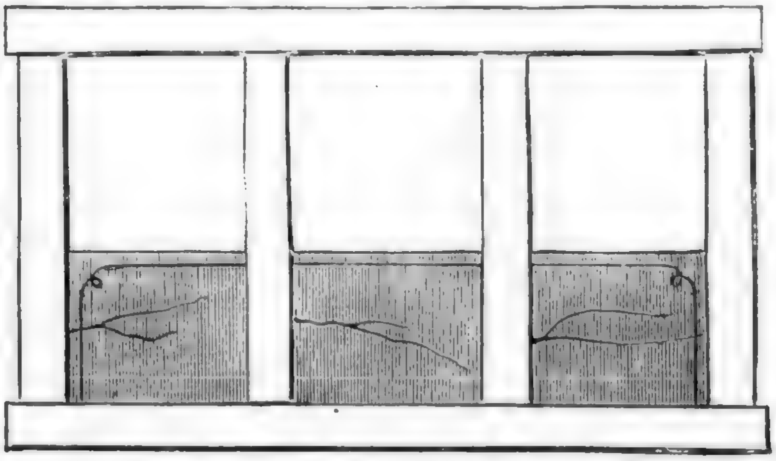


FIG. 1.—CRACKED WINDOWS.

It was midsummer. The windows of the shops where these cracks were to be seen faced the south, and were, therefore, exposed to the full glare of the sun's light and heat. The lower halves of the windows—*i.e.*, the cracked parts—were painted, on the inside, of a dun-color, and by two in the afternoon had become quite hot to the touch, whereas the upper and unpainted halves were only slightly warmed. Herein lay the secret. When a substance is being warmed it expands, grows bigger in every direction, and the following simple experiment (Fig. 2) well illustrates the fact: A rod of copper or brass, A, just fits lengthways between the ends of the metal gauge, B, and its diameter is such that one end of it fits tightly into the hole, C, when neither is the hotter—that is, when both gauge and rod are of the same temperature. If now the rod, A, be heated in a gas-flame, it will be found that it can neither be thrust into the hole, C, nor adjusted lengthways in the gauge as before; for this heating has made it larger in every direction, so that it is too thick to fit into the round hole, and too long to fit into the gauge. This fact, which is here so well shown, may be proved in many other ways equally simple. We may here give one, and then we shall show that the fact is usually recognized in the arts, and taken advantage of or allowed for, as the case may be. Let a flask, A (Fig. 3), be quite filled with water, and then fitted with a cork through which a glass tube has been previously passed. As the cork is being thrust tightly into the vessel the water will rise in the tube, say to *a*. Now place the flask in a basin of hot water. The first thing noticed is the fall of the liquid column to *b*. The process of warming the flask has made it expand, its capacity has been increased, and the water in the tube falls to take up the increased space. This does not last long, for soon the water within becomes warm, and now it expands likewise, and there is a race in expansion between the water and the flask, in which the latter has got the start. The water expands the faster of the two, however, so that soon the liquid column has reached *a* again, passed it, and arrived at *c*.

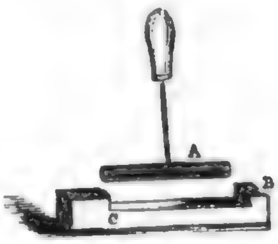


FIG. 2.—THE EXPANSION OF METALS.

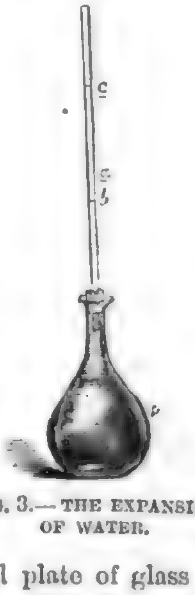


FIG. 3.—THE EXPANSION OF WATER.

And now for an example or two where the artisar makes use of, or an allowance for, this nearly universal law. The cartwright who wants to fit the iron rim tightly on to a cart-wheel takes that rim and heats it in the fire until it is red hot, thus making the rim much larger than it would be in a cold state. The rim is now pressed on to the wheel, cold water is poured on to it, and in regaining its usual size in getting cold it clasps the woodwork in a vise there is no escaping from. Again, the reader may have noticed that in a tramway the ends of the iron rails are not in contact; there is a small space between each to allow the metals to expand on hot days. If this allowance were not made—if the metals were in contact end to end on a cold day—then, when it became warmer, Nature, relentless, and as if in scorn at man's work, would tear up those rails, sleepers would be riven up, and bolts bent as if in play. What we have imagined in this last instance is the nearest approach to what took place when the plate-glass windows were broken. The glazier fixed the windows as if they had been small panes, where the amount of expansion is very minute indeed, and they were fixed in a rigid framework that would not give way. The painter, on his part, in his ignorance of certain principles we shall presently explain, put on a color which led to the glass being strongly heated in the sun's rays. This followed: the plate-glass was heated, and it expanded; the frame of the window tried to restrict that expansion, and in the struggle the weaker had to give way, not doing so, however, until it was irremediably injured. The condition of the window was not unlike that which Dr. F. Guthrie imposed upon specimens of glass of various shapes in a research on the fracture of such objects. The accompanying six illustrations (Fig. 4) exhibit some of his results. The first, *a*, shows that when a round plate of glass is placed on a thick, soft cloth, and is pressed in the centre by a round cork, it cracks radially—that is, the lines of

XUM

fracture spread outward from the centre. The remaining figures, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, and *f*, show what takes place when plates of glass of peculiar shape are heated in the centre with an air-gas burner. We have here a difference of temperature between the borders and central areas, which produces an internal strain that relieves itself by fracture. Of this series of breakages, *e* and *f* nearest approach the conditions met with in the window-panes. The rigid frame in the one case corresponds to the cold and comparatively non-expanding rim in the other; and there being a similarity in the conditions to which the glass in the two cases is exposed—viz., an expansion of a central area restricted by the comparatively non-expanding framework—there is a likeness in the cracks produced.

What was a mystery, then, is now a mystery no longer, for it will be clear to the reader that the agent at work was the sun; and two other facts, from their boldness and prominence, equally command our attention: first, that the sun's heat passed quite through the bare glass; and second, that the sun's heat did not pass through the painted glass, the dun paint here evidently acting as an obstructionist. While we are, therefore, getting some idea as to the nature of heat, learning what is going on when a substance is being warmed, we shall do well to look for and inquire into the use of two classes of bodies—one class the members of which, like the glass, apparently allow heat to pass through them without stopping much, and the other, which stop so much that they soon become sensibly hot, or at least permit only a small quantity to get through. In this search we shall be materially aided by considering the similarity, and in some cases the identity, of light and heat. They both come together from the sun, and we shall see that they behave alike when we submit them to certain tests.

Light is bent in passing from one medium to another; so is heat. The simplest proof of this is the action of a burning lens, which, when held in the sun's light, bends the heat-rays, just as it bends the light-rays, to a focus where objects may be burnt. It may be shown with one of the glasses of a pair of spectacles adapted for long sight; for if such a convex glass be held some inches from the back of the hand, so that the image of the sun is projected on to it, the heat will be very sensibly felt. Larger lenses are of course more powerful for this purpose, and we have seen that in times past effective scientific work has been accomplished in this way, as when Priestley discovered oxygen. In the polar regions Dr. Scoresby has often lit fires and done other wonderful things with a lens made of ice. These facts, then, plainly show us that heat radiating from the sun is bent like light when passing through suitably shaped media. The question now arises, To what extent is it bent?

In working out this problem many interesting facts have been discovered. When a solar beam is passed through a prism it is evident that a sorting of the different kinds of light is effected, each ray being gathered unto its kind—red to red, blue to blue, etc. Class distinctions here reign supreme, and it is found that *dark heat-rays* have precedence of the red light-rays, just as red light comes before the orange, and the orange before the yellow, in the solar spectrum. In the effort to get through the prism the dark heat-rays have the least trouble and the violet rays have the most. It will be seen, then, that the heat-rays are less bent than the light-rays, save where, as we shall presently try to show, light and heat are identical. Suppose, now, we were to employ a prism of rock salt (P, Fig. 5) in producing a solar spectrum, and were then to place a delicate thermometer in different parts of the spectrum, we should find that the highest temperature is registered a little beyond the red light, and that we should get lower and lower degrees upon testing each part of the spectrum on the way to violet. It would seem, then, that the ultra-red part of the spectrum is the most favorable for getting warm in, and that there is less and less warming power as we proceed toward the violet end. Let us regard these constituents of the solar beam now as they affect our organs of sense. The ultra-red rays have no effect on the retina; they are invisible—hence the phrase we have employed to designate them, *dark heat-rays.* When we come, however, to the red, if we were to concentrate this part of the spectrum on to the skin we should feel the sensation of warmth still, and the same rays passed into the eye would give one the sensation of light. Here, then, heat and light are identical, and we employ either one or the other term according to the nature of the physiological effect. The physical basis of the dark heat-rays and of the more easily bent light-rays is the same—viz., a wave motion of that all-pervading medium, ether, which connects atom to atom and star to star.

A word or two on scientific measures will not be out of place. The French millimeter is about the twenty-fifth part of an English inch, and in speaking of the lengths of these ether-waves, the unit employed, technically termed a *tenth-meter*, is the ten-millionth part of a millimeter. When one, therefore, says that a certain ray has a wave-length of 7,604 tenth-meters, it is meant that the wave is 7,604 ten-millionths of a millimeter long. The following are the wave-lengths of the more important lines in the solar spectrum, according to Angström:

Solar lines.	Wave-lengths in tenth-meters.
A	7,612
B	6,875
C	6,568
D_1	5,900
D_2	5,894
E	5,274
b	5,177
F	4,865
G	4,310
H_1	3,972
H_2	3,936

To return to our consideration of the warming power of different parts of the solar spectrum. It will have been noticed that the heat-rays are crowded together, as it were, at one end of the spectrum, and gradually spread out at the other. In thinking over this matter, it appeared probable to the well-known American investigator, Dr. J. W. Draper, that if a given series of red rays were collected, and their warming power tested, it would be equal to that of an equivalent series of violet rays. He accordingly tried the following experiment: In a visible spectrum, he collected all the light of wave-lengths between 7,604 and 5,768 together, and also all that of wave-lengths between 5,768 and 3,933, the former belonging, of course, to the red half of the spectrum, and the latter to the half ending in the violet; and he found their warming power to be equal, as determined by the thermopile. This result one might thus express: Any series of ether waves in the solar spectrum, the difference in length of whose extremes is a certain number of tenth-meters, has the same warming power as any other series of ether-waves with the same difference of extreme wave-lengths. In the case of Draper's experiment, it is seen at a glance that the differences of wave-lengths in the two series employed are approximately equal:

7,604	5,768
5,768	3,933
1,836 tenth-meters.	1,835 tenth-meters.

We may now profitably resume our comparison of light and heat. *Light is reflected from a polished surface; so is heat.* In the case of light, myriads of proofs constantly present themselves, because of the sensitiveness of the eye to light, and many simple proofs of the reflection of heat might be devised, based on the sensitiveness of the skin. Get the tinker to beat out a small sheet of "tin" into the shape of a can-bottom, say a foot in diameter. A polished concave reflector will be thus obtained for a few cents. Let there be a good fire in the grate, and take up a position at one end of the room where the heat-rays are not felt, although their path is not obstructed. Now turn the concave side of such a reflector toward the fire, but bent sufficiently on one side to allow any rays that may fall on it from the fire to be converged on to the face. When this is done a feeling of warmth is experienced, showing clearly that the heat of the fire has been brought to a focus *by reflection*, just as light and sound would be under similar circumstances.

We might also show that the heat coming from the sun or the house-fire may be polarized like light, and is subject to the same laws of interference; but we shall content ourselves here with showing that *just as light may be absorbed so may heat.* In every colored body, more or less of the light falling on it is absorbed, and the remainder, which produces the sensation of color, is reflected; and it is plain that if the light absorbed is that which will produce the sensation of warmth when directed on to the skin, then we have here likewise an absorption or drinking-in of heat.

The heat-rays of a sunbeam are, also, absorbed by many substances that are transparent, and ice is one of these; for although we have seen that if a lens be made of ice, sufficient heat is passed through and converged to a focus to set many things on fire when the lens is held in the sun's rays, we likewise know that a few heat-rays are stopped by the ice, and therein melt it in the most beautiful and systematic manner. Tyndall has shown that when a bundle of rays are passed through a slab of ice, beautiful six-petaled flowers are revealed, each with a bright spot of empty space in its centre, and they are liquid flowers formed in the melting of the ice (Fig. 6). In this manner, no doubt, glaciers, bergs, and other accumulations of ice, are melted. They may, however, be melted in a much more expeditious manner by a process precisely similar to that by which the window-panes we have spoken of were overheated. There the dun paint captured a large amount of the sun's rays by absorption, became hot, and imparted a great part of its heat to the glass it was in contact with. So, in like manner, if the ice were covered with a colored substance greedily absorbing heat, and sufficiently thin for the heat to pass through it, the underlying ice would soon disappear. The skater may frequently have noticed twigs, brown leaves, and straw sunk many inches in the ice. Being ready absorbents of heat, these fragments of vegetation have soon become warm in the sun's rays, have slowly sunk into little icy graves of their own making, and probably at the very next frost the water lying over them has been frozen. We have, then, seen a leaf or a twig in the middle of a solid block of ice, and have probably been as much puzzled to account for its presence as the ancient geologists were bothered about insects embedded in amber. This melting of ice by means of colored vegetables lying on them may have performed a most important part in the history of the world. In 1870 the Arctic explorer Nordenskjöld visited Greenland for the purpose of seeing which were the more suitable in the Arctic regions for sledging purposes, reindeer or Eskimo dogs. He and a companion had one long excursion out on the "inland ice," and everywhere they noticed vertical cylindrical holes a foot or two in width, and from a couple of lines to a foot or two deep. In some cases the holes were so near each other that it was impossible to find room between them for the foot. Nordenskjöld invariably found at the bottom of them a gray powder, which had evidently been the means of stopping the sun's heat in the first instance, and afterward of melting the ice. He remarks: "When I persuaded our botanist, Dr. Berggren, to accompany me in the journey over the ice, I joked with him on the singularity of a botanist making an excursion into a tract, perhaps the only one in the world, that was a perfect desert as regards botany. This expectation was, however, not confirmed. Dr. Berggren's keen eye soon discovered, partly on the surface of the ice, partly in the above-mentioned powder, a brown, poly-cellular alga, which, small as it is, together with the powder and certain other microscopic organisms by which it is accompanied, is the most dangerous enemy to the mass of ice so many thousand feet in height and hundreds of miles in extent. This plant has, no doubt, played the same part in our country; and we have it to thank, perhaps, that the deserts of ice which formerly covered the whole of Northern Europe and America have now given place to shady woods and undulating corn-fields." But nine years before Berggren's observations, Dr. Robert Brown, during his researches in the same desolate region, had shown that Arctic ice was often colored brown by the presence of Diatomaceæ, and was often seen to be honeycombed, having at the base of the cavities accumulations of these colored microscopic objects.

It is plain that in the brown alga, yellow straw, black twigs and dark bodies generally, we have substances, like the dun paint, which readily absorb the heat coming from the sun or any other fierce heat-source, and lead to the melting of ice on which they may rest, at a much faster rate than when it is bare. It will be apparent, therefore, on this account, that a kettle coated with soot will sooner heat the water within it than another kettle that has been highly polished on its exterior. And now we may point out that these highly absorbing substances are exceedingly useful; for when they have received heat they give some of it out again, and thus warm the substances around them which cannot themselves absorb the sun's rays so readily. Nature's great rule of reciprocity is here strikingly illustrated; a good receiver of heat is a good giver, and gives lavishly of its abundance to the bodies which are around it; and, on the other hand, a bad receiver of heat parts but tardily with what it has absorbed. A glass flask containing hot water is longer in growing cool than it is when its surface has been lamp-blacked, because the lamp-blacked surface radiates heat better than the surface of bare glass; and the same flask, filled with cold water would be longer in growing warm if put in the sunshine than it would be if its surface were lamp-blacked, because the lamp-blacked surface is a better absorber of heat than that of the bare glass. Hence, to keep the heat for a length of time within the flask, the worst thing we could do would be to cover its surface with a deposit of lamp-black or soot, and the best we could do would be to surround it with a worse absorber and radiator than glass itself. For the latter purpose we should probably find the hairy coverings of animals very effectual, and probably better still those patent coverings for boilers, cylinders, etc., which inventors, taking a hint from Nature, have devised to economize the fuel employed by the manufacturer.

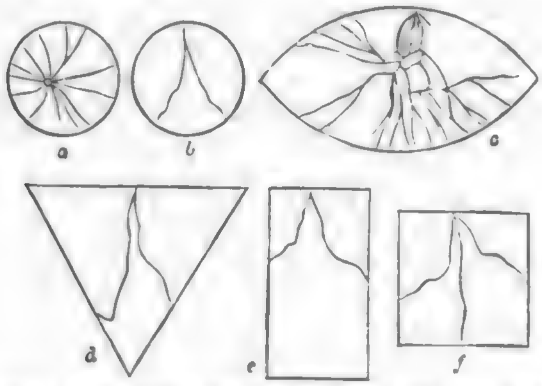


FIG. 4.—GUTHRIE'S EXPERIMENTS ON THE FRACTURE OF COLLOIDS.

Another important element we have to take into consideration is distance. A substance may be warmed much sooner near the fire than a long way off it. There is a precise law which tells us the exact proportions of heat which two like surfaces in every respect receive at various distances ; and in accordance with this law, if one of them, say A, be one yard off, and another, B, nine yards away, we know that B would receive only 1-81st part of the heat received by A. The importance of our properly understanding this law is very great, because of its wide applicability. By means of it we can easily calculate the comparative amounts of heat falling on two surfaces at different distances from the house-fire, and in precisely the same manner we can ascertain the comparative amounts of heat that each wandering planet receives from the great central focus or fire, the sun. This law is known as the law of inverse squares. It will be readily understood from the following elementary considerations ; and as it applies to light as well as heat, we may as well investigate the matter with regard to light. From the candle *c* (Fig. 7) light emanates in every direction and in straight lines. Suppose, then, we place a screen, s, a square yard in area, just one yard away from it, there will be behind it a pyramid of shadow. Now, suppose this pyramid of shadow to be cut across at two yards and three yards from the candle, and screens s' and s'' placed there just to fill up the section ; the area of s' will be four square yards, and of s'' nine square yards. Upon removing the screen s, it is evident that the light which fell upon it will be spread out to cover s , which is four times its area ; consequently, the light falling on a part of s' equal in area to s has only one-fourth the illuminating power of that which falls on s. Suppose now that the screen s' is removed, the light which at first fell on s will fall on s'' nine times its area, and being spread over nine times the surface, any square piece of it equal in area to s will receive but one-ninth the light which s receives. We thus see that three surfaces of equal area placed at distances—

1, 2, and 3

from the candle receive amounts of light which may be expressed in figures, as :

1, 1-4th, and 1-9th,

respectively. And, as with light, so with heat ; for it can be experimentally proved that the dark heat emanating from such a candle, and falling on screens of equal area in the positions s, s' and s'', are warmed to an extent which is expressed by the figures 1, 1-4th and 1-9th. Taking the warming power of the rays falling on the first screen as 1, then the warming power of the rays falling on an equal area at double the distance is 1-4th, and at treble the distance 1-9th, or the warming power varies inversely as the square of the distance from the heat source. Thus it is that the astronomer knows the warming power of the sun's rays when they reach each of the planets, and is able to furnish us with the following results, from which the reader will see that a square of planetary surface, say a mile in area, receives nearly seven times more heat on Mercury, and a thousandth less on Neptune, than it receives on the Earth :

Planet.	Warming power of Sun's rays.
Mercury	6.674
Venus	1.911
Earth	1.000
Mars	.431
Jupiter	.036
Saturn	.011
Uranus	.003
Neptune	.001

For getting warm, then, under the most favorable conditions there must be close proximity to the heat-giving or radiating body, and the recipient must have a very good heat-absorbing surface. If the giver and receiver of heat be in absolute contact, then the colder substance may get warm by *conduction*, even although it be an indifferent absorber. A poker is sometimes left in the fire, and the end in contact with the red-hot cinders soon becomes red-hot too. The heat at the red end flows toward the colder parts of the bar of iron, so that it would be dangerous to seize it some distance from the red-hot part. The process by which the heat has passed from the hotter to colder parts of the bar is termed *conduction*, and this quality of conductivity is possessed in very various degrees by different substances, so that we have good, bad and indifferent conductors of heat, just as we

FIG. 5.—POSITION OF DARK HEAT-RAYS IN THE SPECTRUM.

have absorbers of every kind. There are a number of simple devices for showing this difference of conductivity. The following is one of them: A metallic trough has a number of holes made along one side. These are closed by corks, through which are passed rods of various substances—as copper, iron, wood and glass. If now each of these rods be dipped in melted wax or tallow, they become coated with a thin film of that substance, which solidifies as soon as they are withdrawn. Let the rods now be placed in the apparatus shown in Fig. 8, with their unsmeared ends reaching into the vessel, and next fill the box with boiling water. The extent to which the heat is conducted along the different rods is roughly seen by observing the distances to which the wax or tallow is melted along them. In this way we should soon find out that the metals are the best conductors of heat. More refined experiments would teach us other facts respecting conductivity, as that the metals themselves vary in the degree of facility with which heat is permitted to flow along them, silver being the best and bismuth about the worst of metallic conductors; as that heat flows much more easily through certain substances in some directions than others; and that there is a close analogy between heat conductivity and electric conductivity, the best conductors of heat being the best conductors of electricity.

When a pound of water at 30° C. is mixed with a pound of water at 50° C., the resulting mixture has a temperature which is the mean of the two, viz., 30+50÷2, *i.e.*, 40° C. This we should quite expect, for two separate pounds of water are two portions of matter alike in chemical composition and physical properties, and will, therefore, when mixed, attain to a common temperature by a transfer of heat, which leaves one of the pounds debtor to exactly the same extent as the other is creditor in their mutual heat-account. If, however, one of these pounds of matter had been different from the other in chemical composition and physical qualities, then, upon mixing them, we should have a very different state of affairs. Suppose now we take a pound of quicksilver and mix it with a pound of warmer or colder water, the temperature of the resulting mixture is not mean, but one much nearer the original temperature of the water than of the quicksilver. Suppose the pound of quicksilver has a temperature of 40° C., and the pound of water one of 100° C., after well mixing, the mixture registers 98° C. In gaining this common temperature the water has lost only 2°, and the quicksilver has gained 58°, whence it is very plainly evident that unlike substances take different amounts of heat to warm them to the same extent. In the problem of getting warm it is, therefore, a point of some importance to take into consideration the kind of matter that has to be warmed.

FIG. 6.—LIQUID FLOWERS IN ICE.

Let us now turn to the figures for a few moments more. The 58° the quicksilver has gained are equivalent to the 2° the water has lost; whence it follows that a change of 29° in the quicksilver would be equivalent to a change of 1° in the water, and from which it is further clear that if we wanted to raise the pound of quicksilver only one degree we should require only 1 29th the amount of heat which would be wanted to produce the same change of temperature in a pound of water. The quantities 1 and 1-29th, therefore, show us the comparative amounts of heat required to produce a change of temperature of 1° C. in water and quicksilver respectively, and they are called *specific heats.* In the same way we might ascertain the specific heats of the other metals, taking that of water as the unit.

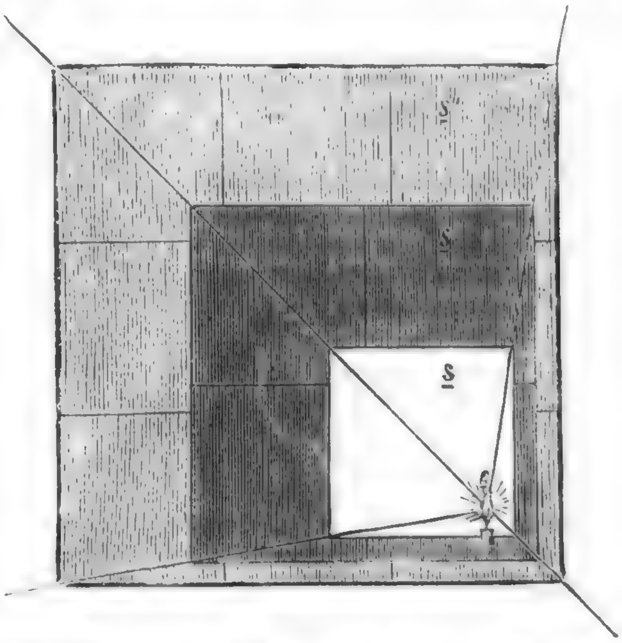


FIG. 7.—ILLUSTRATION OF THE LAW OF INVERSE SQUARES.

From all we have said it will be apparent that this operation of getting warm is a most important one from a philosophical standpoint, seeing that we have to take into account so many of the qualities of the body receiving that mysterious something, heat. Let us now inquire what this heat is. During the last century it was thought that when anything was being warmed an invisible substance, which philosophers were never able to weigh, was being made to enter it. They called this hypothetical body *caloric,* and they were firmly persuaded that when caloric was made to leave, say, a stone, the stone became cold, while, if the caloric was made to enter the stone and store itself amongst its ultimate parts, then the stone became hot. In process of time, however, some facts were discovered which this hypothesis of caloric thoroughly failed to explain. If there existed such a substance as caloric, then, like all other matter, it would be impossible to entirely destroy it or produce it from nothing. Heat, however, was plainly produced when a smith, to show his strength and dexterity, would take a piece of metal and beat it with a cold hammer on a cold anvil until it was too hot to touch. Where had the heat come from? The question became more startling still, when Count Rumford found

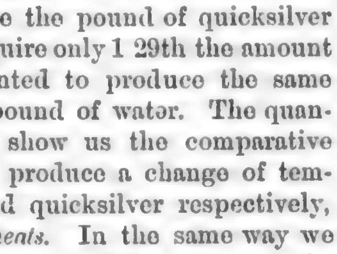


FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONDUCTION OF HEAT.

that in boring brass cannon, the heat developed by the friction, even when the shavings of metal cut out by the borer weighed only a few ounces, was sufficient to make two and a half gallons of water boil. The quantitative results in these experiments showed that the amount of heat produced is proportional to the work spent. And conversely, in the experiments of Hirn, it was shown that when heat is made to do work in a steam-engine, part of the heat disappears, and the portion apparently destroyed is proportional to the work done by the engine. From these facts it follows that heat is not a substance, but a something very nearly related to the swinging motion of the hammer, the rotating motion of the borer, and the up-and-down rotating and revolving motion of a steam-engine; it is, in short, a motion of the molecules of a body exceedingly rapid and exceedingly minute. When, therefore, the bearing which supports a rotating shaft becomes very hot for want of oiling, we figure to ourselves a transmutation of this visible motion of rotation into an invisible molecular motion which we term heat.

In making a substance warm, then, by whatever means we choose, we are agitating its molecules more and more, and we may carry this on until the molecules vibrate so quickly that they affect the ether which surrounds them, and so send off a continuous series of ether-waves, which, rushing against the skin, may give us the sensation of heat, or, coming against the retina, the sensation of light. If the motion of the ether particles be taken up by some substance other than these organic membranes, we have an absorption of heat similar to that we saw in the case of the dun paint. The dun paint may, again, communicate its molecular motion to any substance like the glass that it may be in contact with. Thus it appears the various facts concerning heat may readily be explained by this theory, for it is a structure of sufficient capacity to hold all the new facts which are being constantly ascertained. But while the scientific antiquary well sees that the mechanical theory of heat is more commodious than the ancient one of caloric, he is strongly impressed with the fact that its builders have largely availed themselves of the material presented to their hands by the demolition of the old caloric theory; he recognizes the old stones of fact, although in many instances they have been re-dressed; and the main difference between past and present century work he traces to the more powerful and precise instruments, mental and material, which are now being employed by the scientific craftsmen in rearing and perfecting their theory.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The project of tapping the Niagara River by means of a canal, and bringing the water to Lockport, N. Y., for manufacturing purposes, is pronounced entirely feasible by engineers. The natural advantages for bringing a gigantic water power thus within control of Lockport and its neighborhood, are very conspicuous; and it is estimated that 300,000 horse-power can be delivered there at a minimum expense. Lake Erie would be the millpond for this power, Niagara River the head race and Lake Ontario its tail race.

The quarrying of basalt at Orange, New Jersey, has exposed a mass of this columnar rock 750 feet long and 100 feet high, covering 14 acres, which consists of a solid mass of columns ranging in shape from prisms to octagons. They generally stand vertically, but some lie in a horizontal plane, and others radiate from a common centre. Interiorly they are dark blue in color, but the outside is stained and incrusted with reddish particles. The columns are being quarried for building blocks and micodons.

The experiments in the use of dynamite as an explosive filling for projectiles in war, which Lieutenant Zalinsky, of the Fifth Artillery, has been making at Fort Lafayette, are thus summed up in a recent account: He has fired over 200 charges from his eight-inch pneumatic dynamite gun, and over 100 of these were cartridges loaded with from 10 to 100 pounds of dynamite, yet no accident whatever has occurred. The Secretary of War and a commission of officers promise to awaken active interest in the application of dynamite to coast defense. The friends of the gun claim that, smooth bore as it is, it has practically overcome all the difficulties which were supposed to lie in its way—namely, accuracy of fire, rapidity and safety. The gun is discharged by compressed air, thus insuring uniform pressure and consequently greater accuracy of fire than in the usual powder-charges of the rifled gun, the latter becoming overheated after many discharges, while the pneumatic gun can discharge a hundred-pound charge of dynamite every minute all day long, without the slightest expansion or the necessity for swabbing. As a testimony in favor of the results of these experiments, it is said that designs have been drawn by the naval authorities for the construction of a cruiser 200 feet long, with a speed of twenty knots an hour, carrying two or more ten and a half inch dynamite guns, with a slinging capacity of 200 pounds of dynamite. The ship is to be long, low and sharp, with a ram extension. She will carry two funnels, one forward and the other aft of a turret, whose purpose is not made known. The dynamite guns are concealed under a thick sheathing of armor forward. When ready for use the armor slides down the sides, the gun is discharged, and is then protected again by the armor during the time of reloading.

One of the side results brought out by the recent elaborate tests of improved brakes made by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway, was an important contribution to the science of train-moving and the control of momentum. Experiments were made as to the value of some slack allowed in coupling the cars as a help in starting; the use of loose coupling, of course, allowing the engine to start each car separately in rapid succession. The results of the experiment, however, were not in favor of this, though they showed the beneficial effect of some slight elasticity in the coupling. A train of fifty loaded cars was given a continuous close coupling by driving iron wedges into the links, thus taking up all the loose slack and leaving only "spring" slack, or that which is given by the compression of the draw-bar springs when the train is started. It was found necessary to drop one car before the locomotive could start the train on a level. Without the wedges—that is, with about three inches of loose slack at each coupling—the same locomotive was able to start but forty-eight cars. The experiment was repeated on the grade, where the highest number of cars which the engine could start either with close or open coupling was thirty-eight, It seems thus to be demonstrated that the loose slack gives at least no aid in starting a train, but that the slack given by the buffer springs is beneficial.

Sea-voyaging has of late become one of the most important agents in recovery of health, especially by those who are suffering from overwork. Apart from the absolute rest afforded, or, at least, the complete change of thought, the purity of the sea-air is undoubtedly the principal source of benefit. Its purity, however, is not the sole virtue of sea-air. Its remarkable equability is scarcely less important, especially for consumptive invalids. Sudden changes of temperature are practically unknown upon the ocean, and it is a well-recognized fact that sailors enjoy a high degree of immunity from diseases traceable to exposure. Catarrh, for example, is rare among all classes on shipboard, and in the warmer latitudes even invalid passengers sleep upon deck without risk of injury. The value of this equability of temperature to all sufferers from respiratory disease can easily be seen. A similar equability at sea exists in respect to the barometric range, changes of pressure over wide areas of water being naturally more regular and uniform than upon land. This is probably not without beneficial effect npon the organism, while the impregnation of sea-air with bromine and iodine may also have a part in the general good exerted.

An Eskimo account of thunder and lightning is given in a late article by Mr. John Murdoch, who was one of the party of Signal-service people who wintered at Point Barrow, the northern extremity of Alaska, in 1883-4. It rarely thunders at Point Barrow, but the natives know what these phenomena are, and briefly account for them as follows: Long ago a grown person and a child went up to the sky carrying a dried sealskin and torches of tar. With these they make the thunder and lightning by waving the torches and rattling the sealskin. The Greenland Eskimo on the opposite side of the continent have a somewhat similar story, as related by Crantz and Egede. The thunder and lightning, the Greenlanders say, are made by two old women who live in a house in the air. They now and then quarrel about a dried sealskin, the stretching and flapping of which in the struggle is heard in the thunder. Finally their fighting tumbles down the house, and knocks over and breaks the lamp, the flying fire from which illumines the sky.

A novel temperature-regulator has lately been devised by a Western inventor for use in connection with natural gas. It consists of a brass tube filled with alcohol fastened to the wall of the room. If the temperature rises above a certain degree, the alcohol thermometer closes an electric circuit which shuts the gas valve. As soon as the temperature falls below the desired degree, the valve is opened by the same method. Should the weather grow warmer, the instrument gradually shuts off the gas sufficiently to maintain the proper temperature. The instrument can, of course, be adjusted for any temperature desired.

In that charming little volume, "Talks Afield," by L. H. Bailey, Jr., some real additions to botanical science are made, and pre-

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sented in a most delightful way; and every new success in making attractive the facts of natural history for the unlearned in that direction ought to be regarded as real "progress in science." A short quotation will at once exhibit Mr. Bailey's pleasant style as a writer, and furnish a novelty in point of fact: "By the side of a brook, and in sight from my window [p. 139.], is a clump of white willows. This sunny April morning, as I strolled toward the brook to note any signs of returning life along its banks, I noticed that underneath the willows were lying numerous small branches which had been broken off square near their bases. They were lying in the water or very near it, and knowing that these trees have a wonderful propensity to grow from cuttings, I thought that, unless the branches were removed we should soon have a tangle of young willows. I have been surprised many times by the sudden snapping off of the branches of certain wild willows when I jostled them in impetuous botanical rambles. It is even more surprising that these same branches are sometimes tough enough for withes above the one brittle spot near the base. There must be some significance to this peculiar disposition, and I know of none so probable as that suggested by Dr. W. J. Beal, who thinks that in this manner do willows undertake to propagate themselves. This is certainly a beautiful provision. The very enemies which browse upon or break the plant become active agents in its dissemination!"

AN article in a late number of the *Revue Scientifique* discussed the characteristics of the brain of the French statesman Gambetta. Its weight, which was remarkably small, scarcely more than half that of Agassiz's brain, for instance, adds another bit of evidence to the destruction of the theory that weight is of much importance in an estimate of the quality of the organ. It appears that, compared with the brains of persons known to have possessed but little intelligence, the brain of Gambetta, besides other structural peculiarities, showed extreme development of the third frontal convolution. This development was such that not only were the secondary convolutions more complicated and numerous than those of ordinary brains, but besides this, the "cape" was double. This development is evidently in favor of the localization asserted by Broca, who held that the third frontal convolution was the seat of speech—which might have been expected in the case of such a subject as Gambetta.

A WRITER in the *British Medical Journal* gives the details of a simple method for the extraction of foreign bodies from the ear. It consists in the use of a silver wire loop, which, being flexible, is not only quite devoid of danger, but is more efficient than forceps or scoop. It is impossible that it can injure the tympanic membranes or the walls of the auditory canal. The method of procedure is, after having put the patient under an anæsthetic, to introduce the loop gently into the ear and turn it about until it is believed to have got behind the foreign body. This it will often do at once; but sometimes patience is necessary. In one instance the writer took out a heavy piece of lead by using two loops at right angles with each other.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A ROUSING SPEECH.—"Get up—breakfast's ready!"

THE man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

THE reporter who was discovered in the act of robbing a bank has been released on the plea that "he was only taking notes!"

I WENT to India, and I *didn't* go there. And I returned back because I *stopped* there! Now, what am I? Why, a watch to be sure.

A COUNCILOR named Lamb once said to a witness, "I want none of your sauce," who retorted by saying, "I thought Lamb wasn't good without sauce."

DURING an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No.'"

NEARLY one-half of the sailing-ships of the world bear the names of women. Sailing ships are charming sights in fair weather, but utterly unmanageable in a storm.

"WHICH would you sooner be," said an author to a young literary aspirant, "a horse or an ass." "An ass, to be sure," was the modest reply. "Why?" returned the author. "Well," said he of the pen, "I've heard of an *ass* being an author, but of a *horse*—never."

LALANDE, the French astronomer, when the Revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had fortunately escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked: "I may thank my stars for it."

A FRENCH money-lender, complaining to the late Baron Rothschild that he had lent a nobleman ten thousand francs who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the baron said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the seventy thousand francs he owes you." "But he only owes me ten," said the money-lender. "Precisely," rejoined the baron; "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment."

THE following was overheard at the last church parade: "Have you heard that Lady X. is dangerously ill?" "'No,'" was the reply;" she *was*; but she is now 'dangerously well.'"

IN a university in Texas the faculty consists of a father and two sons. The sons conferred the title of LL.D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of then Ph.D.

A SHREWD father, who wanted to break off the engagement of his daughter to a man of whom he did not approve, didn't try to persuade her that he was false, but just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.

CARLYLE was very angry with Emerson for not believing in the devil, and, to convert him, took him amongst all the horrors of London, the gin shops, etc., and, finally, to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil now?"

DÉBUTANTE: "You young married women treat us unfairly by monopolizing the attention of the gentlemen." *Young Married Woman* (sweetly): "That difficulty is easily overcome." *Débutante:* "How!" *Young Married Woman:* "Become a young married woman yourself."

THE following passage between Bench and Bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle. *Judge:* "Well, Mr. Blank, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." *Counsel:* "That is so, your honor."

FRENCH VISITOR.—"I call to see Monsieur Rolland." *Maid:* "You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet." *French Visitor:* "Vat you tel? I com' yester, and you say, 'Can't see heem, because he not down'; now you say, 'Can't see heem, because he not oop.' Ven vill he be in ze middle, mademoiselle?"

A WRITER named Saint-Ange, connected with the *Journal des Debats*, was noted for his audacity as well as his venality. He once wrote to M. Véron, the wealthy manager of the Opera House: "Lend me two thousand francs. You are so wonderfully lucky that it is not impossible I shall return them to you."

"DARRINGER, you're looking very well after your visit to the Lakes. You needed rest, you said, and you got it, no doubt." "Yes, Bromley, I had plenty of rest." "And the change, of course, was very——" "I didn't go there for change; I had lots of change before I went. I haven't any now; I left it with the hotel keepers."

LITTLE Randolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table, his hostess inquired, anxiously: "Randolph, can you cut your own meat?" "Humph!" said Randolph, who was sawing away. "Can I? I've cut up quite as tough meat as this at home!"

GERMAN COUNTESS: "Baron, will you give me a photograph of yourself?" *Baron:* "Certainly, madame; you flatter me by asking for it." *Countess* (after the baron's departure, to her waiting-maid: "Here, Claire, put this picture in your album, where you can study the features closely. Whenever the original of it calls, tell him I am out."

SMITH (landscape painter, hard np; only one pot-boiler sold in six weeks): "I tell you what it is, Brown, old chap, art is a hard mistress to serve. What do you say to giving it up." *Brown* (a figure painter, still harder up): "You have anticipated my thought; I am going to give up art to-morrow." "And then?" "And then I shall paint landscapes."

CHARLEY wanted to give Mira a present, but he couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Mira exclaimed, in well-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself." Charley took the hint, and offered himself on the spot.

AN intelligent compositor came across the words, "Cricket on the Hearth." With his usual perception he saw that "cricket on the hearth" was nonsense. "Of course," he thought, "it is impossible to play cricket on the hearth; evidently it should be heath. Cricket on the heath means something." He made the emendation, and another gray hair was added to the editor's whitening head.

NOVEL MODE OF TREATING LUNACY.—According to a New York paper, two violently insane persons have been cured at the Hudson County Lunatic Asylum by being placed in the same cell, each with instructions to watch the other, who was represented to him as being a lunatic, while he himself was treated as if he were sane. The pair sat, we are told, from morning to night gazing compassionately at each other; in a week they were perfectly quiet; and in two months they were discharged, cured.

ALL men are prophets save in their own country; and M. Meissonier, the great French artist, is no exception to the rule. Once, when his little granddaughter had received a beautiful white satin fan, he offered to paint a little picture on it. The ten-year-old maiden was highly indignant. "I am inclined to think you won't do any such thing, grandpa!" she exclaimed. "I don't want my nice fan dirtied with your old paints." "Thus," said the great artist, "the child scorned what an empress would have prized. Which is right, I wonder—the child or the empress?"

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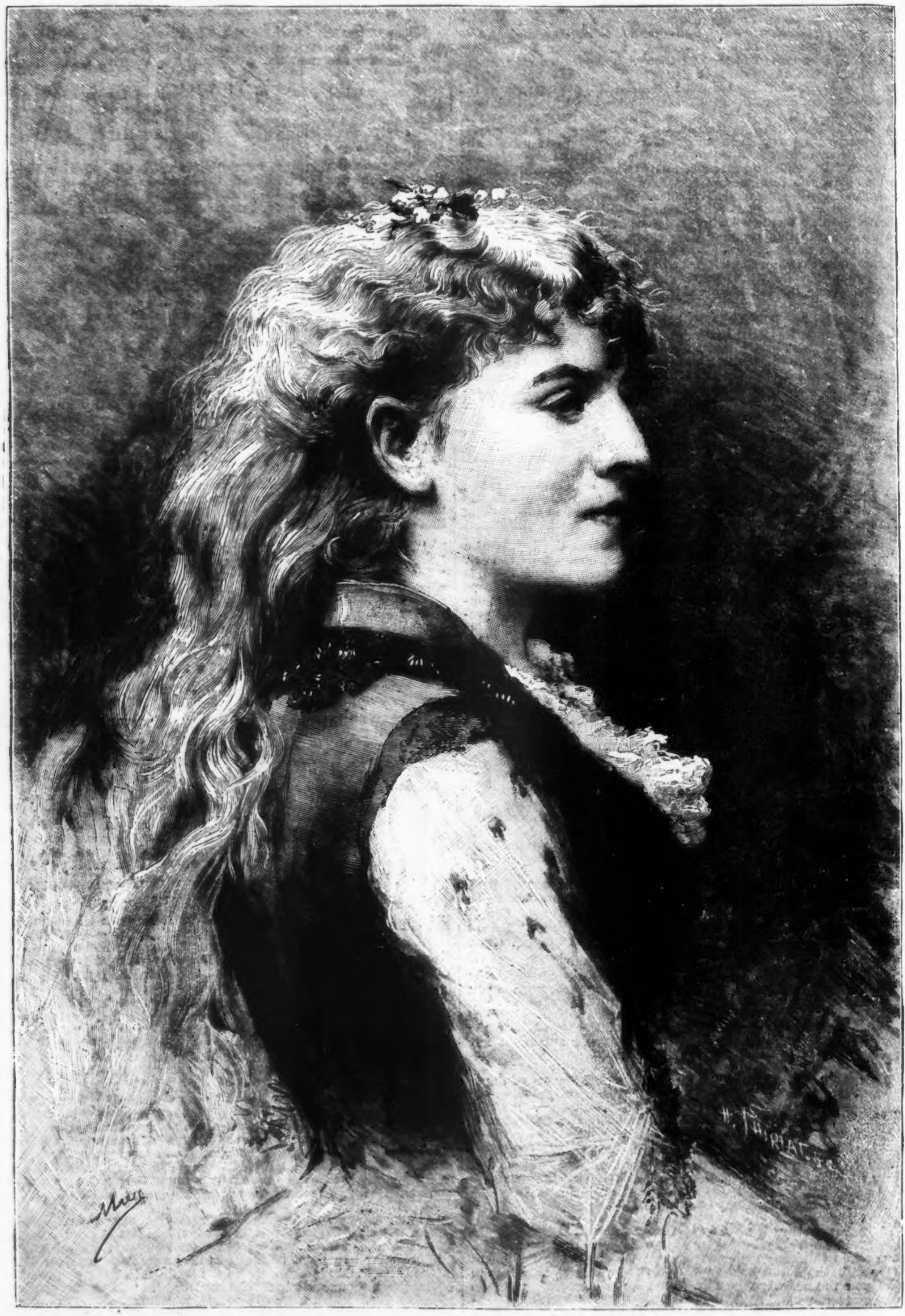

THE OPENING SEASON.

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